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AUTHOR:

CICERO, MARCUS
TULLIUS

TITLE:

EPISTLES TO ATTICUS

PLACE:

LONDON

DATE:

1806

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Cicero, Marcus Tullius.

Epistolae ad Atticum
Eng. ~~Guthrie~~

Cicero's Epistles to Atticus, with notes, historical, explanatory and critical; translated by William Guthrie... A new edition, corrected and amended... London, Lackington, 1806.

3 v. 22 cm.

Title-page of v. 1, lacking; title from v. 2.

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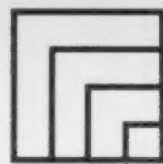
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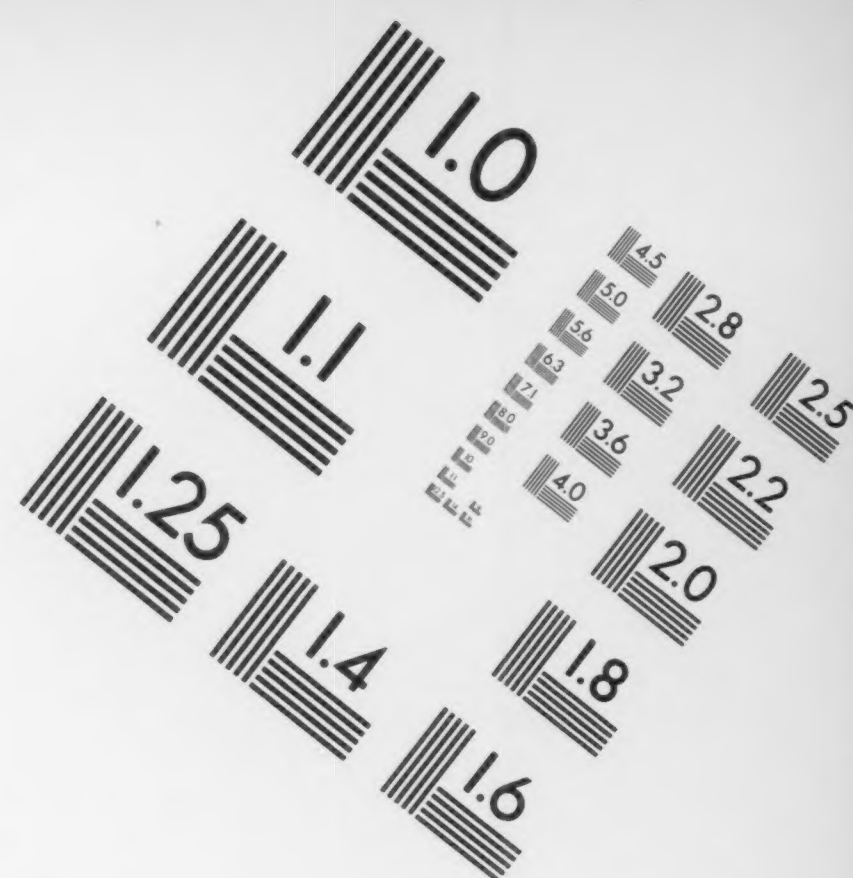
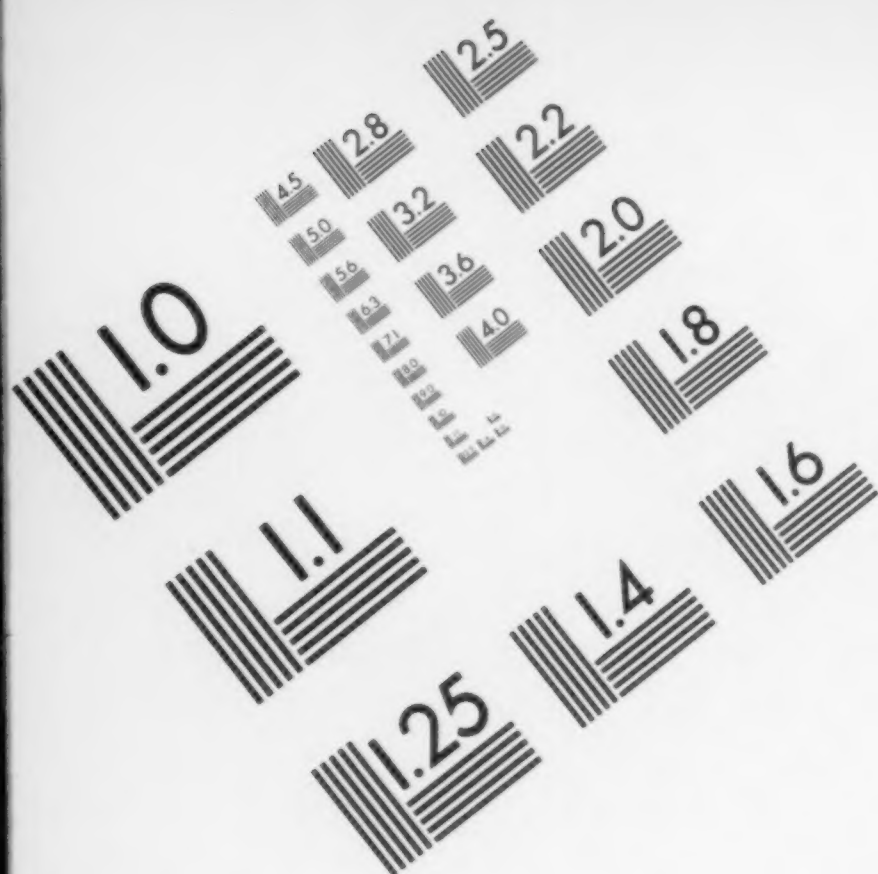


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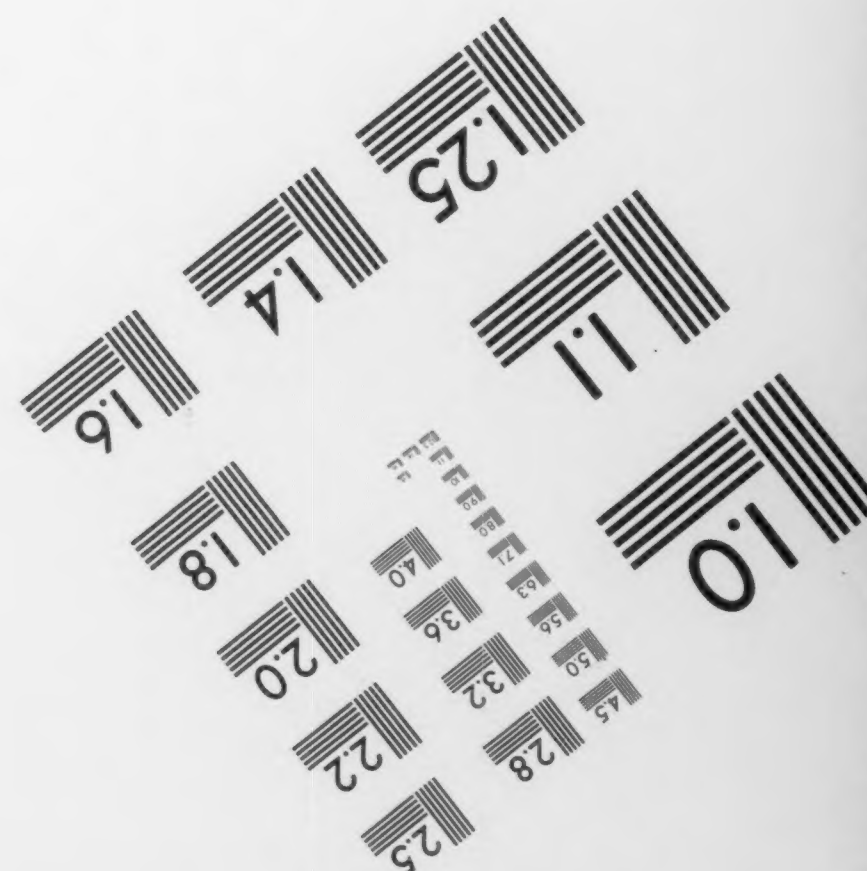
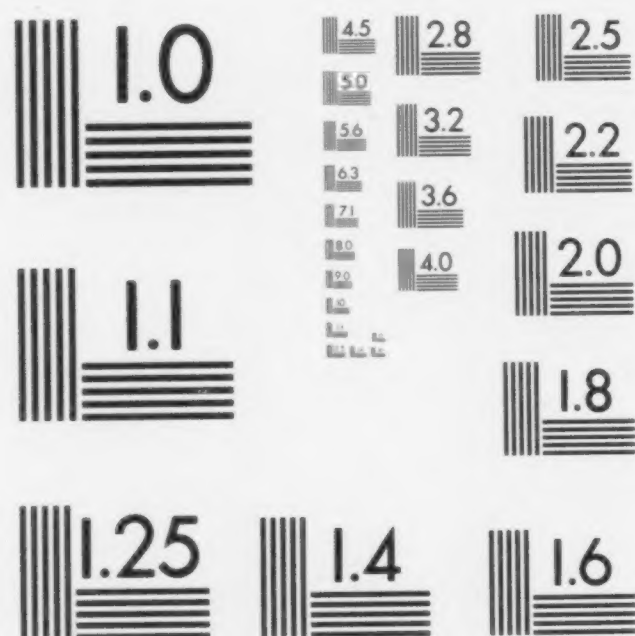
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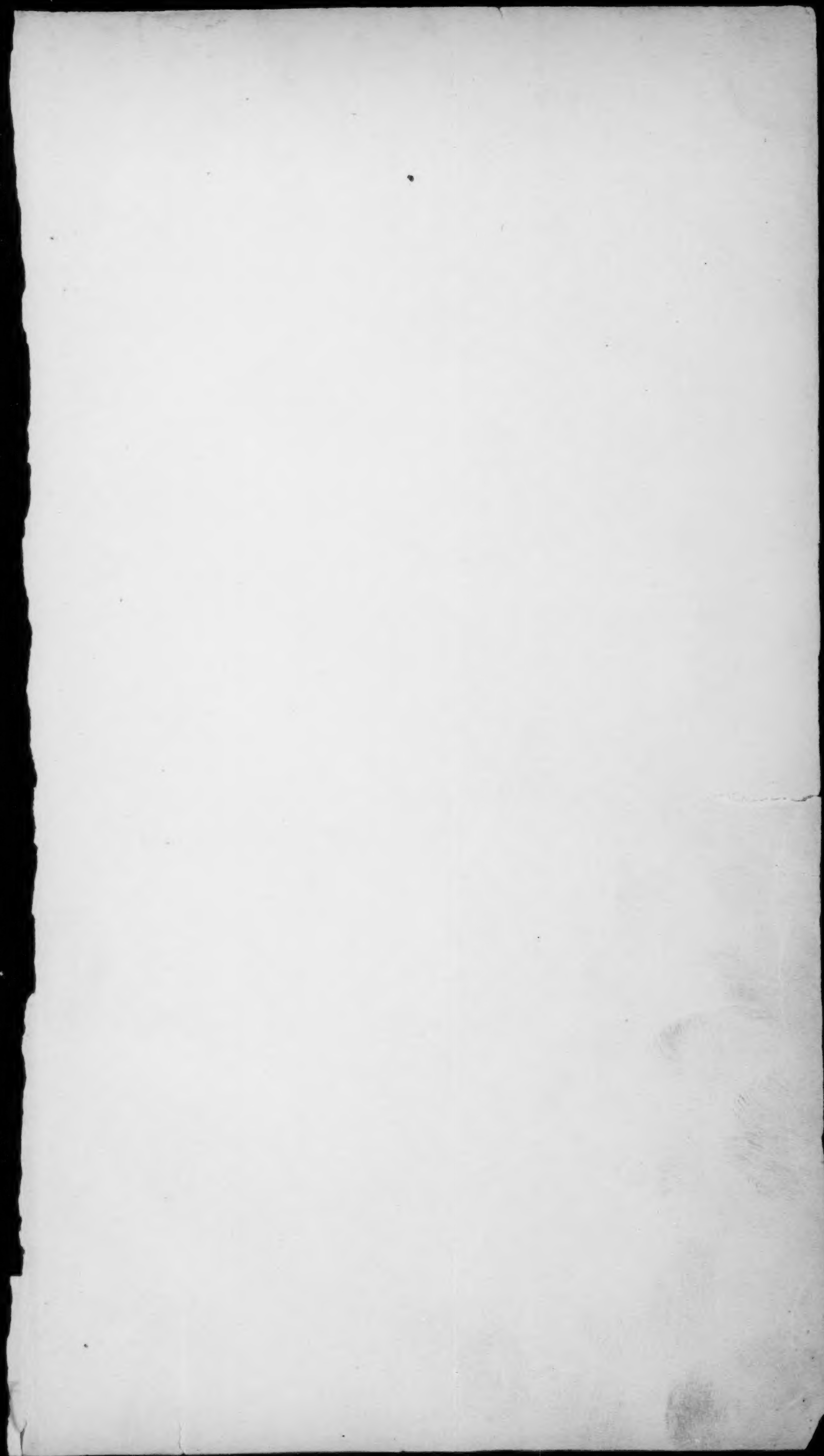
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II

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present edition has received many improvements which, in justice to the proprietors, it is necessary to state. The character of Guthrie, as a translator, is known and approved; and the estimation in which he is held, has rendered it advisable, instead of offering the public a translation entirely new, to revise and improve that of which he is author. The letters of Cicero to Atticus, from a variety of causes, labour in many parts under obscurities, from which the other compositions of that eminent writer are generally free. The naked and abrupt conciseness with which, in the hurry and security of confidential intercourse, he expresses his ideas; the numerous allusions to private affairs, the knowledge of which has necessarily perished with that age; the frequency with which he employs Greek terms, quotes, or alludes to, authors not known in

A 2

modern

Pecula gift

modern days, together with the loss of all the letters of Atticus, on which, in many parts, the language and ideas of his illustrious friend depended, and which, if preserved, would have illustrated with the evidence of facts, what now can be collected only from the uncertainty of conjecture, have rendered it a difficult task to translate them with accuracy, and impossible to invest them with that grace, richness, ease, and copiousness, which distinguish the familiar epistles of Cicero. The errors which proceeded from these causes, or from the haste, negligence, or incompetence of the translator, have, it is presumed, in many places, been corrected in the present edition. The version has been compared with the original; the sentences have often been moulded anew, or entirely changed; the vulgar terms and phrases, which frequently occurred, exchanged for words and expressions less inelegant; and passages which, from their obscurity or importance, demanded explanation, have been elucidated by critical notes. The translator expressed the Roman coins by their equivalent

valent value in English money. This, we conceive was an undue and unnecessary deviation from the original, and takes away the venerable air of antiquity, without imparting, in return, any advantage from modern ornament. In this edition the Roman denominations of *talents* and *sesterces* have, therefore, been restored in their proper places, and their amount specified in English coin, at the bottom of the page. Finally, the Greek terms subjoined, with a *Latin* explanation, are expunged, as incongruous and unnecessary; and a translation, with critical remarks, is given only of those citations, which apparently deserve the notice of a classic reader. These advantages, it is hoped, confer on the present Edition new claims to the approbation of the public; and entitle it, as far as their respective nature will allow, to rank with the more elegant and approved translations of Melmoth. The notes of the Editor, for the most part, are distinguished by the letter *E*.

J. JONES.

October 10, 1806.

PREFACE.

I HAVE now translated the collection of Cicero's Epistles to Atticus, a work more entertaining to read, but more difficult to translate, than any literary composition of antiquity, and that for the following reasons:

Not above seventy of the many thousands of letters written by Cicero, were collected by any one hand in his own life-time, with a view of publishing them. Upon the great revolution of the Roman empire, under Augustus Cæsar, such a publication must have been extremely dangerous, on account of the freedom he uses with the emperor himself, the ministers of his power, and the constitution of his government. Nepos, it is true, who was our author's friend and contemporary, mentions seventeen books of his Epistles to Atticus, with elegant applause, but he makes a plain distinction between them, and the other works

works of our author, which were then public¹. The reigns of the princes succeeding Augustus were still less favourable to public liberty, and therefore it is more than probable, that these epistles lay concealed in the cabinets of the curious, and that, many years past before they received any critical inspection. This was one reason of the very great incorrectness and imperfections of this work in the original, there being scarcely ten successive lines through the whole, in which the manuscript copies do not differ from one another.

But there is another, and a much more powerful, reason for the difficulty of translating our author's epistles to Atticus. They are written in the language of friendship, a language which friends alone understand. If there is any material difference between human nature in that age and this, it lies in the conception of this virtue. The following pages evince, that there was a time, when friendship in the human breast could rise into a passion strong as their love, and sacred

¹ *Ei rei sunt indicio, præter eos libros, in quibus de eo facit mentionem, qui in vulgus sunt editi, sexdecim volumina epistolarum ab consulatu ejus usque ad extremum tempus ad Atticum missarum,*
Nep. Vit. Attici,

sacred as their religion, but without the impurities that sometimes debased the one, and the superstition that always polluted the other. The friendship of our author for Atticus, is full of nice suspicions, delicate jealousies, kind fears, and fond endearments. It has every characteristic of violent, but virtuous, passion. It breathes every tender grace that delights the mind, and awakens every soft emotion that affects the heart. The language of the most enamoured poet to his mistress is faint, compared to the voice of Cicero's friendship for Atticus; and were the following pages void of all other merit, the translator can boast of being the first who has revived in the English language, a virtue which has been so long numbered with the Fairy-tales, and therefore, is as incredible in its effects, as it is inimitable in its expression.

I am not sure whether the strongest friendships are not founded upon a dissimilarity of manners between the parties, by which each endeavours to supply his own defects from the other's perfections. Nothing could be more dissimilar in many respects than the manners of Atticus from those of our author. The former was magnificent, the latter elegant. Cicero was the greatest scholar, but Atticus the better critic. The abilities of Cicero

Cicero were striking; those of Atticus were useful; the one was inconstant, the other stable. Cicero was perpetually deviating from the principles he professed, while Atticus was constantly practising the virtues he disclaimed. Cicero had genius, but Atticus good sense. Cicero was often needy, Atticus was generally affluent. The one was sometimes rapacious that he might be profuse, the other was always frugal that he might be generous. The fortune of Cicero was boisterous in both extremes; but Atticus had the address to avoid extremes, and therefore, his life ran in an even, but gentle, current to its end. The passion of Cicero was that he might be admired; that of Atticus that he might be beloved; and therefore, the former was rewarded with applause, the latter with happiness. Their sentiments seem to have been the same as to public measures; but Atticus endured what he could not prevent, while Cicero approved of what he could not endure. A patriot would wish to die like Cicero, a wise man to live like Atticus; but Cicero lived in tumult, and Atticus died in a pet.

It would be easy for me to run this parallel into a greater length, but the defect is abundantly supplied by the following sheets, especially in

in several of the notes I have taken the freedom to add.

But after all, our author and his friend had many virtues, and some qualities, in common with one another. They had the same susceptibility of heart; they had the same tenderness of affection; they loved the same studies, and were fond of the same entertainments. There seems to have been an elegance and a quaintness in Atticus, down even to the form of his hand-writing, that characterised all his actions, and seasoned all his discourse. The application of his wit in conversation, is often so adopted by our author in writing, that his meaning becomes frequently unintelligible. He catches at the rebound, every familiar phrase, every vernacular turn, every happy allusion, and sends them back to his friend, who is possessed of the key to decypher them; for this correspondence is carried on through many letters, in what is no better than a cypher. The reader therefore, may easily judge of the infinite labour and application, to recover the key of this cypher, at such a distance of time, especially as not a single letter from Atticus remains to direct our inquiry.

I know

I know to what censure I am liable, by the freedom I have taken with my author's character. But I know, at the same time, that half the learned fools in the world, have been made so, through their ridiculous prepossessions for great names. Ill would it have become me, to undertake the works I have executed, had I not thought myself free from all panics of that kind, and yet, the satisfaction of blaming where I must, is not half so agreeable, as the pleasure of commending where I can, is exquisite. But a terror in either, is unworthy any man, whose aim is to do justice.

Dr. Middleton, a writer as tame in politics as he is bold in religion, has given us a history of our author's life, or rather an apology for his conduct; which I will venture to say, no man of sense can think the Doctor would have published, had he imagined any one would have been presumptuous enough to have given to the public, a fair and full translation of the epistles to Atticus; because, almost every page of the following sheets carries in it a refutation of what the Doctor has advanced, in vindication of our author's firmness, patriotism, prudence, and consistency with himself.

Of

Of all the works ever published, none perhaps, shews equally to this, what vile reptiles those men have been, who bear the greatest names in history. We here see, what a low, timid creature, the mighty Pompey was, though the voice of ages consenting with that of our author, has extolled him for integrity of manners, and greatness of spirit. But what are we to think of our author, whose public orations so much belied his private sentiments? The following pages represent the celebrated Hortensius, as a little, spiteful lawyer; the polite and brave Lucullus, as an indolent voluptuary; the virtuous Cato, as a hot, wrong-headed fellow; and the amiable Brutus, as a peevish, positive, ill-mannered coxcomb. In one page, we see our author's wife more dear to him than his eyes; in another he flings her from his bosom. Quintus, from being the best, becomes the worst of brothers, and his son from being the worst, becomes the best of men. But of such instances in our author there is no end.

We see here, a picture of human nature, mortifying indeed, but true; because we see it in all its beauties, and with all its blemishes; with all its virtues, and with all its weaknesses. It is drawn by a hand that was intimate with the original,

ginal, nor does he dissemble that his own person furnishes the most striking likeness that he exhibits.

I am well aware of what may be urged to vindicate some parts of our author's character, which I have thought to be exceptionable from his behaviour in the case of Cataline's conspiracy. But I am singular enough not to believe half the bloody things, which are told us of that conspiracy, and I think, my incredulity might easily be justified, by a fair naked state of facts and evidence, even as laid down by our author, when compared with the other narratives, on which the credit of that conspiracy rests. It is on all hands allowed, that the senate of Rome, was at that time infamously degenerated, that the spirit of her government was lost, and the most salutary maxims of the republic perverted. In this state, it is no wonder if any unsuccessful attempt, to bring the constitution back to its first principles, was branded with the name of rebellion and conspiracy, by the men whose interest it was to crush it. I am far from asserting this to have been the case of Cataline's conspiracy: But, I will venture to assert, that it might have been the case, for all the evidence we have to the contrary. It is true, Sallust gives us a narrative of this conspiracy; but

but it is as true, that Sallust was the creature of Cæsar, who was, at this time, meditating the destruction of his country, by different means, and who, for that very reason, perhaps, betrayed Cataline and his friends. If that is the case, as appears extremely probable on the face of history, we can be at no loss to account, why, after Cæsar was possessed of supreme power, it became dangerous to disbelieve, and fashionable to believe, all the horrors of this conspiracy, and the credit of it, has stood unquestioned ever since. Meanwhile, I am sensible how tenderly historical evidence ought to be handled, lest in detecting what is false, we should weaken what is true. That there was, at that time a conspiracy against the government of Rome, is undoubtedly true. But it is certain, likewise, from several strong circumstances in the following letters, from the disagreement of authors upon the same facts, though living at the same time, and all of them interested to have the belief of the conspiracy established, but above all, from the defect of evidence, which appears even upon the face of our author's orations, and the punishment he afterwards underwent, that it was not concerted with those bloody, frantic circumstances, that could justify his and the senate's proceedings, in putting the conspirators to death in an illegal manner.

manner. This, however, is no place for my enlarging farther on this subject.

But to return to the more immediate subject of these sheets; it is impossible to read the letters written by our author, under his exile, without suspecting, that he was abandoned within his own breast, by that perpetual comforter, the testimony of a good conscience in a virtuous cause; so great is his dejection, despondency, and despair. But still the love of his Atticus, triumphs in his soul; sparkling amidst his afflictions, and unextinguished by his calamities.

The reader must not expect to find all the following pages equally entertaining and instructive. He is to consider, that one friend is talking to another, and that in friendship, trifles become of importance, while they become the tests of mutual affection. Neither is he to expect the same chastity of style, as in those works prepared by our author for the public; no; it is in many places negligent, and in some dangerous to be imitated. But I cannot give a more authentic, and at the same time, a more elegant and true description of the general importance and value of the following letters, than in the words of the noble friend of Atticus, I have already mentioned. "Whoever, says he, reads those letters, will not think himself at a loss, for a connected

"nected history of those times. So well does he describe the views of the leading men, the faults of the generals, and the parties in the state, that nothing is wanting for our information, and we are naturally led to believe that his sagacity was in a manner prophetic. For Cicero, not only foretold what afterwards happened in his own lifetime, but like a prophet, he predicted the events that are now come to pass (1)."

The epistolary manner, does not permit Cicero to exert the whole extent of his genius in the following letters, for he sometimes checks it, if I may be allowed the expression, in mid-volley. But the play of his lightnings is such, as discovers the bolt to be in the hand of a thunderer; his effulgencies are those of divinity.

Having said thus much of my original, I now come

(1) Quæ qui legat, non multum desideret historiam contextam eorum tempororum. Sic enim omnia de studiis principum, vitiis ducum, æmulationibus reipublicæ perscripta sunt, ut nihil in his non appareat; & facile existimari possit, prudentiam quodam modo esse divinationem. Non enim Cicero ea solum, quæ, vivo se, acciderant futura prædixit, sed etiam, quæ nunc usu veniunt, cecinit, ut vates. *Nepotis Vita Attici.*

VOL. I.

b

come to speak of the translation. It would be improper, nay, dishonest, for me to conceal the great obligations I owe to Monsieur Mongault. He is incomparably the best translator of his nation, and his work does him immortal honor. But he was a Frenchman, and he wrote in French. However fine his criticisms are, he had not, in translating, proved the armour of our author. His flimsy language sinks under the weight of Latin expression, and his tinselled manner is unequal to the graces of classical dignity. He gives us a sketch, and it is no more than a sketch, after his great original. The proportions are just, and the features discernible, but it is destitute of the passions, and the muscular strength. The defects, however, lie more in the language, than in the writer, and his criticisms go far towards making amends for his translation.

But excellent as Monsieur Mongault is in his criticisms, upon the following epistles, I have taken the liberty to differ from him in many passages. This was unavoidable, considering the intense study I have bestowed upon my original. Both of us are charmed with the same object, but we have sometimes viewed it in different

ferent lights, through accident, rather than judgment.

Nothing is more common than for English translators, to cloak ignorance and inability, under the terms of ease and freedom. They sink the words of an author into his meaning, when they are so happy, as to catch it, which they sometimes do by the help of a French translation. Sometimes they extend sentences through pages, and sometimes they crowd a page into a sentence, under the stale apology, that they give the sense of their author; and they commonly fill a dozen pages of preface, to prove, that their work ought to read like an original, and that no man of spirit will submit to the drudgery of a literal translation.

But the reader will give me leave to say, that not the smallest word of a great author ought to fall to the ground, if it can possibly be saved. An able translator, will do his best to be as just to his original, as the impression is to the seal, and by following this rule, his translation has a thousand times the chance to read like an original, than it has when he gives the reader something that is half his own, and half his author's. But when I say this, I am so far from thinking it

an easy matter to translate literally, that I think it requires the utmost compass and power of language, to make such a translation even tolerable. Every school-boy, by the help of a dictionary, may translate literally, but the skill lies in the energy of expression, and the choice of words; for a sentence may be translated literally, fifty different ways, and not one of them bear the hand of a master.

The noble translator of Pliny's epistles, has lately given us an eminent proof of what I have advanced above, and that the English, of all modern languages, is the best fitted to support the dignity of great writing, when it can work itself clear of those Gallicisms, which has polluted its current for these hundred years past. His lordship, like my great author, by addressing his labours to his son, has shewn us the virtuous use of learning, but it is to be hoped with different effects. The son of Cicero contaminated the honours of his father, and degenerated from his virtues.

It is by the example and encouragement of the great alone, that the English can ever hope to bring their language to a classical standard. The study and imitation of the ancients, though
absolutely

absolutely necessary towards this great end, never will be prevalent enough to get the better of false taste, unless it becomes fashionable to write with propriety. I flatter myself, and from no symptom so strongly, as from the experience I myself have had of public patronage, that I see a generous disdain of French imitation now gaining ground in England. One spirited measure might complete the triumph, and I wish it were executed, even though it is a French expedient; I mean, an academy for the perfection and purity of our language. This I think to be practicable, and it is pity, that while private societies are establishing academies for arts, in which the English never were, and probably never will be, eminent, while vast sums, to the lasting disgrace of learning, have been swallowed up *for its encouragement*; while expensive subscriptions are daily circulating for the support of stupid histories, and party-dullness, that not the most faint essay has been made towards so cheap, so easy, and so noble an undertaking, as what I have now taken the liberty to mention.

I have not been so diffuse in the critical, explanatory, and historical notes upon my author,

as

as Monsieur Mongault has been, because he was confined to one work, which could be illustrated only from the other works of our author, and in those illustrations he has been obliged to be very copious. But what was necessary in him, would be superfluous in me, as I intend (God willing) to translate the whole of my author's works. About ten years ago, I intimated that intention to the public, though the execution of it was interrupted, by that of a much greater undertaking. Hitherto, I have had no rivals in either; for the attempts which have been since made in both, are below censure, I had almost said, below contempt! They who have the greatest talents for such undertakings, are the best acquainted with their difficulties; and the ablest critic, will always be found the most candid.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE.

October 20, 1751.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

BOOK I.

THE Letters of this book were written partly before Cicero's consulship, and partly after, and contain many curious particulars concerning the prosecution of Clodius, and the opposition Pompey met with upon his return from his Asiatic expedition, and they were written from the years of Rome 684, to 693. Page 1

BOOK II.

Contains Cicero's letters to Atticus for seventeen months, with an account of all that passed with relation to the tribuneship of Clodius, and the conduct of Cæsar in his consulship, with the conspiracy of Vettius, and other incidents of great moment, both to the history of Rome, and of our author. They were written in the years of Rome 693, 694. P. 91

BOOK III.

Contains the letters written by Cicero during his exile, which lasted from the last of the month of March in the year of Rome 695, to August 1, in the year 696. P. 169

BOOK IV.

Contains an account of what happened to Cicero and the public of Rome, after his return from banishment; and was written in the year of Rome 696. P. 227

BOOK V.

About thirty months passed between the last letter of the foregoing book, and the first of this, which contains, besides many other important matters, the history of Cicero's proconsulship in Silesia, during the year of Rome 702. P. 297

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

FROM the intimacy subsisting between us, you, my friend, will easily conceive the affliction I felt, and the advantages, both in my business and family, which I lost by the death of our brother Lucius¹. From him I enjoyed all that a man can enjoy, from an agreeable and upright companion. I cannot therefore doubt that you share in my sorrow, both as you feel my afflictions, and as you yourself have lost a relation and a friend, richly adorned with virtue, with benevolence, and with an affection for you, which, by his own inclination, as

¹ *Lucii patris nostri*: But in fact this Lucius was only cousin-german to Cicero, by his father's younger brother. He was likewise related to Atticus, whose sister was married to Cicero's brother. Cicero, in the fifth book *de finibus*, calls the same person his brother by way of affection.

as well as by my representation, he was disposed to cherish.

As to what you write concerning your sister, she will herself bear me witness how anxious I was, that the sentiments of my brother Quintus should be properly disposed in her behalf. As soon as I found him somewhat piqued, I wrote him letters, in which I soothed his affection; I admonished his weakness, and I reproached his inconstancy. I am therefore in hopes, from the letters he afterwards frequently wrote to me, that every thing, from that quarter, will be as they ought, and as we wish them, to be.

You do me wrong in blaming my want of punctuality in our correspondence; for our friend Pomponia never gives me advice of any person, to whom I can trust my letters. Besides, I happened never to meet with a person who was going into Epirus, neither did I hear of your being at Athens.

As to your affair with Acutilius, which you recommended to me, I finished it as soon as I returned from you to Rome; but it happened to be a matter of little or no difficulty; and as I knew you to be sufficiently prudent, I chose that Peduceus, rather than I, should give you advice of it by letters. For, indeed, when I had, for several days, listened to Acutilius, with the tediousness of whose conversation you are well acquainted, you cannot imagine that I could take any great pleasure in acquainting

quainting you with all his grievances, when I myself suffered such a penance in hearing them. But now that you accuse me of remissness, you are to recollect, that I have received but one letter from you, though you have both more leisure, and more opportunities of writing than I have.

You write me, that I ought to soften the little animosities, which a certain person has against you; nor have I neglected to do what you thus insinuate. But, indeed, his humour is unaccountable. I did not, however, omit to say every thing of you that was proper; but, as to particular points to be insisted upon, I thought they ought to be determined by your pleasure only. If you will let me know what that is, I shall soon convince you, that I have made no greater advances than you yourself would have made, nor have I been more backward than you could have wished.

Tadius has spoken to me concerning his affair, and told me, that he runs no risk, because the estate is become his own by the right of prescription. I am surprised you are ignorant, that when a guardianship conforms to the terms of the law,¹ which I hear to be the case of the young

¹ The case was this. The father of a young lady died without leaving her guardians, or a *tutela pura*; upon which, those next in kin assumed the guardianship, which was therefore called *tutela legitima*. Tadius had, for some years, been in possession of an estate belonging to this young lady, and then

young woman, prescription can confer no such right.

I am glad that you are pleased with your purchase in Epirus. I beg that according to your promise, you will remember, what I have recommended to you concerning whatever you judge suitable to my Tusculanum¹, I mean, when you can do it without inconvenience: for in that spot I find repose from all my uneasiness, and all my toils, and there I daily expect my brother. My wife Terentia is dreadfully pained with the gout; she has the most sincere regard for you, your sister and your mother, and joins with my little darling Tullia, in wishing you all manner of prosperity.

her *Agnati*, or nearest of kin, demanded the estate; he pleaded prescription in his own favour upon the opinion of Atticus, for which he is here blamed by Cicero.

¹ This was the country seat or villa of Cicero, and if we are to believe him, it was laid out in a very fine taste. It was situated in the antient *Latium*, and upon the same spot where the monastery of *Grotta Ferrata* is now built.

"There cannot," says Middleton, "be a better proof of the delightfulness of the place, than that it is now possessed by a convent of Monks, and called the *Villa of St. Dominic*. Strange revolution, to see Cicero's porticos converted to Monkish cloisters! the seat of the most refined reason, wit, and learning, to a nursery of superstition, bigotry, and enthusiasm. What a pleasure must it give these *Dominical inquisitors* to trample on the ruins of a man, whose writings, by spreading the light of reason and liberty through the world, have been one great instrument of obstructing their unwearied pains to enslave it." E.

Mid. Life of Cicero, vol. i. p. 6.

prosperity. I beg you will take care of your own health; continue your affection for me, and be convinced that I love you as a brother.

EPISTLE II.

YOU shall have no farther cause to complain of my remissness in writing to you; and you should take care that, as you have abundant leisure, you be as punctual in writing to me. Marcus Fonteius has given a hundred thousand and thirty sesterces¹, for the house which Rabirius had at Naples, and which you had already in imagination surveyed and finished. I thought proper to let you know this, in case you had any farther thoughts of that purchase. My brother Quintus seems to me to behave with all the affection we could wish towards Pomponia; they are now together upon their estate at Arpinum, and he has carried along with him Turranius, a man intelligent and useful. Our father departed² on the 23d of November.

This

¹ About six hundred pounds of our money.

² *Orig. pater nobis decessit* A. D. viii. kal. Decembr. I have translated this in the softest sense I could for the honour of Cicero. I am unwilling to think, that it is his father's death he mentions here in so light a manner, when he is so profuse in his encomiums upon the misfortunes even of his acquaintances, or that his near prospect of being raised to his highest honours of his country, had made him forget his duty to a parent, of whom,

This is almost all that I have to tell you. If you find any productions in the fine arts which may serve to adorn this seat, so well known to you, I beg you would not neglect to purchase them. My charming Tusculanum is the only place that gives me the enjoyment of myself. Inform me, I pray, my friend, what you are doing, and what you are about to do.

EPISTLE III.

YOUR Mother is well, and her health is one of my chief concerns. I am bound to pay twenty thousand four hundred serteces¹, to Lucius Cincius, on the 13th of February. I beg you will take care that I have, as soon as possible, the things which you have bought or procured for me. I likewise entreat that, agreeably to your promise, you would always bear in mind the augmentation of my library. All the pleasure which I hope to enjoy in my leisure hours, proceeds from the prospect of your elegant society.

whom, so far as we know of, he had no reason to be ashamed. But, indeed, if this letter was wrote, as it most probably was, towards the end of the year of Rome 683, or the beginning of 686, the father's death is premature by at least three years, if according to Asconius, the ancient scholiast, he did not die till Cicero stood for the consulship.

¹ About one hundred pounds.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

YOUR affairs are as prosperous as your friends can wish them to be. My brother Quintus and I, esteem and love your mother and sister. I have spoken with Acutilius; he denies that he has received any advice from his agent, and is surprised how that misunderstanding could arise in his refusing to give you security¹ against all farther demands. You mention that you have put an end to the affair of Tadius, who, I understand, is well satisfied with your decision, and wonderfully pleased with your kindness. Luceius, a man of the highest worth, and united to me in the closest friendship, is much displeased with you. If I knew what regard you pay to his anger, I should then know in what manner to act.

According to your advice, I paid to Lucius Cincius, twenty thousand four hundred serteces for the statues from Megara. The Mercuries of Pentelic² marble, with heads of brass, as you described

¹ *Orig. Quod ille recusavit satisdari.* This kind of security, or discharge in full, seems to have been usual at the finishing all differences amongst the Romans, and the mention of it is frequently to be met with in the writings of their authors.

² *Orig. Hermæ tui Pentelici cum capitibus æneis.* From this letter the reader may have some idea of the elegance and magnificence

described them to me, now afford me the highest gratification; I beg therefore that you would send them to me, with the statues, and every thing else that you shall think suitable to this place, to my collections, and to your own fine taste; as many of them, and as soon, as possible, especially those that are ornamental for a study and a gallery. For I am so passionately devoted to these objects of refinement that, while I am censured as extravagant by others, I am gratified only by you. If the ship, belonging to Lentulus, is not ready, do you put them on board any vessel you please. My charming Tulliola demands her little present, and has obtained my security for the fulfilment of your promise. But I am more disposed to renounce, than to fulfil, my engagement.

EPISTLE V.

I HEAR too seldom from you, though you can find more conveyances for Rome than I can for Athens; and I am more certain to be found in the former,

magnificence of Cicero's Tusculanum. Megara was a city of Attica, famous for a beautiful kind of marble. The Pentelic marble was so called from its being of five colours, according to Pausanias. The figures here mentioned, I take to have been what we call *Therms*, or the heads of *Mercury*, *Hercules*, or any other head, of brass, upon a marble pedestal, and as high as an ordinary person, rather than statues.

former, than you in the latter city. And this uncertainty is the cause of my brevity; for not knowing where you may be, I am unwilling, that a letter so colloquial, should fall into the hands of strangers.

I am excessively impatient for the Megaric statues, and the Mercuries which you have promised me in your letters. Don't scruple to send me every thing of that kind that shall fall in your way, and may be proper for my academy, and you may depend upon immediate payment¹. This is the only pleasure I now pursue; I am in search of every thing that is ornamental for a study. Lentulus promises to convey them in his ships. I beg that you would carefully mind those particulars. Chilius² entreats you, and I join in his entreaty, that you will send hither the rites of the Eumolpidæ.

¹ *Orig. Arcæ nostræ confidito. Solvere ex arca*, amongst the Romans, was a payment made in ready cash, in contradistinction to *solvere ex mensa*, when the creditor went for payment to one of the public bankers.

² He was a poet, and the *Eumolpidæ* were certain priests of *Ceres Elusynum*, with an account of whose rites Chilius, perhaps, intended to enrich his poems.

EPISTLE VI.

WHEN I was at Tusculanum, (so¹ much for your "when I was at Ceramicus.") But, to be serious, when I was there, a young slave, from your sister, brought me a letter from you, and told me that a messenger was to go off express for you that very afternoon. It was therefore proper that I should write somewhat in answer to your letter, though the shortness of the time makes me very brief. In the first place then, I engage to appease, if not entirely to reconcile, our friend Luceius. Though of myself I endeavoured to do this before, yet I will now act with double diligence, and apply to him with double zeal, as I perceive from your letter, that you are so earnest in that matter. You must, however, understand that he is exceedingly offended; but as I see no reason he has

¹ There is a good deal of humour here. Atticus had begun his letter, "When I was at Ceramicus," which was a place lying without the walls of Athens, where their greatest generals and citizens had been buried at the public expence, and was adorned with their monuments and statues. This then being one of the most celebrated parts in the world, Cicero, in a humorous kind of contrast, opposes to it his Tusculanum, without foreseeing that a time would come when the name of Tusculanum would survive that of Ceramicus.

has to be so, I am in great hopes that he will be influenced by my advice and authority¹.

I beg that you will put on board as soon as you conveniently can, our statues and the Mercuries, which you mentioned, with every other ornament and production calculated to adorn a place, with which you are acquainted, and which is intended for elegance and study. For now that I am upon the spot, the place and the appearance of it dictate all I write. Be so good likewise as to procure me some mouldings, which I can employ upon the ceiling of my entry, and for embossing lids for my two fonts. Pray take care how you dispose of your library² to any one, let him bid for it ever so high; for I am saving all my perquisites, that I may be able to purchase that relief for my old age. My brother's conduct, I am persuaded, is conformable to what I have always wished and endeavoured; amongst many other proofs of his attachment, is the tenderness with which he treats your sister, in her present advanced prospect of a family.

As

¹ *Orig. Confido illum fore in officio.* This expression is very philosophical, and is best understood by the system of morals laid down by our author in other places.

² Pomponius Atticus was a great œconomist, and consequently had it in his power to do many generous things. In this last light, and that of a man of fine taste, both in life and literature, he stands amongst the most amiable characters of antiquity. The library here mentioned was composed of books, transcribed by certain learned slaves he kept for that purpose, and which he sold for money.

As to my standing for the Prætorship, I remember I gave you leave of absence, and so I have acquainted your friends, who might otherwise expect you. I am so far from soliciting, that I even prohibit, your attendance; because I am persuaded it is much more for your interest to be employed as you now are, than it could be for mine, for you to be present at my election. I therefore beg you to be as much at ease on that head as if you were residing where you are, only to negotiate my concerns. Assure yourself you shall find and hear, that my sentiments, with regard to you, shall be the same as if I succeeded, not only by your presence, but even by your interest. Tulliola has set you a day to answer in person, and discharges my engagements for your performance.

EPISTLE VII.

I WAS doing¹ this of my own accord, before I received your letters; and those two which you have since sent me, strongly dispose me to accomplish the same purpose. Sallust was your faithful assistant in prompting me to employ all my endeavours in treating with Luceius about his being reconciled

¹ This epistle seems to me to begin with a beautiful abruptness, alluding to a former letter of Pomponius on the subject of his difference with Luceius.

conciled to your former favour. But after I had laboured all I could, I found myself not only unable to recover his former affections for you, but even to discover the reason why his sentiments are altered. He pretends, however, that his resentment is owing to that arbitration of yours, and some other circumstances that gave him offence before you left this place; but there assuredly exists some other cause that is more deeply rooted in his mind; a cause that neither your letters nor my agency can so effectually remove, as you could, were you present in person, by your discourse, and that engaging look, which you know so well how to assume; if you think the matter worth so much, (as you certainly will) if you regard my advice, and act consistently with your own urbanity. Be not, however, surprised, that I am now diffident about what I wrote before, when I acquainted you that I was in hopes he would act by my direction. The obstinacy I find in him is not to be believed, no more is the stubbornness of his resentment; but he will either be cured of all these when you arrive, or, wherever the fault may be, they will have disagreeable consequences with regard to him.

As to what you write me, as if I was already nominated to the Prætorship¹, I can assure you, that,

¹ *Orig. Me jam arbitrari designatum esse.* This must be understood of the Prætorship, though it is not named. It was plainly

that, at this time, at Rome, the candidates for public offices, of all people in the world, are the most conversant in dirty practices; neither is it known when the election will come on¹; you will, however, hear farther from Philadelphus. In the meanwhile, I beg that you will send me, with the first opportunity, whatever you have procured for my academy. It is surprising how much I am delighted, not only with living at that place, but even with thinking of it. Indeed, I would have you take care to whom you dispose of your books; reserve them for me, as you promised me in your letter. My attachment for them is equalled only by the ill humour I feel for every thing else. It is incredible in what a wretched state, for so short a time, you will find public affairs, compared to what you left them in.

plainly wrote before the next epistle but one, that follows, and it is certain that Atticus returned to Rome before Cicero was named to the consulship.

¹ The intrigues of the candidates this year were so flagrant in putting off the time for the elections, which ought to have been about the middle of July, that they gave rise to the Cornelian and Calphurnian law for regulating them, so called, for its being moved for by the Tribune Cornelius, and drawn up by the Consul Calphurnius Piso.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VIII.

Do you know that your grandmother is dead¹ of her longing to see you, and of her apprehension, lest the Latin old women² should neglect their duty in bringing their victims to mount Alba? I suppose that Lucius Saufeius will dispatch an epistle consolatory to you on that occasion. We expect you here about January. Pray is this founded upon idle rumour, or upon your letters to other people? for you have not mentioned a word of it to me. The statues, which you procured for me, are landed at Gaieta. I have not yet seen them; because I have not yet had so much leisure

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¹ I do not know whether Cicero's pleasantry, on so serious an occasion, as the death of his friend's grandmother, is quite agreeable to genuine sense and feeling. Somewhat, however, may be said in alleviation of this freedom, when we consider it as a kind of satire upon the Epicurean principles of Atticus, which were far from being favourable to the pious affections of a child towards a parent. It is upon the same account, that he mentions Lucius Saufeius, who was a professed Epicurean, as a proper comforter to Atticus on this occasion.

² The *Feria Latinae* were yearly celebrated by the appointment of the consuls, upon the Alban mount, in memory of the union of the Latins, and the neighbouring people whom he had subdued. It was a kind of a feast to which the inhabitants of forty towns contributed, and the sacrifices were performed with so much superstition, that Cicero sneers at the performers by the name of *Latinae*, or Latin old women.

as to leave Rome. I have sent money to discharge their freight, and am extremely obliged to you for making the purchase with so great a care, and at so small an expence.

As to what you have often mentioned in your letters to me, concerning appeasing our friend, I have tried every expedient; but he is incredibly averse to reconciliation. I suppose you have heard the grounds of his resentment. But you shall know the whole truth when I see you. Though Sallust was present with me, our united influence proved ineffectual in regaining his former good will. I write this, because he used to blame me for my remissness concerning you; but he has now himself experienced, how untractable Lucceius is, and that I have not been wanting in my duty to you. I have promised my daughter Tulliola to Caius Piso, the son of Lucius Frugi.

EPISTLE IX.

YOU raise in us frequent hopes of seeing you; and even lately, when we expected you already arrived, we were suddenly informed of your delay until the month of June. Now, indeed, I am of opinion, that you ought to come at the time you appointed, if you can conveniently. You will then be present at my brother's election, will see me after a long absence, and adjust your difference

rence with Acutilius. It is the opinion of Peduceus, that I should give you an intimation of this; for we think it is your interest that you should put an end to that affair; my services in this respect, always have been, and always shall be ready¹.

I have

¹ This fixes the dates of those letters, and justifies the order into which I have thrown them. Cicero would not have judged Macer, unless he had been Prætor, which he certainly was in the year of Rome 688, under the consulship of Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, and Lucius Volcatius Tullus. This Macer had been governor of Asia, and had been accused of corrupt practices, by the people of that province. He was so sure by his own interest, and that of Crassus, to be acquitted, that he came during the time of his trial, in a kind of triumph to the senate-house, and finding that he had been unanimously condemned, he went home and died of grief, according to Plutarch; but according to Valerius Maximus, he put himself to death, that he might save his estate to his family.

But I can't help thinking that Cicero's translators and commentators have all of them mistaken this passage. The original is, *Cui cum æqui fuisset, tamen multo majorem fructum ex populi existimatione, illo damnato, cepimus, quam ex ipsius, si absolutus esset, gratia cepissemus.* Monsieur St. Real, after Minutius, translates the words, *Cui cum æqui fuisset.*—*Quoique je n'aye fait en le condamnant, que ce a quoi j'étois obligé en justice.* Monsieur Mongault translates it,—*Quand j'aurois pu lui être favorable.* But we are to consider that this Macer, by Cicero's own account (vide Brutus, cap. 238.) was no contemptible orator, and according to Seneca, he was his rival in eloquence. Minutius, and all who have followed him, have fallen into a common, but a very mistaken opinion, as if Cicero, because he was the Prætor, was therefore the judge in this trial,

I have here gone through the affair of Caius Macer, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the public

and had it in his power to be favourable to the accused party. But this was far from being the case; for a Prætor in such trials had no more power than to collect the votes of the jurymen, and to give sentence according to their verdict. Monsieur Mongault is indeed right in translating the word *æquus* here favourable, but he is mistaken as to the occasion upon which it was used; and Casaubon, in his note upon this passage, in finding fault with Valerius Maximus, has fallen himself into a great many blunders. Valerius tells us, that when Macer understood the sense of the court to be against him, he strangled himself, sending, at the same time, a messenger to Cicero, acquainting him that he died under accusation, but before his condemnation, "*Se non damnatum, sed reum periisse*," and that his goods could not be put up to public auction, "*Nec sua bona hastæ posse subjici*." Casaubon endeavours to shew, by many authorities from the civil law, that, Valerius, he should have said Macer, was mistaken in the conceit of saving his estate from confiscation, by dying before judgment. But we are to observe, that those authorities are all drawn from the imperial constitutions after the dissolution of the republic, and can be of no weight against the positive assertion of Valerius Maximus, who lived soon after Cicero. Cicero, according to the same author, receiving this message, forbore to pronounce judgment (*Qua cognita, de re Cicero nihil pronunciavit*.) The account given us by Valerius being thus vindicated, Cicero, by his conduct, had all the reason in the world to say, that he had been favourable to the accused, who was indeed condemned but not sentenced. It is true, he was *damnatus*, but not before his death, that is, he died *dum sententiæ deliberentur*, while the opinions of the court were collecting and separating. For every judge had his choice of three opinions, one for acquitting, one for condemning, and one for postponing the trial.

public. It is true, I have acted with impartial justice towards him, but have raised my character higher with the people by condemning him than I could serve my interest through him, had he been acquitted.

As to what you write concerning the Minerval Mercury, it gives me great pleasure; it is an ornament in character to an academy; that of a Mercury is in common to all places of exercise, but a Minerval Mercury is peculiarly graceful in a place dedicated to the exercise of study. I therefore entreat that, as you write, you would embellish that spot with as many other ornaments as possible. I have not yet seen the statues which you have already sent me; I am now thinking of going to Formiæ where they are. I will carry them all to my Tusculanum. If ever I shall begin to grow rich, I will embellish Gaieta. Keep your books in your own hands, and do not fear but I shall be able to make them mine. If I succeed in this, I shall surpass Crassus in riches, and look with contempt on the country seats and estates of all mankind.

EPISTLE X.

THE following is a true state, so far as my sagacity enables me to ascertain it, of my pretension

C 2

to

to the consulship, which I know you have greatly at heart. Publius Galba stands alone, and, in terms unequivocal and undisguised, is rejected. The common opinion is, that his beginning to canvass so prematurely, will ultimately contribute to my success; for the people, in general, refuse him, under pretence of being previously engaged to me. From this I hope for some advantage, when it shall become a current opinion, that I have found a greater number of friends. As to my part, I was thinking to begin my solicitations at the very time when your slave, as Cincius told me, was setting out with this packet, that is, upon the 17th of July, when the assembly was held for electing the tribunes. My determined competitors appear to be Galba, Antonius, and Q. Cornificius. At this I imagine you have either laughed or sighed; and to complete your sorrow, I must tell you that Cesonius too is talked of as a competitor. Aquilius gives me no concern; for he has forsworn all competition, pretending infirmities, and excusing himself from his great business, as the monarch of law arbitrations. As to Catiline, I am then only sure of him as a competitor, when his judges shall decide that the sun never shines at noon-day. I don't suppose, that you expect me to mention Aufidius and Palicanus.

As to the candidates for next year, Cæsar seems to be sure of his election. It is thought that
Thermus

Thermus will have a hard struggle with Silanus; but they are so poor, both in interest and character, that I shall not at all wonder if Curius is brought in; but in this opinion I am singular. It seems to be most agreeable to my views, that Thermus should be chosen with Cæsar; for none of the present candidates, who, if he should stand in my year, would give me more trouble than Thermus could; because he is one of the overseers of the Flaminian way, which would then be easily finished. I wish, therefore, with all my heart, to join him in the consulship with Cæsar.

These are the outlines of the competition, which is not yet systematically determined. For my part, I shall apply, with all possible diligence, to every part of my duty as a candidate, and perhaps, when the forum business relaxes a little at Rome, I shall make an excursion in the month of September, under pretence of a legation to Piso, so as to be able to return in January; because it appears as if Gaul had a great influence in the election. When I shall have thoroughly understood the dispositions of our men of quality, I will write to you. Every thing else, I hope will go smoothly on, if I have only to contend with those city-competitors. As you are nearer to our friend Pompey than I am, pray take care to procure me the votes of all who are in his interest. Assure him that I will not take it amiss, though he should not appear at the meeting in my favour.

This

This is all I have to recommend to you upon this head. There is, however, one thing for which I ask your pardon. When your uncle Cæcilius was defrauded in a large sum by P. Varius, he began to sue his brother Canninius Satrius¹ concerning certain effects, which he pretends Satrius received by a fraudulent conveyance from Varius. The other creditors joined in the action, amongst whom are Lucullus², and P. Scipio, and L. Pontius, who it is thought, would have been

¹ This person was probably a Roman Knight, and esteemed by Cicero, and is mentioned by Suetonius, in his treatise concerning famous grammarians.

² Manutius, though a very able critic, in his note upon this passage, mistakes this Lucullus to be Marcus Terentius Varro Lucullus, so called from his being adopted into the family of the Varrones. But Lucius Licinius Lucullus, so celebrated for his victories over Mithridates, is certainly the person meant here. Manutius's conjecture is founded upon that great man not being then at Rome; because he did not triumph till under the consulate of Murena and Silanus. But nothing is more certain than that there was a considerable distance of time between his return to Rome and his triumph, which was deferred by the arts of his enemies, and gave him such disgust, that he gave himself more up to country amusements than became a patriot in such dangerous times; and he is one of those men of quality whom Cicero calls *piscinarii*, fish-pond fanciers. There is nothing remarkable in the other names here mentioned, only that Domitius was surnamed D. Ænobarbus, and was ancestor to the emperor Nero, and that Scipio was the last man of figure in his illustrious family.

been the assignee¹, if the effects had been sold. But it is ridiculous to talk of an assignee at this time. Cæcilius desired me to appear against Satrius, who attends me at my house almost every day. Lucius Domitius is his chief patron, and I am his second. He was of great service to my brother Quintus and me in our solicitations for public offices. I own I am greatly embarrassed by my intimacy at once with Satrius and Domitius, on whom I chiefly depend for success in my election. Of this I made Cæcilius sensible, adding, at the same time, that I should be ready to serve him, if the dispute were confined to him and his adversary, but that, as it involves all the creditors, who are men of high rank, and who would easily carry on the common cause, though none should appear in the name of Cæcilius, I must, on this critical occasion, pay a proper attention to my own interest. I perceived that he was more displeased with this answer than I could have wished, and resented it, I thought, more than

¹ *Orig. Magister.* This term answers extremely well to our assignees under a commission of bankruptcy, being generally chosen by the other creditors, to manage and sell off the estate of the bankrupt, for the benefit of the creditors. And, indeed, though it has not been attended to by authors, we find a wonderful similitude between the Roman and English laws, both civil and criminal, of which we may have occasion to speak hereafter.

than it became a gentleman to do. For these several days past, he has entirely avoided my company.

I entreat you will forgive me in this, and consider me as justified, at this troublesome juncture, in not opposing the most capital concerns of a friend, who has done me all the good offices and services in his power. But if you have a mind to be severe upon me, I give you leave to think, that ambition¹ is my true motive in the matter. But even supposing that to be the case, I think I ought to be pardoned; for it is not a small matter I have at stake². You are sensible of the path, in which

¹ Cicero here makes use of a great deal of art; for in fact, Domitius was not the considerable man he represents him to be. This frankness, however, which he pretends to put on to his friend, who might have found him out, has a beautiful effect.

² Orig. Επει εχ υφηιον, εδε βουνη. *Quia non victimæ partem aut tergus bubulum.* This is a quotation from the twenty second book of Homer's Ilias, and Virgil afterwards translated the sense of it.

—*Neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur Præmia*—

It is necessary here to make a general observation concerning our author's frequent use of Greek phrases and quotations. Nothing is more common with English writers than to compare, in this respect, the English to the Romans, and the Greeks to the French. This has been done, even as a justification of our frequent usage of French learning and language, as it occurs hourly in reading and conversation. But this parallel holds in

no

which I tread, and that I ought, not only to preserve my old, but to acquire new, friends. I sincerely

no other respect, than, that as Rome subdued Greece, so did England France, and the conquerors were smitten with an affection for the manners, the arts, and the language of the conquered. But, whoever looks upon the Roman policy in this light, is greatly deceived. The men of learning, before the times of Cicero, were, in Rome, but few, in Greece they were innumerable. When Greece was conquered, her language had arrived at its perfection, that of Rome was in its infancy. The Roman government was military, it had no vacancy for arts: the constitutions of Greece were civil, and gave too little encouragement for war; till at last, their most celebrated states became so many schools, filled with the wrangling of sophists and pedants. The admirable good sense of the Romans taught them to profit by all those circumstances, and to embellish, but, not as the Greeks had done, to weaken their constitution, by literary ornaments. They loved the learning, they hated the morals, of the Greeks. They availed themselves of the profession, whilst they kept the professor a slave. With them, the study of Greek did not weaken the love of their country, though they scarce, in the days of Cicero, had any learning but in that language; and Cicero was the first writer of great eminence that brought his mother-tongue to speak the language of philosophy and polite arts. I need not suggest to my reader, how much this has been the reverse between England and France, for those many years, during which the English have continued under the delusions of French affectation. The English, I say, during that time, have been as much superior to the French in genius, learning, and language, as their forefathers were to them in arms; and that affectation can be accounted for no other way, than upon that senseless principle, which hurries sheep over the pale of their own rich pasture, to have the pleasure of starving upon a barren moor.

Atticus

sincerely hope, at least I earnestly wish, that you will approve of my conduct. Your Minerval Mercury gives me great pleasure, and it stands so elegantly, that the whole academy derives from it, the greatest splendour¹. I feel for you the sincerest regard.

EPISTLE XI.

BE it known to you that under the consulship² of L. Julius Cæsar and C. Marcus Figulus, I am blessed

Atticus was himself so fond of the Greek language, that he was proud of the name of Atticus or Athenian, and Cicero affects it the more because he writes to him. But we are, in general, to observe, that when Cicero is most profuse of his Greek quotations, his heart is most at ease; for he generally pours forth his anguish and sorrow in Latin.

¹ Orig. ἥλιον ἀνάθημα. *Soli donum appensum, vel solis templum.* This is a very perplexed passage in the best manuscripts, and all editions of our author. I have translated in the sense which I think most agreeable to Cicero's manner.

² Orig. L. Julio Cæsare, C. Marcio Figulo consulibus, filiolo me auctum scito. Though Monsieur Mongault has translated this passage, as if Cæsar and Figulus had not yet entered into the actual exercise of their consulship, yet I am far from being clear in that respect, and were it not for one circumstance, that of his preparing himself to defend Catiline, who was tried under the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus, I could have no manner of doubt in fixing the date of this letter to the 1st of January, which was the day when the consuls entered upon their office; because, ingenuously speaking, I do not find that

Cicero

blessed with a son, and that the mother is in a fair way of recovery. Not a line from you all this

Cicero ever makes use of this manner when he expresses himself of a future consulship. Monsieur Mongault says, that the circumstance of Catiline is decisive, against this letter being dated under the consulship of Cæsar and Figulus. But even that matter is not so clear as he imagines. Muretus is of opinion, that that passage ought to be read *Catilinam competitorem nostrum defendere cogitabamus* instead of *cogitamus*. I do not indeed find that Muretus is supported in this conjecture by manuscripts; yet his emendation is not without a strong probability to support it; because when we read *cogitabamus*, it implies as if Cicero, while he wrote this letter, had then given over the favourable thoughts he had entertained of Catiline, and thus the thing is thrown into an imperfect time, which decides nothing. But indeed, it is far from being impossible, for Catiline, even under the consulship of Cæsar and Figulus, to have had occasion for Cicero's pleading for him, especially if we consider, that though he had been tried under the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus, yet no sentence had been pronounced either for or against him; so the matter was still in suspense.

Monsieur Mongault and the commentators bring another objection against the fixing the date of this letter, to the actual consulship of Cæsar and Figulus, because, say they, at the end of it, he desires Atticus to be at Rome in January; whereas, if this letter had been written under the consulship, it must have been written in January. This objection has, no doubt, in it some weight, but not enough to conquer the obstinacy of the original passage before us. Besides, there is no kind of impossibility, supposing Cicero to have written this letter on the 1st of January, for him to have designated that month by its own name. I don't know whether there is even any absurdity in it, or whether the same thing is not now in daily practice.

But,

this while ! I wrote you some time ago very circumstantially with regard to my affairs. I am at present preparing to defend my competitor Catiline¹. We are satisfied, and the prosecutor is greatly

But, say the commentators, Atticus was then beyond sea in Epirus, and had a great journey to make to Rome, and if Cicero wrote this letter on the 1st of January, how could he expect that his letter could have time to reach his friend, and his friend have time to be at Rome in that month ? But this, which Monsieur Mongault looks upon to be the main objection, is, I think, easily answered. The letter might have reached Atticus, by sea, in a very few days. Cicero's anxiety to have his friend at Rome often leads him into a kind of impertinence of importunity, and he might imagine, that his friend might meet the letter on his journey, and cause him to make the more haste. In short, this was not a letter of advice for Atticus to come to Rome in January ; because it is extremely plain from Cicero's own words, that Atticus had already come to that resolution. Upon the whole, I dare not depart from the literal sense of the original.

¹ Here I cannot help obviating a very strong objection brought against the morals of our author by writers and commentators, who have not rightly understood this passage ; nor indeed have any of his apologists done him justice. It is not, say they, much to the honour of Cicero, to have known Catiline's crime to be as plain as the sun at noon-day ; yet to have pleaded in his favour. Monsieur Mongault thinks he removes this objection, by saying it was the practice at Rome for the greatest men to plead for the vilest criminals, and gives an instance of Hortensius, who pleaded for Verres. But this is a poor apology. It contradicts the repeated professions of our author against such a practice, and indeed, even in this age and nation, we must have a despicable opinion of the first man of his

greatly so, with the choice of the commissioners for the trial. If he should be acquitted, I am in hopes

his country, if he should know, unknown to his friends, another person to be a public pest of society, and to the constitution, and yet voluntarily appear to defend him from a just prosecution. Let us, however, state the matter as it really was.

Catiline returned from his government of Africa to Rome, just as Sulla and Autronius had lost the consulship, for their corrupt practices, and their prosecutors, Cotta and Torquatus were elected. Upon his arrival, an action was brought against him for malversation in his government, and at the same time, he declared himself a candidate for the consulship. Catiline, at that time, was far from standing in the detestable light he afterwards appeared in to the public. He applied to Cicero to defend him from the charge brought against him, and he applied with such address, and such a shew of innocence, that Cicero, in his oration for Cælius, owns, that Catiline had almost imposed upon him ; in short, I will not venture to say that Cicero did not promise to plead for Catiline. The disqualifying a formidable candidate from standing for a public office, by bringing against him a fictitious charge, was, at that time, a common trick in Rome, and Cicero might with honour undertake to defend Catiline against such a charge ; and I think it is very plain that this was a frivolous one. My reason is, because, though the acting consul, Tullus, procured a prohibition against Catiline's standing for the consulship, and though Catiline did not stand ; yet it is plain, from the words of Sallust, that this did not happen from the charge of mal-administration being brought against him, but from a point of form, because Catiline was too late in declaring himself a candidate. *Lucio Tullo, says Sallust, Marco Lepido Coss. P. Autronius & P. Sulla designati consules legibus ambitus interrogati poenas dederant. Paulo post Catilina pecuniarum repetundarum reus prohibitus erat petere consulatum, quod intra legitimos dies profiteri nequiverit.*

From

hopes that he will the more cordially concur in promoting my election; but if it should prove otherwise, I shall endeavour to bear it with patience. Your speedy arrival is indispensable, for it is the general and fixed opinion of the public, that your friends, the men of quality, will use their efforts to withhold the honour of my being elected; and I foresee that I shall stand in great need of your interest for gaining their favour. Therefore take care, as you appointed, to be in town by January.

EPISTLE XII.

THE Trojan lady¹ is really very dilatory, nor did Cornelius afterwards return to Terentia; and it

From this plain state of facts, it appears that Cicero, consistently with the character of a great and a good man, might undertake to plead for Catiline, upon the charge of corruption, and, at the same time, think it as plain as the sun at noon-day, that he was disqualified from standing for the consulship; because his declaration was not within the legal time. To conclude, there is strong reason for believing, that Cicero did not plead for Catiline, because, if he had, his mentioning that circumstance would have been of great service to his pleading for Cælius.

¹ This letter appears to be written three years after the foregoing. This was a nick-name by which Cicero designated Antonius his colleague in the consulship, and it must be confessed that there appears to have been some dark management at this time between him and our author.

it is my opinion that I must have recourse to the bankers, Considius, Axius, or Selicius. With Cæcilius I will have nothing to do; for he would not advance money even to his dearest relations under 12 per cent. But to return from whence I began; never did I see any thing more impudent, more sly, and more shuffling than she is. "I will send my freed man,—I have given orders to Titus." Mere shifts and evasions; yet I do not know but it may turn out well for me¹. For Pompey's delegates² tell me, that he will actually stand to succeed Antonius, and at the same time that the Prætor will make a motion to that effect, in the assembly of the people. Now the case is of such a nature, that I cannot either with the approbation of the worthy part of mankind, or of the public in general, with any decency, undertake the defence of Antonius; and, which is more

¹ The original is part of a Greek maxim: *Ταυταματόν ἡμῶν καλλίω βουλευεται*, *Chance deliberates for us more wisely than ourselves*, meaning that it would turn out more fortunately for him, that Antony should not pay, contrary to his wishes, what he owed; since it would discharge him from another obligation which the speedy payment of his debt would have imposed. E.

² *Orig. Prodromi. Lit. Fore-runners.* Cicero may have used the term as a sneer upon the numerous creatures of Pompey, who were to be found in all quarters at this time, crying up the services and merits of their patron. E.

more than all, I have no inclination to do it; for the following accident, which I submit to your examination, has taken place; and I recommend the whole of it, of what nature soever it may be, to your sagacity.

A man of a very worthless character, named Hilarus, received his freedom from me, and is now your client and book-keeper. Concerning this person, Valerius the linguist informs me (and Chilius writes that he has heard the same thing) that he is with Antonius, who, while he practises public extortion upon his province, gives out, that part of the money is collected upon my account, and that this same Hilarus is sent as a treasurer of the revenues. At this I feel unusual indignation¹; yet cannot believe it to be a fact, though something of this kind has certainly been reported. Pray trace the story to its source, and, if possible, compel that renegade to leave the province. Valerius alleges Caius Plancius as the author of this report; and I again earnestly recommend it to you to search into the bottom of it.

Pompey still appears to be my very good friend.
The

¹ I have not troubled the reader with any notes upon this matter, because it is not very material to the history of that time. We must, however observe, that some of Cicero's contemporaries were far from thinking him defensible upon the head of his collusion with Antonius.

The public highly approves of his divorce from Mucia. I suppose you have heard that Publius Clodius¹ the son of Appius, was lately apprehended at Cæsar's house, in a woman's dress, at a sacrifice for the good of the people, and that he was saved and carried off by means of a young female slave. The affair is notoriously infamous, and will, no doubt, give you serious concern. I have nothing else to write to you, and indeed I am unusually distressed. For the sprightly youth Sositheus, who used to read to me, is dead, and his death affects me more than the death of a slave ought to do. I beg that you will write often to me; even though you have no subject, yet write whatever comes uppermost. Dated this 1st of January, under the consulship of M. Messala and M. Piso.

EPISTLE XIII.

I HAVE now received your three letters, one by Marcus Cornelius, which I suppose you delivered to him at the three taverns; I received the second from your landlord at Canusium, and you date
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¹ This story, and the character of Clodius, as well as the whole management of Pompey towards our author, will be farther explained in the course of these letters.

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your third from on board your ship, after weighing anchor. All these flow with great purity of language; sparkle with urbanity and wit, and are marked with affection. These letters, indeed, are such as to demand from me an immediate answer; but have delayed writing, only because I could not find a sure conveyance. For where is the person, who will carry a letter of any weight, without relieving himself by reading it over? Besides this, I did not know of any one going to Epirus. For I thought that after you had settled your affairs, and performed the proper rites at home, you would instantly set out upon your expedition against Sicyon, to lay it under contribution¹. I am even in an uncertainty as to the time when you go to Antonius, or how many days you will spend in Epirus; I am therefore unwilling to trust to persons either from Achaia or Epirus, with letters that are written in the stile of familiar freedom. Some incidents since your departure,

¹ The original is, *Ego enim te arbitror, cæsis apud Amalthæum victimis, statim esse ad Sicyonem oppugnandam profectum*. The language is metaphorical and sportive. The people of Sicyon were in debt to Atticus, and he was going there to recover it. This Cicero describes in military terms, as though Atticus were a general, proceeding to besiege that city, and lay it under contribution. *Amalthæa* or *Amalthæum* was a villa of Atticus, so called, perhaps, from its opulence and splendour. At the commencement of a war or expedition, it was the practice to offer sacrifice in order to ensure success.—E.

departure, however, have happened, not unworthy to be communicated in writing; but they are such as I do not choose to expose to the danger of being lost, opened, or intercepted.

You are therefore, in the first place, to know that I was not the first whose opinion was demanded, and the¹ conqueror of the Allobroges was preferred to me. This was not done indeed without some murmuring from the senate, though it met my approbation. For I am thereby disengaged from my obligations towards a capricious man, and at liberty to maintain my own dignity in the state against his humours. Add to this, that the second voice is an authority almost equal to the first, and is not made so dependent by the good offices of the consul. Catulus votes the third, and if you want to know more, Hortensius is the fourth. The consul himself, possessing a mean and narrow mind, resembles one of those buffoons, whose figure is ludicrous; who excite mirth rather by their looks than by their pleasantries. To him the people are indifferent, the nobles odious; from him his country has no room to hope for aught that is good, because he wants inclination to perform it; or to fear aught that is bad, because he is without the courage to attempt it.

As

¹ Viz. Caius Piso.

As to his colleague Metellus, he treats me with respect. He both affects and maintains the character of a patriot; nor indeed is there a very good understanding between them.

But I am apprehensive, lest this affair, which is still depending, may be too long protracted. I suppose you have heard, that when the sacrifice for the people was performing at Cæsar's house, a man went there in a female habit; that the virgins recommenced the sacrifice; that a motion concerning it was made by Cornificius in the senate, I say, was made by Cornificius, lest you might suspect that it was introduced by either of the consuls; that afterwards, the matter, by the decree of the senate, was referred to the priests, and by them pronounced to be sacrilegious; that, upon this, the senate ordered the consul to carry it, by way of information, before the people, and that Cæsar has repudiated his wife. In this cause, Piso, actuated by his friendship for Publius Clodius, earnestly wishes that the information, which he himself is to prefer, and to prefer it too by an order of the senate, and upon a religious account, should be quashed. Messala hitherto acts with spirit and severity. Your men of quality, through the intercessions of Clodius, disliked the proceeding; forces are mustering; our bench, who at first in this cause behaved like so many inflexible patriots, becomes daily more and more pliable. Cato is keen and pressing.

pressing. In short, I am apprehensive, lest this affair, neglected by the great, and defended by the wicked, may be the source of many calamities to our country.

But, as to that friend¹, known to you and concerning whom you wrote to me, not daring to blame, he began to praise, me, and gives me now strong proofs of his affection. He caresses, loves, commends, me in public; but all this he does in such a manner as plainly shews that he secretly hates me. He has about him nothing of the gentleman, nothing of the honest man. There is in him nothing graceful, nothing noble, nothing brave, nothing free in his sentiments of government. But I will write more particularly on this head at another time; for I am neither, as yet, well enough acquainted with the matter, and I know not enough of the clown² who carries this, to trust him with a letter of such consequence.

The provinces are not, as yet, allotted to the Prætors, and that affair stands just as you left it. I shall enclose to you, in my oration, the description of Mycenæ and Puteoli, which you required. I understand that I was mistaken in the date of the 3d of December, I own that I
was

¹ Pompey.

² Orig. *Terræ filio*, to a son of the earth, which in the Jewish scriptures means, a tiller of the land, but here signifies a peasant or uncouth rustic. E.

was beforehand strongly prepossessed in favour of the passage of my orations, which you recommend, though I durst not say so much; but now that they have your approbation, their beauties appear more truly Attic. I have added somewhat to my speech against Metellus; I send you the book, since your affection for me has given you a taste for oratory.

What can I entertain you with besides?—Now that I think of it, the consul Messala has bought the house that belonged to Autronius, for four hundred thirty seven million serteces. What is that to me, will you say? It serves only to shew, that I am justified in my purchase, and that men begin to think, they may advance to political consequence, by purchasing estates with the property of their friends. That affair with the Trojan lady goes but slowly on; but still I have hopes. Do you perform what I have recommended to your care? You may depend upon a more unreserved letter from me. Dated January 25, in the consulship of M. Messala and M. Piso.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIV.

IT would look like affectation in me, should I tell you how much business I have upon my hands; but indeed, I have so much, that I scarce have time for writing this short letter; and the little I have is snatched from affairs of the highest consequence. I have already written to you concerning the character of Pompey's first harangue. It gave no comfort to the wretched, it had no weight with the wicked. To the great it came without gracefulness, and to the good without dignity. The whole of it therefore was insipid. After that, Fusius, a very pragmatical tribune of the people, by the instigation of the consul Piso, introduced Pompey to the assembly. This happened in the Flaminian circus, where, on that day, was kept a magnificent fair. He demanded of him, whether he was of opinion that the Prætor should choose the judges; and by whose counsel, the said Prætor, was to be directed. This was meant of the sacrilege of Clodius, which had been appointed to be tried by the senate. Then Pompey spoke in high terms of the nobles; and in his answer, took great pains to persuade them how greatly he valued, and how greatly he always had valued, the authority of the senate in all matters. Afterwards, the consul Messala, in the senate, demanded of
Pompey

Pompey his sentiments concerning the sacrilege, and the bill which he had carried before the people. In reply to this, Pompey expressed his general approbation of all that had been done by that assembly; and, as he sat down by me, he told me, that he thought he had given a satisfactory answer concerning the matters in question.

Crassus, perceiving that he prepossessed the assembly in his favour, upon the presumption that he approved of my consulship, stood up and spoke of it in very magnificent terms. He went so far as to say, it was owing to me that he was still a senator, and citizen of Rome; that he enjoyed liberty; that he enjoyed life; that, as often as he beheld his wife, his family, and his country, he was reminded of his obligations to me. In short, on that common topic, the general deliverance from fire and sword, which in great variety of colours, drawn from sources known to you, I described in those orations, of which you sat the supreme judge, he dwelt with uncommon dignity. I was sitting next to Pompey; I perceived that he was greatly agitated, being at a loss to know whether Crassus wanted to cultivate that favour which he had neglected, or whether my actions were really so glorious as to deserve unsought applauses in the senate, especially from a man who had so little reason to run so much out in my praises, as, in all my letters, he had been mortified with the compliments I had paid to Pompey.

pey. This occasion rendered me extremely intimate with Crassus; and, whatever might have been his secret feelings, I cheerfully accepted of Pompey, as if he really meant, the civility, which he openly expressed. But as to myself, immortal gods! What display I made of my talents before Pompey, who till then had never heard me. Then, if ever, I exhibited all my skill in the harmony of my periods, in the adjustment of my sentences, in enforcing and proving my facts; in a word, I was accompanied with the loudest applause. The subjects of my eloquence were the wisdom of the senatorial, the unanimity of the equestrian order; the tranquillity of Italy; the expiring remains of the conspiracy. I spoke of corruptions removed, of peace restored. You know with what pomp of language I speak on these topics. I need not enlarge upon it. The shouts which I excited were such, as must, before this, have reached your ears¹.

As

¹ Whatever the eloquence of Cicero was employed to delineate and enforce on this occasion, it depicts in colours equally clear, the predominant passion of his mind. This was *vanity*, and every reader of moral refinement must be disgusted with it. The great Roman orator betrays a weakness in this respect, which would be intolerable even in a schoolboy of the present day. The terms *Περιοδοί, χαμπαι, ανθυμηματα, κατασκευαι*, which he here uses, are borrowed from the Grecian schools of rhetoric, and were applied by the masters of that art to signify rounded

As to affairs at Rome, they are as follows. Our senate is a second Areopagus; nothing was ever more inflexible, nothing more severe, nothing more undaunted. For when the day came for passing the bill, laid before the people by the senate's orders, all your upstart youths, the whole clan of Catiline, with the effeminate son of Curio at their head, flocked together, and applied to the people to throw out the bill, while Piso, the consul, who had brought it up, now opposed it. The life-guards of Clodius took their post upon the bridges, over which the people of each tribe were to pass to give their suffrages, and the balls were so distributed, that not one returned with an affirmative vote.

Here Cato flew up into the rostrum, and made an invective, wonderfully strong against Piso the consul; if that speech can be called an invective,

rounded periods, members of sentences, adjusted with ease and harmony, arguments logically constructed, and assertions corroborated by proofs. *Επιτιγιστοῦμαι*, which Cicero here uses, was, with propriety, applied to those orators, who made a vain and ostentatious boast of their own eloquence, and challenged others to dispute with them on any subject. St. Paul reminds the converts at Corinth, that Christian *charity vaunteth not itself*, *οὐ τιγιστεύεται*, and he appears to refer to the same vain spirit which some, in affecting *the gift of tongues*, imported from the Grecian school into the Christian church. It was usual with the Greek and Roman orators to challenge others to dispute with them on any subject. To the folly and vanity of this practice, Paul alludes in 1 Cor. i. 20.—E.

tive, which was full of energy, full of dignity, and full of patriotism. He was seconded by our friend Hortensius, and many other great men; Favonius distinguished himself by his zeal beyond all others. By this assembly of nobles, the people were dissolved, and the senate was called. It was then decreed, in a full house, to address the people to pass the bill, though Piso opposed it, and Clodius prostrated himself before each of the senators. About fifteen senators sided with Curio in opposing this resolution of the senate, against four hundred, at least, who voted for it. The resolution was agreed to, and then the tribune Fusius gave up the point. The next recourse of Clodius was to harangue the people in a pitiful strain, in which he loaded with reproaches, Lucullus, Hortensius, Caius Piso, and the consul Messala. As to me he only accused me with the old saying, "that I had discovered every thing¹." The senate has come to a resolution,

¹ This was an expression very often in the mouth of Cicero, when Catiline's conspiracy was found out. He appears to have made use of it in a pretty arbitrary manner, when he was called upon to produce evidence against the conspirators. When the heat of the time was over, and when the people of Rome began to reflect that the best blood of Rome had been shed without law; the enemies of Cicero succeeded in persuading them, that it had been shed against evidence likewise. Thus the expression (*se comperisse omnia*) became odious, and at last operated to his ruin.

tion, that nothing should be transacted concerning the provinces of the Prætors, the appointing ambassadors, or any other business, before the bill shall be passed.

So much for the affairs of Rome. But yet there is one thing I must tell you, which is fallen out beyond my hopes. Messala is an excellent, brave, determined, active consul. He praises, loves, and even imitates me. As for Piso, he is so ill disposed, I mean, that he is so indolent, drowsy, unexperienced, so very unfit for business, and so perverse¹ in his disposition, that he conceived a hatred for Pompey, after hearing the speech he made in praise of the senate. It is therefore surprising to what a degree he is hated by all men of virtue. Nor indeed is this more the effect of his friendship for Clodius, than his natural propensity towards desperate men and measures. He has not his equal amongst all the magistrates. Our tribunes are all men of worth, excepting Fusius. As to Cornutus, he imitates the manners without the integrity of Cato.

Need I add any more? As to my private affairs, the Trojan lady has been as good as her word. Be good enough to execute the commissions

¹ *Kakixis* is a medical term, and signifies a vicious or unsound habit of body; hence metaphorically applied to the mind, it denotes an inclination to evil. E.

sions I sent you. My brother Quintus, who has bought the other part of the Argiletan buildings for seven hundred and twenty-five thousand sesterces¹, wants to sell his estate at Tusculum, that, if possible, he may purchase the house belonging to Pacilius. You must be friends with Luceius. I see the poor man is distressed about it. I will do all I can to bring it about. Do you, my friend, inform me with the first opportunity of what you are doing, where you are, and how your business goes on. February 13th.

EPISTLE XV.

YOU have heard that my dearest brother Quintus has obtained the government of Asia; for I make no doubt that this report has reached you, sooner than any of my letters can. Since I am passionately fond of praise, and, as I am allowed to be, attached to the Greeks, though indeed, in attempting to promote the interests of the republic, I have incurred the prejudice and enmity of many of that nation, yet be not discouraged by that circumstance, but use all your influence to procure me the tribute of universal praise². I will write more fully upon this subject to

About 3400*l.* of our money.

² Though Cicero was, on account of their fine writings, an admirer of the Greeks, yet he was one of those who sought to conquer

to you in a letter which I will give to Quintus himself. I beg you will let me know what you have been doing concerning my commissions, as well as concerning your own business; for I have had no letters from you ever since you went to Brundisium. I long very much to hear how it is with you.

EPISTLE XV/

You ask of me what happened in the judicial proceedings, which fell out so contrary to the opinion of the public; and you want to know, at the same time, how it happened that I was engaged in fewer skirmishes than ordinary. I answer, and, like Homer, relate last what ought to be related first. As to my own part, as long as I was defending the authority of the senate, I fought with so much keenness and courage, that the applause I met with rose even to noise and tumult. Give me leave to say, that if you ever thought

conquer that country, and to hold it in subjection to his own. This circumstance could not fail to call forth the animosities of the Greeks in general against him, and he solicits his friend Atticus, now in Greece, to use his influence in removing this prejudice. The words Παιτρὸς ἀγαθὸς μισῶντι with which he addresses him, are those which Achilles addressed to Hector, vid. Il. xx. 268. The whole passage is rather ambiguous, and the translator has certainly mistaken its real meaning.—E.

thought me brave in the cause of my country, you must have admired me upon that occasion. For when Clodius had recourse to his popular assemblies, and there, made a wicked use of my name, immortal gods! What encounters did I sustain! What a slaughter did I make! With what fury did I charge Piso, Curio, and that whole band! How warmly did I inveigh against the corruption of the old, and the intemperance of the young? Often, indeed, did I wish for you, not only as the director of my conduct, but as the spectator of my conquests.

Indeed, after Hortensius had planned the expedient that the tribune Fusius¹ should pass the law concerning sacrilege, which differed in nothing from the consular bill, but in the nature of the judges, (though that indeed was every thing) and had earnestly contended for that measure; and after he had persuaded both himself and others, that no set of judges could be found who would acquit Clodius; I then lowered my sails, perceiving the absence of unbiassed judges; nor did

¹ Hortensius and the senatorial party were plainly imposed upon in this measure. For under colour of compromising matters between the people and the senate, he obtained, what we call in England, a common jury; whereas had the appointment of the trial remained with the senate, he must have been tried by a special jury, that is, by persons properly qualified to sit upon an affair of so great moment, and named by the Prætor.

did I give any thing in evidence but what was so notorious, and so well known, that I could not pass it over¹.

In regard, therefore, to your first question, if you ask what were the grounds of the acquittal, I answer the meanness and the prostitution of the judges, and this was entirely owing to the conduct of Hortensius. He was afraid lest Fuscus should give a negative to the law, which had been voted by the senate, without foreseeing that it was much better for Clodius to be left to infamy and pollution, than to be tried at so scandalous a tribunal. But his hatred hurried him on to bring the thing to a trial, saying at the same time, that it required no other than a sword of lead to cut the throat of Clodius.

But if you ask me what this judgment was, which had so wonderful an effect? I answer, that others blame the conduct of Hortensius from the event; but I blame it from the beginning. For as the bill was thrown out with the loudest clamours, while the accuser, like an upright censor, challenged the corrupted judges, the accused, like a merciful keeper of gladiators², set aside the most

¹ Clodius wanted to prove himself to have been at Interamna, which is about forty miles from Rome, at the time when he was accused of sacrilege. But Cicero swore that he had spoken with him at Rome but three hours before the sacrifice.

² The gladiators were the property of their masters, who hired

most valuable of the company. As soon as the judges were seated, all men of virtue became extremely doubtful of the event. Never was there seen round a gaming table, so scandalous an assembly of tattered senators, and indigent knights or tribunes, who looked rather like bankrupts than bankers¹. Some men of worth, indeed were amongst them, whom Clodius could not exclude by his exceptions, and those sat with a melancholy dejected air, amongst men who were so unlike themselves; and seemed as if they were violently apprehensive of catching the contagion of corruption from the others.

There was an incredible strictness, on their first entering upon business, as to every thing that came

hired them out to those who exhibited gladiatorial shows, and as they were often cut to pieces on those occasions, the masters generally hired out the most worthless, and reserved the most useful to themselves; and in this consists the propriety of Cicero's allusion.

¹ Cicero here mentions the three orders of which the court was composed, viz. the Senatores, the Equites, and the Tribuni aerarii, which last were a kind of bankers or trustees for the public money, and were no other than the richer sort of citizens, who neither were noblemen nor knights. The common reading of the original in this passage is, *Tribuni non tam aerati quam, ut appellantur aerarii*. But I think the sense is more clear, when we read with other copies, *Tribuni non tam aerarii quam ut appellantur aerati*, and Cicero's jingle, as I have translated it, answers exactly in our language.

came under their deliberation, and, in this, they were unanimous; no indulgence was shewn to the accused, the accuser obtained more than he asked for. You will easily believe that Hortensius was now not a little vain of his foresight. There was not a man who saw Clodius standing at the bar, but looked upon him as a thousand times condemned. But when I came to give my evidence, I dare to say, you have already heard from the clamours of the friends of Clodius, how the judges rose and surrounded me, how cheerfully did they seem to offer to Clodius their own lives, as pledges of my safety. I considered this as a circumstance more honourable for me, than that which happened to Xenocrates, when your Athenian citizens admitted his evidence without suffering him to be upon oath, or to Metellus Numidicus, when our judges refused to inspect his books of accounts, after they were presented to them in the course of his trial. The honour done me, I repeat, was greater than all that. Clodius therefore was daunted by the expressions of the judges, when they defended me, as they would have done the well-being of their country, and at the same time his advocates were dejected. Next day, the same crowd resorted to my house, which had attended me, when I returned home, at the expiration of my consulship.

Our

Our upright judges called out, that they would not assemble unless a guard was appointed them. This matter was debated, and only one member was found, who did not desire the guard. The thing was then carried before the senate, where it was granted in a most formal, honourable manner; the judges were commended, the providing the guard was committed to the magistrates; nor was there a man found who imagined that Clodius would stand his trial.

Now say my muse, how this first fire began¹,

to speak in the language of Homer. You know my bald panegyrist², whose oration in my praise, I mentioned to you in a former letter, I mean the purchaser of proscribed estates. In two days time, by means of a slave, a slave too taken out of a fencing-school, he finished the whole affair. He called the judges to him, he promised, he persuaded, he bribed them. Nay, (good God! what an age do we live in) some

¹ Εὐνοίη μοι ποιεῖται ἔκπῳς ἐν ἀγῶνι αὐτοῦ κρινέται.

² Orig. Nosti calvum, ex Nanejanis illum, illum laudatorem meum. The Nanejii were a set of men, who had been proscribed by Sylla, and Crassus (who is here spoken of,) had amassed vast riches, by purchasing their estates at a low rate.

some of the judges, besides their wages of corruption, were promised to spend some nights with certain ladies, and favours from certain young men of quality. This occasioned the upright judges to retire, and the forum to be filled with slaves. Twenty-five of the judges, however, were so determined, while they were threatened with the greatest dangers, that they chose to perish themselves, rather than see their country undone. But thirty-one of them obeyed the calls of hunger, rather than of honour. Catulus, seeing one of them, asked him, "To what purpose, did you demand a guard from us? Was you afraid to be robbed of the money that bribed you?" Thus have I given you a brief account of the trial, and the cause of the acquittal.

Your next question is concerning the state of the republic in general, and my situation in particular. Know then, that the government, which you thought to have been re-established by my wisdom, while I ascribed its re-establishment to the providence of the gods, that government, which, by the concurrence of the virtuous, and by the authority of my consulship, seemed to be fixed upon a sure foundation, unless, indeed, some deity shall interpose in our favour, is snatched from our hands¹, by this single

¹ *Elapsum scito esse de manibus.* The commentators have here

gle trial, if that can be called a trial, which was the verdict of thirty profligate, prostitute, and corrupted Romans, in violation of all law, human and divine; for Talna, Plautus, and Spongia, and other similar insignificant wretches, decreed that not to be a fact, which was known to be a fact, not only to men, but even to brutes themselves.

But after all, (to give you some consolation concerning our country) the triumphs of the wicked in their victory are not so unclouded as their friends hoped. For, after having thus wounded the commonwealth, they thought, no doubt, upon the downfall of religion, of modesty, of public justice, and senatorial authority, that prostitution and licentiousness would triumphantly demand severe vengeance from every man of virtue, for the pains and penalties which the severity of my consulship inflicted upon every profligate Roman. I am the man (for I do not think that I am insolently boastful when I speak to you concerning myself, especially in a letter which I would read to no other person) I, let me repeat it, am the very man who have re-animated the good among my dejected countrymen, confirming

here let a most beautiful allusion pass unobserved. The great diversion in the Roman farces, which were in dumb show, consisted in the fellow who acted Harlequin, slipping out of the hands of his keepers or pursuers. It is to this Cicero alludes, and I have translated it accordingly.

firming their hopes, and dispelling their fears. By pursuing and harrassing those venal judges, I have even so far succeeded, as to leave their friends and followers no cause to boast of their infamous victory. Never have I suffered the consul Piso to succeed in any one thing. After being in a manner united to the government of Syria, I have separated him from it. I have recalled the senate to its former vigour, and raised it from its dejection; I have humbled Clodius when he appeared in the house, not only with a long and elaborate speech, which was full of energy, and in which I personally addressed myself to him, and censured his conduct; and of which I shall only give you a specimen; for the whole of it has neither force nor beauty, when that fire, which glowed in it, is extinguished, and which you Greeks call *action*.

For when we met in the senate-house, upon the 15th of May, when I came to give my opinion, I enlarged upon the supreme authority of government, and I was led by divine inspiration, to this subject; "That the conscript fathers
 " should neither die away, nor droop upon the
 " commonwealth's receiving one blow; that her
 " wound was of such a nature, as ought to be
 " neither disguised nor dreaded, lest we incur
 " the censure of indolence from our cowardice,
 " or of folly from our ignorance; That Lentulus was twice, that Catiline was twice ac-
 " quitted;

" quitted; that this was the third plague that
 " had been let loose by the courts of justice
 " upon the commonwealth. Clodius, continued
 " I, you are mistaken, you are reserved by your
 " judges, not for this city, but for its prison.
 " Their intention was not to continue you in the
 " state, but to bar you from banishment. There-
 " fore, conscript fathers, resume your courage,
 " retain your dignity. The good are still un-
 " nimous in the cause of our country. Sorrow
 " has indeed happened to the virtuous, but their
 " virtue is still the same; no new mischief has
 " been committed, that which existed before is
 " discovered. In the trial of one profligate per-
 " son, many others have been found to be as
 " criminal as himself."

But, what am I doing? I have enclosed almost an oration in my letter; I return to the litigation I had with Clodius. The effeminate youth¹ rises and replies; "when supposed to
 commit

¹ Meaning Clodius, who was very handsome, and his surname happened to be *Pulcher*. I own myself not to be excessively fond of the wit that follows here: but it is proper the reader should know that Arpinum, the native country of Cicero, was rough, mountainous, and remarkable for its robust inhabitants; that the Bajæ was the finest place in Italy, and consequently the resort of all the gay and the wanton of both sexes. That Cicero imagined that Clodia, the sister of Clodius, upon whose interest Clodius chiefly depended, wanted, upon a time, to

commit the imputed crime I was at Bajæ." That is false, but what if I was? Is that like going in disguise to forbidden mysteries. What, cried he, has a plain man of Arpinum to do with warm baths? That, answered I, I refer to the person who keeps you¹, and who longed for the water of Arpinum. As for you, you can take up with salt provisions. Shall we always suffer, said he, this king to have his will? Why do you mention the king's will? I rejoined? I assure you he has not put you into it as yet; alluding to his expecting the estate of his brother-in-law Quintus Martius Rex. You have bought a house², have not you, continues he? Yes; but you have bought judges, answered I. They would not trust you upon your oath, said he. Twenty-five out of twenty

to have married him, and that Clodius himself, having been formerly taken by the Pyrates was thought to have purchased his release at an infamous rate. There is, besides, in this passage, an allusion, which is not quite decent to explain. We can, however, collect from it the great regard which was still paid, even in that degenerated state of the Roman republic, to the severity of manners.

¹ Meaning his sister *Clodia*. The original is *Narra patrono tuo*.

² I think I have not been unhappy in translating this passage, though the wit of it is founded upon a miserable pun, the name of one Rex, from whom Clodius expected a legacy.

³ Cicero had bought a magnificent palace at so extravagant a rate, and attended with such circumstances, as raised many disadvantageous suspicions of his integrity.

twenty-six, replied I, trusted me, but the other thirty one, because they would not trust you, took their money beforehand. Upon this the laugh was so loud, and went so much against him, that he sat down stupid and silent.

As to my situation, it is as follows. I stand the same as you left me, with all men of virtue, but much better with the scum and dregs of the city. For it has done me no hurt, that they saw my evidence was not regarded. This was but the sting of envy, which inflicted no pain, because the abettors of that wicked affair confessed the plain truth, that the acquittal was obtained by the force of money. Add to this, that the same wretched, hungry mob, that loquacious leech of the public treasure, thinks that I am the sole favourite with our great man¹, and the truth is, we are united together in a general and joyous friendship, insomuch that our effeminate youths, our accomplices in the conspiracy, call him in their speeches Cneius² Cicero, so that I carry away, at the public diversions and shows of gladiators, loud acclamations without one hiss mingling in the applause³.

We

¹ Orig. *Ab hoc magno*. Meaning Pompey, who by this time, began to be called Pompeius Magnus, Pompey the Great.

² Cneius was one of Pompey's names.

³ Orig. *ἐκτονιστικὰς (plausus) sine ulla pastoricia fistula auferebamus*. The *pastoricia fistula* seem to have answered to our cat-call in the playhouses.

We now expect the meeting for the election of the consuls, into which, to the disgust of every body, our great man thrusts the son of Aulus¹; but he fights for him, armed, neither with power nor interest, but, with those weapons with which Philip said he could storm all the forts of the world, which had doors wide enough to admit into them an ass loaded with gold. But our consul², who resembles a wretched mimic, is said to have undertaken the affair, and to have the money agents at his house; but this I do not believe. Two decrees of the senate however, that are now made, give great disgust, because they are thought to be levelled against the consul, and the motion came from Cato and Domitius. The one is, that even the families of magistrates may be examined; the other is declaring them enemies to their country, who entertain money-agents in their houses.

Lurco, the tribune of the people, who undertook his magistracy in conformity with the Ælian law, is released from the restrictions of the Ælian and

¹ This was Afranius whom Cicero, by way of contempt, designates from his father's name, who was a very obscure person, Pompey however, (whose creature Afranius was) wanted to make Afranius consul, that he might procure a confirmation of all he had done during his commands in the eastern countries, which he had not been yet able to obtain.

² Meaning Piso, who had a very laughter-raising aspect.

and the Fusian laws¹, that he may carry through the law concerning candidates for public offices; which, though a cripple², he has promulgated with favourable auspices. Thus the election, for consuls is put off till the 27th of July. There is somewhat peculiar in this law, in its not pronouncing it penal for a candidate to promise money to a tribe, provided he does not actually give it; but it is penal if, during his life, he shall pay every tribe an annuity of three thousand sesterces. I have observed that P. Clodius has, before now, kept this law, by promising money which he never paid.

But,

¹ The two laws mentioned here, had been in force for almost a hundred years. The Ælian law prescribed such a number of formalities to be observed, when any thing came before the people, as made it next to impossible to observe them, and the smallest omission was sufficient to defeat any proposition. The Fusian law enacted, that no business should come before the people on certain days. As the senate therefore was very earnest for this law, proposed by Lurco, and as it could not pass in time, if every thing prescribed by the Ælian and Fusian law was strictly observed, both those laws were, in this case, dispensed with by a decree of the senate, though that decree, strictly, ought to have been confirmed by the people. Cicero, very wisely, foresaw the bad consequences of this dispensation.

² There is an allusion here that cannot be well expressed in English, but it may be explained by observing, that Lurco was lame, and the Romans thought it a very bad omen for any public affair to be managed by a lame person.

But, do not you perceive, my friend, that my consulate, which Curio used to say was exalted to divinity, will become no better than a farce¹, if a man so mean shall be made consul? One therefore had better act the philosopher like you, and abandon with contempt, the most honourable offices.

As to what you wrote me, that you are resolved not to go to Asia, for my part, I rather wish that you should go, but I am afraid that you cannot conveniently with my affairs. Yet I cannot blame your resolution, especially as I have not, myself, gone to my province. I am satisfied with the inscriptions which you have placed, in compliment to me, upon your Amaltheum; especially as Chilius² has left us, and Archias has written nothing concerning me, and I am afraid, that as he has composed a Greek poem for the Luculli, he has set about a Cæcilian composition. I presented your compliments and thanks to Antonius, and I gave that letter to Manlius. I have hitherto written to you the more seldom, because I was both at a loss for a proper conveyance, and

¹ *Orig. Ad Cæcilianam fabulam spectat.* There is here a play of words which cannot be expressed in English, arising from Cæcilius being the name of the family of Metellus, and that of a famous comic poet.

² Chilius and Archias were two Greek poets, and friends of Cicero.

and for matter to write. Farewel, I have done you justice.

I shall undertake whatever Cincius may delegate to me concerning your affair; but he is at present more employed in his own business, in which I am not wanting to serve him. If you continue fixed to any one residence, you may expect to hear from me frequently, but let me hear likewise often from you. Acquaint me with the situation and beauty of your country-seat; and if you possess any prose or poetry written in commendation of Amaltheum, let me have it. I am pleased with the thoughts of erecting one upon Arpinum, I will send you some of my compositions in return, but I have at present nothing that is finished.

EPISTLE XVII.

THE great fluctuation and inconstancy to which the taste, the opinion, and the sentiments of my brother Quintus are exposed, I have learnt from your letters, in which copies of his have been transmitted to me. This gives me trouble and concern proportioned to the great affection which I retain for you both; nor do I less wonder, what incident has given my brother Quintus such disgust and such a change of sentiments. But, indeed,

indeed, I have perceived, for some time, the same thing that I saw you suspected before his departure, that somewhat lay uneasy upon his spirits, that somewhat hurt his mind, and that some dark suspicions were brooding within him. I had, for a great while before, often endeavoured to cure him of this, and I redoubled my endeavours after the provinces were allotted, but I neither understood his disgust to be so great as your letters express, nor did I make the progress I could have wished for. I comforted myself, however, with the thoughts that he would certainly see you at Dyrrachium, or some of the neighbouring places; when that happened, I trusted and persuaded myself, that every thing would be settled between you, not only after you had talked and disputed with one another, but even at your first sight and meeting. It does not signify for me to set forth to you, who know those things so well, how gentle, how sprightly, my brother Quintus is, how susceptible of disgust, and how flexible in shaking it off. But it has unfortunately happened that I have nowhere seen him. Thus, the artful insinuations of some people have proved too strong for the ties, the friendship, and the former affection (which ought to be very powerful) that subsisted between you. But, indeed, I can more easily conjecture, than describe the root of this uneasiness, because I am afraid, that

that while I defend my own relations¹, I may bear hard upon yours. For my opinion is that, if any disadvantageous impression has been made upon him at home, whatever it is, it ought to be removed by her who is the author of it; but when I see you, I shall more fully lay before you the unhappy cause of this whole affair, which extends, indeed, farther than it appears. I am quite ignorant what grounds my brother had, strong enough to induce him to write those letters to you from Thessalonica, or to express himself as you think he did, both at Rome, and upon his journey with your friends; but all my hopes, of allaying this uneasiness, rest upon your good nature. For if you lay it down as a rule, that the minds of the best of men are oftentimes easily irritated, and easily pleased, and that this pliancy, as I may call it, or softness of nature, is, for the most part, attached to the most excellent dispositions, and, above all things, that we ought to bear with one another's uneasiness, failings, and humours, even though hurtful, I am in hopes that all these matters will be adjusted. I beg that you would contribute all that lies in you towards this, for it is with me, who love you above all things, a point of the utmost consequence,

¹ Alluding to Pomponia, sister to Atticus, and wife to Cicero's brother.

quence, that all my friends should love you, and that you should love them.

That part of your letter to me, was, by no means, necessary, in which you explain those offices, both in the city and the provinces, you have at certain times, and even under my consulship declined. I am no stranger to the candid, noble disposition of your mind, nor did I imagine that we differ in any respect, except the line of life, which we have respectively chosen. The love of power and glory prompted me to the pursuit of public offices; your view, and an irreprehensible view it was, led you to seek philosophical retirement. As to that solid glory which is founded in probity, in application, and in the observance of duties, I prefer neither myself, nor any man in the world, to you. With regard to affection towards me, after that of my brother and family, I believe yours to be the greatest. Amidst the various vicissitudes of my life, I have witnessed, believe me, I have thoroughly witnessed, your joys and anxieties for me. Often did your kind compliments, upon my success, add to my pleasure; often did your consolation, in my trouble, take from my pain.

But now, while you are absent, irreparable is my loss, not only for your excellent advice, but for those entertainments which your conversation afforded me. Need I notice to you the state of public affairs, a subject, in which I never can permit

permit myself to be remiss? Need I mention my employments in the forum, to which I have been hitherto led in my pursuit of public honours, and which I now pursue that I may maintain the dignity to which they have raised me? Need I mention my domestic concerns in which I was so much at a loss, both before, and since the departure of my brother, for you, and your advice. In short, it is incompatible with my toil, with my rest, with my business, with my pleasure, with my affairs in the forum, with my affairs in my family, with my public, with my private concerns, that I should be longer without your endearing counsels, your highly valued conversation.

Often did modesty restrain both of us from adverting to those matters; but now such animadversion is absolutely necessary, on account of that passage in your letter, in which you vindicate and establish with me, the purity of your character and person. But now it comes into my mind, that under the untowardly situation of my brother's alienated and rankled temper, there is this happy circumstance, that you have formerly, at times, declared your resolution of declining the province to me and your friends, and we were fully satisfied of your intention. Therefore, as you have not been in company together, this measure will appear the result of your inclination and judgment, and not of any difference

and dissention between you. Thus the violation that has happened to the friendship betwixt you and him, shall be removed, and that which is now so religiously preserved between you and me, shall become inviolable.

The administration of public affairs, under which we now live, is weak, wretched, and variable. I suppose you have heard that our knights are almost at open variance with the senate. The first thing they took very much amiss, was a decree which passed the senate, for inquiring into their corrupt practices as judges. I happened not to be present when this decree passed, and perceived that, without openly avowing their displeasure, the equestrian order were highly disgusted with it. I indeed reproached the senate concerning it, as I thought became me, in the most peremptory manner; and considering the indelicacy of the subject, I enlarged with great weight and authority.

There is another delicate point with the knights, which, though hardly justifiable, I have yet supported and recommended. Those of Asia, who have farmed the public revenue, complained in the senate-house, that they are in danger of breaking through the avarice of the censors; that the revenues are rated too high, and they demanded a reduction of their payment. I

was

was the first who spoke for this petition¹, and I only was its second support. For Crassus pushed them on to this presumptuous demand. The whole affair is odious; their demand is shameful, and implies an acknowledgment of their rashness. There was the greatest danger that they would come to an open breach with the senate, if they did not obtain somewhat. The weight of this whole affair fell upon me, and I succeeded so far, that the senate met in great numbers, and with great frankness; and on the 1st and 2d of December, I enlarged much upon the dignity of the two orders, and the union that ought to subsist between them. The affair, however, was not finished; but the disposition of the senators is manifest. For Metellus the consul, was the only member who opposed me. Cato, however, our patriot hero, was about to speak; but the right of speaking did not come to his turn till it was dark², and the house rose.

Thus

¹ *Ego princeps in adiutoribus, atque adeo secundus.* All this management shows how pliable a politician Cicero was. His conduct, indeed, betrays the absence of all solid principle. In order to acquire popularity with the Equites, he presents and supports a claim which he himself acknowledges to be unjust and odious, and this inconsistency he is not ashamed to avow to his friend Atticus.—E.

² It appears from this, and many other passages, that the senators spoke and voted, according to their seniority and rank.

Thus in conformity to my views and disposition, I use all the means in my power to cement this coalition. But, because those matters are very delicate, I am paving a certain, and a safe way, as I hope, for preserving my interest; which, though I cannot sufficiently explain in writing, yet I will give you some intimation of my manner. I am extremely intimate with Pompey.—I know what you are about to say, but I will use caution where caution ought to be used; I will, however, take another opportunity of writing you more fully concerning my schemes in public affairs.

You must know that Lucceius intends without delay, to stand for the consulship, for no more than two candidates are talked of. Cæsar thinks of uniting with Lucceius, by the means of Arrius, and Bibulus imagines that he can unite with Cæsar, through Caius Piso. This you say, is ridiculous enough, but not so ridiculous as you imagine. Need I add any thing farther? I have, indeed, abundance to say; but will defer writing any more, till another opportunity. Let me know, if I am to expect you. You see how diffident I am in soliciting what I so earnestly desire, I mean your speedy return to this place. December 5th.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVIII.

YOU must know that at present I want nothing so much as a certain friend, to whom I can impart whatever gives me concern; the man who loves me, who is wise in himself, the man with whom I converse without guile, without dissimulation, without reserve. For my brother is absent, who is the very soul of sincerity and affection for me. As to Metellus, he is as devoid of these sociable qualities, as the sounding shore, the empty air, or the uncivilized waste. But thou, my friend, where art thou, who hast so often reasoned and talked away my cares, and the anguish of my mind; thou partner of my public, thou witness of my private concerns; thou partaker of all my conversation, thou associate in all my counsels, where, I say, art thou? So forsaken, so forlorn am I, that my life knows no comfort, but what it has in the company of my wife, my charming daughter, and my dear little Cicero; for our interested, varnished friendships, serve indeed to make a kind of figure in the forum, but they are without domestic endearment. Thus, in the morning, when my house is filled, when I proceed to the forum, surrounded with hordes of friends, I cannot, in all that mighty confluence, find a person to whom I can indulge my

my humour with freedom, or whisper my complaints in confidence.

I therefore expect you, I want you, nay I summon you to my relief; for many are my perplexities, many are my troubles, which, did I once enjoy your attention, I think I could dissipate in the conversation of one familiar walk. But I shall here conceal from you all the agonies which I suffer in my private affairs; nor will I trust them to a letter, which is to be conveyed by a bearer unknown to me. Yet the stings, which I endure, for I would not have you to be too much alarmed, are not intolerable. My anxieties, indeed, haunt and tease me, and can be allayed only by the counsels and conversation of the friend I love.

As to public affairs, though they lie at my heart, yet my inclination, to offer them any remedy daily diminishes. For if I were to give you a brief state of what happened after your departure, I think I should hear you cry out that the Roman government could be of no long continuance. For the first public act, in which I engaged, after your departure was, if I mistake not, the tragical intrigue of Clodius. Here I imagined that I had a fair field for restraining licentiousness, and for bridling our young men; and indeed I was warm, and poured forth all my strength and fire of genius, not from any particular spite, but from a sincere desire to serve my country,

country, and to heal her constitution, which had been wounded by a mercenary, prostituted judgment. Now you shall hear what followed upon this.

We had a consul forced upon us, and such a consul, as none but philosophers, like us, can behold without a sigh. What a calamity was this? The senate had passed a decree concerning corruption in elections and trials. This decree never passed into a law; the senate was confounded, the Roman knights were disobliged. Thus did one year overthrow the two barriers of the government, which I had erected, by taking authority from the senate, and breaking the union of our orders.

Another extraordinary year has commenced, with this singular circumstance:—The anniversary sacrifices of Juventas are not performed, because Memmius has initiated into his holy mysteries, the wife of Lentulus, who like another Menelaus, took it so ill, that he has divorced her. It is true, the ancient shepherd of Ida injured Menelaus alone; but this Paris of ours has injured Agamemnon, as well as Menelaus. One Herennius, whom you, perhaps, know nothing of, is a tribune of the people; but you may know him, for he is of your tribe, and his father Sextus used to be the paymaster of your election money. This man has transferred Clodius to the commons; and prevailed with all the tribes of the

the people¹ to pass a vote in the Campus Martius concerning his adopted son. I gave him a proper reception, as usual, but the fellow is incorrigibly stupid. Metellus proves an excellent consul, and my very good friend; but he hurts his authority, because he has suffered the formality² of the peoples assembling in tribes to pass. As to the son of Aulus, good God! what a dunce, what a spiritless creature he is, and how deserving is he of the abuse which Palicanus every day pours out against him to his face. Flavius has promoted an Agrarian law, in which there is, indeed, no great matter, and is much the same with that of Plotius. But in the meantime, not a man can be found who pays the slightest attention

¹ Clodius, in prosecuting his spite against Cicero, procured himself to be adopted in the manner here related amongst the commoners of Rome, to qualify him to be chosen a tribune of the people. The regular way of confirming this adoption, was by the people assembling according to their Curiae, or several wards; but the tribunes had no power of summoning those Curiae, which were composed of housekeepers; Herennius, therefore, assembled the people by their tribes, at which all the inhabitants of Rome, of a certain age, assisted and voted, and where Clodius thought himself sure of carrying his point, by his interest amongst the lower people. It appears, however, that the consuls had a negative upon the tribunes in convoking this assembly of the tribes.

² Orig. *Habet dicis causa*. This appears to have been a cant expression amongst the Romans in their courts of law.

attention to the interests of the republic¹. Our friend Pompey (for I would have you to know that he is my friend) preserves, by his silence, the honours of the triumphal robe², which he is permitted to wear at the public shows. Crassus would not, for the world, speak any thing to disoblige. I need to say no more of all the others, who could see their country sunk, if their fishponds are safe. One patriot, indeed, we have, but in my opinion, he is patriotic more from courage and integrity, than from judgment or genius, I mean Cato. He has for these three months plagued the poor farmers of the revenue, though they have been his very good friends; nor will he suffer the senate to return any answer to their petition. Thus, we are forced to do no kind of business, before that of the revenue is dispatched, and I believe even the deputations will be set aside³.

You

¹ Orig. *πολιτικῶς ἀνεῖ εἰς τὰς ἀρχάς*. *Reipublicæ vir deditus, ne quidem per somnium*. This is a proverbial expression, in which there is an alliteration in the original, incapable of being rendered in English. The sense is, *no one pays a shadow of attention to the public good; for ἀνεῖ εἰς τὰς ἀρχάς signifies not the least*. Thus Philo speaking of the Essenes, writes, *ἐμπορεύονται ἀνεῖς τὰς ἀρχάς*, of merchandise they have not the faintest knowledge.—E.

² Orig. *Togulam illam pietam silentio tuetur suam*. This privilege is mentioned by several other authors, and was conferred upon Pompey upon his return from Asia.

³ Monsieur St. Real translates this passage, *Et je croi meme qu'on*

You see what storms we encounter, and from what I have written, you may form a clear judgment of what I have omitted. Pray think upon returning hither; and though it is, indeed, a disagreeable place, let your affection for me prevail so far upon you, as to bear with it, with all its inconveniencies. I will take all possible care to prevent the censors from registering you, before your return¹. But to delay your return to the very last moment², will betray too much of the minute calculator; therefore I beg that you will let me see you as soon as possible. Dated February 1st, under the consulship of Quintus Metellus, and Lucius Afranius.

EPISTLE XIX.

I WILL not say that, if I had as much leisure as you, but that, if I had a mind to make my dispatches

qu'on renvoira a un autre tems les audiences des ambassadeurs, and he is followed by Monsieur Mongault, but they seem both to be mistaken. For the Legationes here spoken of seem to have been the deputations mentioned to have been postponed in the fourteenth letter, and regarded the deputations sent from Rome.

¹ It appears as if some fine attended an absence from the public emoluments by the censors.

² *Orig. Sub lustrum.* These lustra, every five years in them the whole people were numbered, and were different from the enrolments mentioned immediately before.

patches as short as yours are, I would exceed you in the length, and in the frequency of my correspondence. It happens that, in the prodigious and incredible variety of my engagements, I never suffer a letter of mine to come to your hands, without some intelligence or other, and without my opinion upon it. In the first place I will lay before you, as you are a good patriot, the state of the republic. In the next place, as you are my dearest friend, I will write you something, which I imagine you will not be displeased to know.

As to the republic, we are chiefly taken up with the fears of a Gallic war. For our allies, the Edui¹ are in arms; the Sequani have been beaten; the Helvetians without all doubt, have taken the field, and made incursions into our province². The senate had decreed that the states of Gaul should be allotted to the consuls; that new levies should be made; that all appointments should be void, and that plenipotentiaries should be sent to those states to endeavour to prevent them from joining the Helvetians. The plenipotentiaries named were Quintus Metellus Creticus

¹ The Edui were the inhabitants of what is now the duchy of Burgundy. The Sequani inhabited the Franche-comte, and the Helvetians were the Swiss.

² This country is still called Provence in France.

Creticus¹ and Lucius Flaccus², and to crown³ the whole, Lentulus⁴, the son of Clodianus. And here I cannot help noticing, that, when of all the consulars my lot came out first, the senate, in a full house, unanimously decreed that I should remain in Rome. After me, the same compliment was paid to Pompey, thereby intimating that we two were retained as pledges of public safety. I think I hear you now say what occasion have you for a herald, when you can so finely blazon out your own praises.

The affairs of the city are as follow. An Agrarian law has been most furiously demanded by the tribune Flavius, at the motion of Pompey, which has nothing popular, except the character of the mover⁵. I was extremely well heard by all the assembly, when I took from that law every thing that could be prejudicial to private persons;

¹ He was consul with Hortensius in the year of Rome 684.

² He was prætor during the consulship of Cicero, who afterwards spoke for him in an oration which is still extant.

³ *Orig. το ἐπὶ τῇ φωνῇ μύρον.* Ointment upon a pulse, a proverb to denote any thing precious wasted by blending it with something mean and common. The *φωνή* was *Lentulus*, in allusion of the latin *lens*, while *μύρον* meant the embassy.—E.

⁴ He had been questor. Thus those plenipotentaries were chosen from the consular, the prætorian, and the questorial ranks.

⁵ There was a great difference between the *lator*, or the carrier through of a law, and the *auctor*, or its mover before the people.

sons; when I excepted out of it that estate, which had been sold under the consulate of Publius Mucius and Lucius Calphurnius¹, when I confirmed Sylla's planters in their possessions; when I secured to those of Volaterra and Arretinum, the estates which Sylla had confiscated², but had not divided out; and there was one measure to which I had no exception, that the money arising for five years from our new subsidies, should be converted into an augmentation fund, for making farther acquisitions of land. The senate opposed this whole Agrarian scheme, because they suspected that Pompey wanted to acquire some new powers. On the other hand, he supported the

¹ They had been consuls in the year of Rome 620, at the time Gracchus passed the Agrarian law, which afterwards cost him his life. By that law no private person could possess above a hundred acres of land which had been appropriated to the public demesne; that all who possessed more, should be obliged to part with it to the poorer citizens, and that all the remaining demesne lands of the republic should be divided among them likewise. All this was so far from being executed, that the last mentioned lands were sold to private persons at an under rate. Flavius therefore insisted upon those bargains being void, and that the lands should be applied to the purposes of the Agrarian law, and given to Pompey's soldiers, though they had been in the possession of private persons for seventy-two years.

² Though the original possession of those lands was very unwarrantable; yet Cicero thought that, as it had continued so long, it was against true policy to alter it.

the passing of the law with all his interest. As for my part, I lost no credit, even with the friends of the law, while I confirmed all private persons in their possessions; for our strength, you know, lies with the men of property. But I gave satisfaction to the people, and what I much wished, also to Pompey, by the proposal I made of new purchases; which, if they were honestly managed, I was of opinion, would have swept away all the dregs of Rome, and might have peopled the solitary wastes of Italy. But this whole scheme grew cold upon the breaking out of the war.

Metellus is really an excellent consul, and my very good friend. As to the other inanimate creature, he is too senseless to know the nature of the purchase he has made¹. So much for public matters; unless you think it a public matter, that one Herennius, who is of your tribe, a tribune of the people, a very great scoundrel, and at the same time, a beggar, has already very often applied to the people concerning transplanting Publius Clodius into the order of commons; but he has been frequently opposed by the other tribunes. These are, I think, all our public matters.

As to my private concerns; after the famous
5th

¹ Meaning the consulate, which Cicero implies to have been bought by the consul.

5th of December¹, when to the envy and hatred of many, I mounted to that splendid, that immortal pitch of glory, I have not forborn to exert a magnanimity suitable to that great proceeding, and to maintain the dignity I then acquired and professed. But after I had fully discovered the insignificance and impotence which the judges betrayed by the acquittal of Clodius; when I afterwards saw how easy it was to make a breach between the senate and our farmers of the revenue, though I still kept well with both, then I could perceive plain intimations, that I was hated by some of your friends; I mean those country gentlemen, who are more concerned for their fishponds, than for the commonwealth. From that time, I have thought it proper to enlarge the foundation of my interest, and to strengthen myself with new supports.

In the first place, therefore, I prevailed upon Pompey, who had been but too long silent, to get so much the better of his taciturnity, that, in the senate-house, not once, but often, and in long speeches, he adjudged to me the glory of having saved this empire, and this world from destruction. Though this is a fact too bright to require an evidence, and too plain to want a panegyrist,
and

¹ This was the anniversary day of the death of the conspirators, with Catiline, whom Cicero caused to be strangled in prison.

and therefore, though his applause was of no great importance to me, yet it was to the republic, because of some reprobates who, from the unsettled state of public affairs, were in hopes of seeing Pompey and me counteracting one another. But we are now so riveted in sentiments, that our union gives the greater strength to our interest, and greater ability to serve the public.

As to the endeavours to stir up the hatred of our dissolute and effeminate young men against me, I have soothed them so much by a certain polite deportment I assumed, that I am now their only favourite. In short, I now throw out invectives against no person; at the same time, I stoop to nothing that is mean, or unbecoming my character; my whole conduct is so tempered, as that, without swerving from my duty to my country, I apply to my private concerns with greater caution and care than ever, because of the weakness of the true patriots, the intrigues of the envious, and the hatred of my enemies. But I do all this in such a manner, notwithstanding my new coalitions, that still I think the wary Sicilian Epicharmus is whispering in my ear the words of his song:—

*Be sober-minded, and slow to believe,
These are the nerves of wisdom¹.*

And

¹ Orig. Νηφες, καὶ μετάνοι' ἀπιστεῖν ἀρβρα ταῦτα τῶν φρονιμῶν.

And thus, I think, I have given you, as it were, a plan of my conduct and way of living.

As to the business, concerning which you have so often written to me, I can, at present, do you no service. The decree, you complain of, passed through the great zeal of the foot senators¹, without countenance from any of my friends. As to what you say of my attending when the decree was drawn up²; you may perceive, from the very words of it, that my presence was occasioned by another motion, which was made at the same time. As to the clause concerning the free people³, it was, without due authority, added, and engrossed by the younger Servilius⁴, who amongst the last, delivered his opinion. But it cannot, at this time, be altered. And indeed there has, for

¹ Cicero means the lower ranks of the senators, who were called Senatores Pedarii, from their walking to the side on which they voted, and their not being suffered to speak, because they had not arrived at the Curule offices.

² When a decree of the senate was drawn up, a committee of the senate was generally present, whose names were inserted as witnesses to the act.

³ Those were the people who were governed by their own municipal laws, and were exempted from subsidies. It appears as if the Sicyonians, who were free people, had borrowed a sum of money of Atticus, and had mortgaged some of their revenues for the payment, which mortgage was dissolved by the vote of the senate, and perhaps with great justice.

⁴ He was consul in the years of Rome 705 and 712.

for some time, been a discontinuance of those crowds of creditors¹, which at first assembled in such numbers. However, if you, by any arts, can extort from the Sicyonians somewhat of their money, I wish you to inform me.

I have sent you the memoirs of my consulship, written in Greek, in which, if there be any thing, which may appear to an Athenian, incorrect or inelegant, I shall not, I think, make the same apology to you as Lucullus² did at Palermo, for his own memoirs, that he had interspersed them with certain unintelligible and solecistical expressions, that they might the more easily be believed to be the composition of a Roman. If any such ornaments are found in my works, they stand there without my knowledge or consent. When I have finished them in Latin, I will send them to you; you are to expect a third in verse, that no species of composition might be omitted, which is likely to redound to my honour. And here you must not remind me of the adage, "That a brave father is best extolled by a degenerate son³." Here you are

¹ It seems, the case of Atticus, was a leading one for many others.

² He wrote several histories in Greek, particularly that of his own glorious campaign against Mithridates.

³ Only a part of this verse is cited in the original. The whole of it is as follows:—

are not to tell me my trumpeter is dead. For if there is, under the sun, any merit that exceeds mine, let it have its due applause, and let me bear the reproach of not having done it justice. The compositions, however, that I speak of, are not panegyrics, but narratives.

My brother Quintus in his letters, exculpates himself by many solemn asseverations from the charge of having ever spoken a word of you that was unbecoming; but this is an affair, which we shall minutely and attentively investigate in the presence of each other. I insist upon your paying me a visit some time or other. Cossinius, the bearer of this letter, appears to me to be a very honest, sedate man, to love you heartily, and to answer the character you gave of him. Dated March the 15th.

Τὸς πατέρας αὐτοῦ, εἰ μὴ κακοδαίμονες υἱοί.

Who shall praise a father, if not his unfortunate sons.

The pertinence of its application consists in this. Cicero describes his great exploits, when consul, in such splendid colours, as might lead his readers to infer that, since that time he had done nothing worthy of fame and applause; and must, therefore, be in the situation of the son, who, incapable himself of glorious deeds, is content with celebrating the high achievements of his father.—E.

EPISTLE XX.

IN my return from Pompeianum¹ to Rome, May the 12th, I received from our friend Cincius, your letter dated the 13th of February, and which I am now to answer. In the first place, then, it gives me pleasure to know that you are satisfied as to the judgment I have formed concerning your affairs. In the next place, I feel the highest satisfaction that your conduct has been so moderate in circumstances, in which I and my brother, I freely own, appear to have acted with too much severity and unkindness. In this, I think you discover the affections of a warm heart, as well as the sentiments of a great and a wise man. Your expressions to me upon that head, are so kind, so affectionate, so obliging, and so tender, that I have no right to repeat my counsels, or even to expect so much gentleness and good nature in any man. I therefore think it highly improper to write more upon that subject, till we meet; and then if any thing offers farther, we will fairly discuss it.

What you write to me concerning public affairs, is friendly and prudent, and your views and mine

¹ This town stood near Naples, at the foot of mount Vesuvius, and was consumed at the same time, that Pliny perished there.

mine are, in the main, the same. As to me, I will not descend one step from my dignity, nor will I trust myself, without my guards, in another man's garrison. The person¹, concerning whom you write, is destitute of comprehension and elevation of mind, and is altogether cringing and menial. My connections with him, however, have, perhaps, served the purpose of making my circumstances more easy. But, indeed, it was of greater service to the public than to me, that I should repel the attacks of profligate citizens, by fixing in my favour, the wavering affections of a man so eminent by his fortunes, his authority, and his credit with the public, and to blast the hopes of the wicked, by bringing him over to extol the patriotism of my conduct. Yet in obtaining this end, I would deem the sacrifice a dear purchase, which might in the slightest degree, derogate from my dignity; but I have managed every thing in such a manner, that MY dignity is not diminished by his friendship, while HIS authority is strengthened by my countenance.

In other respects, I act in such a manner, as to avoid the imputation of my having ever left any thing to chance. In regard² to those worthy friends,

¹ Meaning Pompey.

² Cicero alludes to an adage, which is preserved in Suidas and in Plutarch: *Σπάρταν ἔλαχες, ταύτην κοσμεῖς*, You have Sparta for thy country, honour it with thy conduct.—E.

friends, whom you mention, and that Spartan glory, which you say I have acquired, I shall ever be so far from abandoning them, that, should they abandon me, yet shall I never depart from my former sentiments. I would, however, have you to know, that since the death of Catulus, I can no longer stand by the party of the nobles, with any safety or with any dignity. For as Rhinton¹, if I mistake not, says, "One half of them are good for nothing, and the other half think of nothing." By those senators, who mind their fishponds more than their office as statesmen, I am envied and opposed; but I will describe their conduct to you in another letter, or when we first meet. In the meanwhile, nothing shall tear me from the senate; and in this, I act upon principles of interest as well as of virtue; nor indeed have I reason to repent of my attachment to that order.

I have already informed you, that I had not great hopes from the senate of your Sicyonian affair. We hear no more of the complaint of creditors; it will therefore be a tedious matter to succeed that way, and I would have you to fight, if

¹ Rhinton was a Greek comic poet. The verse cited from him is Iambic:

Οἱ μὲν παρ' οὐδενὸς εἰσιν, οἷς δ' οὐδενὸς μέλει.

The Optimates, or the aristocratical party, were become too degenerate to deserve support from Cicero, some of them being destitute of ability, others of principle.—E.

if possible, with some other weapons. When the decree passed, no regard was paid to those whom it affected, and the foot-senators with unanimity and eagerness, divided with that motion. Matters are not yet ripe for correcting it, because there are no complainants, and a great many people befriend it, some, through ill-nature, others, through a conviction that it is a right measure.

Your friend, the consul Metellus, turns out a most excellent magistrate; I think him, however, to blame, in one respect, that he does not much seem to relish our pacific accounts from Gaul. It is my opinion, that he hankers after a triumph; in this he is not perhaps so defensible, but, in every other respect, he is great. As to the son of Aulus, his conduct, in his own consulship, has been such as to disgrace the name of consul, and to be but a foible to set forth the greatness of Pompey¹. I have sent you, by Lucius Cossinius, the history of my consulate in Greek; I suppose my Latin performance will give

¹ The original is *ὕψιστον nostri magni*. Cicero, like other writers of his age, is fond of playing upon words, and his wit on this occasion, consists in the similitude of *ὕψιστον* to *ὕπατος*, the Greek name of consul. The son of Aulus was not *ὕπατος*, the consular luminary of Rome, but *ὕψιστον*, a speck on the face of Pompey. The commentators and our translator, overlooking the paranomasia, do not appear to have understood the full import of the passage.—E.

give you more pleasure, because one Greek looks with an eye of jealousy upon another. If I meet with performances from other authors upon the same subject, I will send them to you, yet when people have once read my work, they lose, I know not how, all taste for that of any other.

For, that I may return to my private affairs, our worthy friend Lucius Papirius Pætus has made me a present of the books that had been left by Servius Claudius. When your friend Cincius¹ acquainted me, that there was nothing in this Cincian law, that could hinder me from accepting them, I told him joyfully, that they should be welcome if they were brought. Now, if you love me, if you think that I love you, do all that you can by your friends, by your followers, by your guests, by your freemen, nay, employ your very slaves, to prevent the loss of a single line. For I have now very great occasion for the Greek books, which I suppose, and for the Latin ones, which I know, he left behind him. The truth is, I daily take more and more pleasure in the amusement I find from those studies, when I rest from my labours in the forum. You will in the highest degree gratify me, if

¹ Cicero here plays upon the word Cincius, because the law, against senators, extorting presents from their dependants, was called the Cincian law.

if you be as strenuous in this affair, as you have been in those which you thought lay most at my heart. I recommend to your care, the affairs of Pætus himself, who desires to return you many thanks for what you have already done. That I may see you soon is not only my wish, but my request.

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

I WAS met by your slave on the 1st of June, on my journey to Antium, as I was leaving, not without regret, the gladiatorian shows, exhibited by Marcus Metellus. From him I received your letters, and your Greek history of my consulship, a present which gave me the greater pleasure, as I had sometime before, put, into the hands of Cossinius, for you, some Greek memoirs of mine upon the same subject; for, had I read yours beforehand, you would have charged me with having copied you, without acknowledging my obligations. But give me leave, to say, for I read it with great eagerness, that your work is not
finished

finished in your usual taste and elegance. It was, however, adorned by the neglect of ornament, as ladies appear the sweeter for using no perfume. On the other hand, my book is enriched with all the graces of the most celebrated Grecian schools, and fully exhibits the design, the correctness, the colouring of Isocrates, Aristotle, and their followers¹. Let me tell you that the book which you slightly glanced over at Corfu², as I understand by your other letters, and of which you received a complete copy from Cossinius, is a present, I would not have ventured to have made you, had I not approved of it after grave and mature deliberation. Let me tell you likewise, that when I had sent it to Posidonius³ at Rhodes, that it might invite him to treat the same subject with greater elegance, and when he had read over my memoirs, he wrote me they were so far from inviting, that they had absolutely

¹ This version exhibits the spirit, rather than the letter of the original, which is as follows:—*Meus autem liber totum Isocratis μυσθῆναιον (Pigmentorum arculam) atque omnes ejus discipulorum arculas, ac non nihil etiam Aristotelica pigmata consumpsit.*—Literally rendered it runs thus:—*But my book has consumed the whole perfume box of Isocrates, all the dressing chests of his followers, together with the paint of Aristotle.*

² This was the capital of Corcyra, a small island now belonging to the Venetians.

³ This was a famous stoic philosopher under whom Cicero had studied.

solutely deterred him from any attempt of that kind. In a word, I have covered all Greece with confusion. Thus, I am now no longer plagued with those who daily teased me for some subject, which they could embellish by their language. If you are pleased with the performance, you will take care to publish it at Athens, and the other Greek towns, for it seems calculated to throw a lustre upon my conduct.

I have sent you the orations which you requested to see, though too insignificant to deserve that name; and I will send you more, since you are pleased even with those which I wrote at the importunity of our youths. If Demosthenes, that famous countryman¹ of yours, became so illustrious by his Philippic orations, in which he divested himself of all the rigid and meagre forms of the bar, that he might appear in the character of a dignified speaker and a wise statesman; have I not, I say, an equal title to fame, by publishing my orations, which I call consular. The first of them was spoken in the senate-house, on the 1st of January; the second before the people; both on the subject of the Agrarian law; the third was for Otho; the fourth for Rabirius; the fifth was concerning the heirs of the proscribed; the sixth was pronounced when I gave up my

¹ This is a compliment to Atticus, who was violently in love with Greece and its literature.

my province in the assembly of the people; the seventh banished Catilino from Rome; I spoke the eighth before the people the day after his flight; the ninth was delivered in the assembly, on the day when the Allobroges made their discoveries; and the tenth in the senate, on the 5th of December; and these with two short ones, which serve as a sort of appendixes to those upon the Agrarian law, form the whole collection which I shall take care you shall receive. Farther, as you are pleased with my actions as well as my writings, you shall, in those books, have a full view of my conduct, as well as of my eloquence, which, had you not called for it, I should not have exhibited.

You ask me the reason why I so much press your return to Rome; and, without refusing to come, you hint, that you have a great deal of business upon your hands, and that you would fly to see me, not only to do me service, but to do me pleasure. The truth is, I know of no absolute necessity; but it appeared to me, that you might have marked out the times of your absence less unkindly. You have indeed been too long absent, especially as you are in the neighbourhood, and as I neither enjoy you, nor have you my company. Now, indeed, I have some repose; but if the madness of the effeminate Clodius should carry him much farther, I shall seriously urge your return. Metellus, however, checks him,

and

and will check him to some purpose. Indeed, though a consul, he is a sincere patriot, and as I always thought, a good man.

As to Clodius, he now solicits, without any mask, for the tribuneship of the people. When this matter came before the senate, I confounded the fellow, censured his inconstancy in standing for the tribuneship at Rome, when, but the other day, he declared in Sicily, he would stand for the Edileship. I said that we had no real reason to be alarmed, since he would, in the character of a Plebeian, have no more opportunity for distressing his country, than the Patricians, whose example he followed under my consulship. In the next place, having understood that he had boasted in an assembly of the people, of having come to Rome in seven days, from the streights of Sicily, and that he had entered the city by night, to prevent the crowds who were to come out to meet him; I said there was nothing strange in a man's coming in seven days from Sicily to Rome, when in three hours he could come and go from Rome to Interamna; that it was not the first time he had entered the city by night, and that nobody, by going out to meet him, had obstructed his approach, when they ought to have done it most¹.

In

¹ Orig. *Non esse itum obviam, ne tum quidem cum iri maxime debuit.* Meaning that upon his return he should have been forbidden to enter Rome.

In a word, I teach this impudent man modesty, not only by the grave continued severity of my address, but by such occasional keen raillery as the following.

While we were attending a candidate, I made him the subject of my wit and satire. He asked me "whether I used to assign any place for the " Sicilians at the gladiatorial shows." I told him by no means. " But, replies he, I will; " though they are come but lately under my patronage. But, continues he, my sister, who " has so much room as a consular's wife, allows " me only a few inches." O! replied I, " I dare " to say your sister wishes you to have as many " inches as you can desire¹." This you say, was not speaking in a very consular stile; I allow it; but I despise vulgarity even in the wife of a consul. For she is a turbulent woman, prone to declare war with her husband, and not only with her husband, but even with her gallant,² because they are my friends in this affair.

With regard to your inquiries about the Agrarian law, it seems, at present, to be forgotten. As

¹ Orig. *Sed soror, quæ tantum habeat consularis loci, unum mihi solum pedem dat. Noli, inquam, de uno pede sororis queri: licet etiam alterum tollas.* This passage alludes to the supposed incest of Clodius with his sister, who was the consul Metellus's wife, but it is not proper to explain the meaning of the passage itself.

² Meaning Fabius.

As to the gentle chastisement you give me concerning my friendship with Pompey, I would not have you imagine that I look upon it to be any security to me; but as affairs were circumstanced, had there been any difference, the public must have necessarily been thrown into the greatest confusion. Now, my management and caution to prevent this was such, that I did not deviate from my own virtuous plan of conduct; but I have brought him to be a better patriot, and in some degree to correct that giddiness, with which he courts the populace. For, be it known to you that he does not run out so much in applause of his own actions, as of my conduct, against which so many people have endeavoured to prepossess him. He says that he has served, but I have preserved, the public. I know of no advantages that I can draw from this declaration, but the public can certainly draw many. What if I should make a better patriot of Cæsar, whose sails are now full-swelled with the gale of popular favour; shall I not then serve my country?

Supposing, even, that I have not an enemy, and that all mankind should do me justice, by giving me their friendship, is the application which heals the rotten parts of the republic less valuable than that which cuts them off? But now, at a time when that body of cavalry, which, when you led their way, and carried their colours, I posted in the avenue of the capitol, has abandoned the

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H

senate;

senate; at a time when our great men think themselves high as heaven, if they can bring their mullets in their fishponds to feed out of their hands; at a time when they mind no other business, do you not think that I am usefully employed, in taking the will, from those who have the power, to hurt our country?

My admiration of Cato is not inferior to yours; but still, with the best intentions and the strictest honour, he sometimes hurts the public; for his sentiments are more suited to the perfect commonwealth of Plato, than to the low rabble of Romulus. Can there be a proposition more just than that a man should be brought to the bar for receiving money, while he sat upon the bench. This was Cato's opinion; the senate came into it; the knights declared war against the whole order, but not against me, because I divided against the question. What could be more impudent than the petition presented by the farmers of the revenue? It would have been, however, prudent to have suffered that loss, rather than have forfeited the friendship of the order. Cato opposed them and carried his point. But what is the consequence, now that the consul is imprisoned, and now that all is in an uproar? Not a man of that order has shewed the least affection for the constitution, which, under me, and the consuls who succeeded me, they so bravely defended. You say what of all this? Are we to bribe

bribe them to do their duty? What have we to do else? Are we to be insulted by our freedmen, are we to be the slaves of our slaves? But, surely, you will say, here my efforts ought to terminate¹.

Favonius has dealt more honestly with my tribe than with his own; but he has ruined that of Lucceius. He has brought a groundless impeachment against Nasica, and spoke to it in so awkward a manner, that one could have sworn he had a mule rather than a Molon, of Rhodes, for his master of rhetoric². He was somewhat displeased with me for speaking in his defence, and he is now attacking him again for the good of the public. I will write to you concerning the proceedings of Lucceius, after I have seen Cæsar, who will be here in two days. You are to thank Cato, and his ape Servilius, for the losses you have sustained from the Sicyonians. But, indeed, do not many worthy men labour under the same grievance? Let us, however, bear with it, since it is passed, lest, in time of any future commotion, we be left by ourselves.

My

¹ Orig. *ἄλλοι σπουδῆς*, enough of labour, i. e. in preserving the harmony of the different orders, no more efforts, no farther sacrifice ought to be made by me.—E.

² There is a jingle here in the original, which I have imitated in the translation. *Ita ut Rhodi videretur molis potius, quam Moloni operam dedisse.* Molon was a famous teacher of rhetoric at Rhodes.

My Amalthea expects, and requires your presence. I am wonderfully delighted with my Tusculanum and Pompeianum, though indeed I, who prevented a general bankruptcy, am ready to become bankrupt myself, through the debts I have contracted to build them. I am in hopes that every thing in Gaul is quiet. You may daily expect the Prognostics¹ with my orations, which are but trifles. In the meanwhile, let me know what resolution you have come to concerning your return hither. For I was told from Pomponia, that you was to be at Rome in the month of July. This is somewhat different from what you gave me to understand, by the letters you wrote me since your departure.

I wrote you before, that Pætus has made me a present of all the books that were left him by his brother, and it rests upon your friendship to make this present turn out to my account. As you love me, take care that they are preserved, and safely conveyed to my hands. You cannot do me a more agreeable piece of service than this; and in carefully preserving all those books, the Latin as well as the Greek, I shall then look upon the present as yours. I have delivered your letters

¹ A poem of Aratus, a Greek poet, whom Virgil has often imitated, and indeed copied in his Georgics. This poem Cicero had rendered into Latin, a copy of which he sent to his friend.—E.

letters to Octavius¹, but had no conversation with him; for I did not think they related to your affairs in the province; nor did I reckon you amongst the number of usurers; but I have written as I ought, with fidelity.

EPISTLE II.

I ENTREAT you by your friendship for me, to pay every attention to my nephew's recovery, with whose indisposition I sincerely sympathize. I have just laid down the treatise of Dicæarchus upon the Pollenean republic, and have now before me a whole pile of his works. What a great author he is! And how much more may you learn from him than from Procilius. If I mistake not, I have at Rome his treatises, concerning the Corinthian and Athenian governments. Take my word for it, read him, I recommend him, he is an admirable writer. Were Herodes a man of sense, he would read him, before he wrote another word. He attacked me by letters, but I perceive that he attacks you in person. I should have joined in Catiline's conspiracy, instead of destroying it, had I imagined that I was to be doomed

¹ He was father to the emperor Augustus Cæsar, and was then governor of Macedonia.

doomed to hear him. You are wrong in the affair of Lollius, but right as to Vinus.

Now that I think of it, the first day of the month is at hand, but where is Antony¹? Are the judges summoned? For I am given to understand, that Nigidius² threatened in an assembly, that he would summon any judge who shall absent himself. I wish, however, that you would let me know all you can learn concerning the journey of Antony; and because you will not come to this place, I request you to sup with me at Rome, the last of this month, and this you must not fail to do. Take care of your own health.

EPISTLE III.

I OUGHT speedily to recompense the good news³, which you have sent me, by another equally acceptable to you. Valerius is acquitted upon the defence made for him by Hortensius, and

¹ He was Cicero's colleague in the consulship, and though he commanded the army that defeated Catiline, he was afterwards banished for being concerned in his conspiracy, though he was defended by Cicero.

² He was tribune all the following year, and as such had a power of compelling the judges of Antony to attend.

³ The original from its brevity, is obscure. *Primum, ut opinor, ναγγλία, i. e. dedeo tibi ναγγλία, I owe you the reward of good news.*—E.

and this it is apprehended, through the interest of Cæso Atilius; and I suspect with you, that our great man¹ has been taking an undue liberty in the same affair. For I am neither pleased with his military, nor with his civil accoutrements². You shall know the whole matter when you come hither.

You must know, that in finding fault with the narrowness of my windows, you find fault with the institution of Cyrus³. For when I discovered the very same fault that you do, Cyrus told me, that objects did not appear so agreeable through wide windows, and that supposing A to be the eye that sees, B and C to be the object that are seen, D and E the rays of light. You know the rest of this jargon. For if we were to see by the interposition of images, they would be obstructed in those narrow passages, so that the stream

¹ *Επιμαχης, the powerful man, meaning Pompey.*

² *Mihi ejus caligæ, ut fasciæ cretatæ, displicebant.* The *caligæ* were greaves, used by soldiers, and the *fasciæ* were a sort of fillets or rollers to wrap around the legs, instead of stockings, and formed a part of the civil common dress. Pompey wore these in the city as badges of honour, and as such gave offence to Cicero and others. In the use of such fillets, as insignia of rank and triumph, originated, it appears probable, the order of the Garter with us.—E.

³ The wit of our author here consists in an obscure play upon words. The instruction of the architect, who appears to have been called *Cyrus*, Cicero stiles *Κυρου παδείαν*, which is the title of a well known book written by Xenophon.—E.

stream of rays is now easily admitted. If there is any thing else you dislike, let me know, and I will rectify it, provided it be of such a nature as to be corrected by expence.

January is at length arrived, in which the fate of the elections is to be decided: and here I lay before you an account of my political conduct, in the Socratic manner, by exhibiting a view on both sides; but, like him, I shall close the whole with my own opinion. It is indeed a thing of great weight. For I must either oppose the Agrarian law, by an ineffectual, though glorious resistance, or I must agree to it, which is not unlike retiring to Solonium or Antium¹; or I must assist in it, which I understand Cæsar expects me to do. Cornelius has been at my house, I mean Balbus², Cæsar's intimate. He assured me that Cæsar would, in all his conduct, be directed by Pompey and me, and that he would endeavour to reconcile Crassus to Pompey. From all this it follows, that my coalition with Pompey remains firm; that I may, if I please, have the friendship of Cæsar; that I may enter into favour with my enemies, into peace with the people, and secure a tranquillity to my old age. But, against this, I am cautioned by the following admonition, given

¹ These were two pleasant country seats in Italy.

² This person made a great figure at Rome under Cæsar, though he was a Spaniard by birth.

given me in the third book of a poetical work¹, known to you:—

*Meanwhile the course of honour and of truth,
Which you, when consul held, pursue, and thus
Increase your fame, and virtuous applause.*

As Calliope herself dictated to me these sentiments in a book written in favour of the aristocratic party, I can have no doubt that

*Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause².*

But we will reserve these matters for our walks³ at the compitalitia. Do not forget, the day before that festival. I will order the bath to be made warm, and Terentia invites Pomponia. We shall likewise have your mother's company. Bring along with you, out of my brother's library, the Treatise of Theophrastus upon the Pursuit of public Honours.

¹ This is a stroke of that excessive vanity which distinguishes Cicero's character; for this poem was probably written by himself and in his own praise.

² Orig. *Εἰς οἶκον ἀγῖος ἀμυνεῖται περὶ πατρὸς.* *Unum augurium optimum pugnare pro patria.* This is a fine sentiment taken from Homer, who puts it into the mouth of Hector, in the 12th book of the Iliad.

³ The compitalitia was an unfixed feast in Rome, generally held in December or the beginning of January.

EPISTLE IV.

YOU have greatly obliged me in sending me Serapion's book, of which, between ourselves, I understand scarcely the thousandth part. I have given orders for you to be paid for it in ready money, to prevent your putting it to the account of your presents. But now that I mention money, I beg you will take care at any rate to make up that affair with Titinius. If he will not stand to what he has offered, I am extremely well pleased that the bad purchase should be returned, if it be agreeable to Pomponia; if he be not satisfied with this, let the money be returned, rather than create dispute. I was very desirous that before you went away, you should bring this, as you have done other things to an amicable conclusion¹.

You tell me then, that Clodius is to be commissioned with an embassy to Tigranes. I wish I knew upon what terms²; but I learn this with indifference.

¹ There are many dark readings in the preceding passages; I have translated them in the manner I thought most agreeable to probability and common sense.

² The reading here is likewise very dark. The embassy spoken of was probably the result of the newly cemented friendship between Cæsar and Pompey, who could not otherwise compass his favourite point, of having his actions in the east confirmed.

indifference. That will be a much more proper time for our free legation¹, when my brother Quintus shall, as I hope he will be, settled in ease and leisure², and when it shall be known how that priest of impiety shall conduct himself³. In the meanwhile, I converse with the muses, and pursue my studies with great calmness, eagerness,

¹ A free legation, or Legatio libera, was no other than a form of a leave of absence granted by the senate to one of their body, under pretext of a public employment abroad.

² Cicero's brother Quintus had been for some time governor of Asia, and Cicero was at this time soliciting the senate for leave for him to return to Rome.

³ *Iste sacerdos Bonæ deæ, that priest of the goddess Bona.* This is an ironical description of Clodius. The expression carries an allusion to the intrigue, which he had with Pompeia, the wife of Cæsar. Being unable to gain access to her, he took the opportunity, while in her own house, she was celebrating the mysteries of the goddess Bona Dea, to enter disguised in a woman's habit. He was however discovered, and the intrigue, as it was a violation of the most solemn mysteries, was made the subject of prosecution, but was acquitted in consequence of having bribed the judges. In reference to the same intrigue, Cicero calls him elsewhere, *Illa furia muliebrum religionum, that violator of the matron rites*; none but women being permitted to be present in it. The Bona Dea, according to Plutarch, was supposed to have been a Dryad, with whom the god Faunus had an amour. Her mystic ceremonies were held in the highest veneration, and conducted with the utmost secrecy. So far was it from being lawful for any male to be present, that as Seneca tells, if the picture of a male animal happened to be in the room, where those mystic rites were performing, it was thought necessary to cover it.—Plut. in Cæs. Sen. epist. 97.—E.

ness and delight. I never think of envying Crassus, or repent having acted up conformably to my character. As to the geography, I will take care to give you satisfaction, but I promise nothing certain. It is a great undertaking; I will, however, agreeably to your desire, endeavour to give you some specimen of my labours that way from my journey. Let me know all you can learn of public affairs, and especially who are likely to be chosen consuls; yet am I by no means anxious¹. I am determined to think no more of politics.

I have seen the wood belonging to my wife, but I should think myself master of all Epirus, did I but possess Dodona's grove. About the 1st of next month, I shall be either at Formianum or Pompeianum; if I should not be at the former,

¹ No dramatic writer ever drew human nature in so ridiculous a light as Cicero's character appears from his epistles. While he is upon the rack of ambition, jealousy, and vain-glory, he is perpetually preaching up lessons of philosophy, disinterestedness, retirement, and patriotism; and yet, like a lover, who breaks with his mistress, whilst Cicero quarrels with the world, and is every minute threatening to leave it; he makes it plain by every word and action that drops from him, that he is afraid lest the world should take him at his word, and every succeeding expression contradicts the former. One cannot help feeling for the weakness of so great a man, and it must give a reader of understanding pain, that Cicero's confidence in his friend has published to all the world (I wish I could not call it) the badness of his heart in this respect.

former, I beg, as as you love me, that you will come to Pompeianum; it will give me great pleasure, and it is nothing out of your road. I have given orders to Philotimus, that the wall do not obstruct you, and you may do with it as you propose. I think, however, that you should consult Vetius. At such a juncture as this, when the life of every worthy man is so insecure, I think it a mighty matter to enjoy for one summer the pleasure afforded by my Palatine academy. But still I would not have my sister and her boy to live in any danger of being buried in ruins¹.

EPISTLE V.

I now have, and I long have had, a strong desire to visit Alexandria and the rest of Egypt, both that I may get rid of this disgust of mankind, and that I may return with pleasure to society. But, considering the dangers of the present time, and the men, who are desirous of my absence, I repeat with Hector, *I fear for the Trojans, men and women, with their sweeping trains*². For what

¹ This relates to some inconveniencies that had happened through a partition-wall that divided the house of Cicero and his brother upon mount Palatine.

² Orig. Αἰδεομαι Τρώας, καὶ Τρῳάδας ἰλκεσιπιπῶντας. They are the

what will our nobility say, if indeed we have any nobles still remaining? Can they say that I have been bribed for doing my duty? Our friend Polydamus would then be the first to reproach me, I mean Cato, whom I deem to be himself a host. But what will be said of me six hundred years hence by historians? I fear their testimony more than I do the unmeaning garulity of my contemporaries. But I am of opinion that we must bear all, and wait with patience. If they offer me that employment, I shall be at liberty either to take or refuse it; for there is some credit even in refusing. If therefore, Theophanes should converse with you on that subject, do not in positive terms reject the offer.

I expect to learn from you what is going on at Rome, what Arrius is saying, and how he bears his forlorn state; whether, as the report goes, Pompey and Crassus, or as my letters intimate, Servius Sulpicius, and Gabinius, are to be consuls; what new laws are passing; in short, whether there are any news at all, and, as Nepos is going

the words of Hector (Il. vi. 442.) to his wife, when advising him not to return to the field of battle. His presence was the chief defence of the city; and his retreat, he knew, would expose it with its inhabitants male and female an easy prey to the conquerors. With more than Grecian hostility the ambition of Cæsar and Pompey was besieging the freedom of Rome; and Cicero was vain enough to imagine, that his retirement would facilitate its capture by the ambitious foes of liberty.—E.

going abroad, who is to have the augurship. This is the only allurements with which the men in power can hope to secure my interest. You see my want of firmness. But what have I to do with ambition? I, who wish to retire, and to apply my whole time and attention, to subjects of philosophy. This is my present turn of thinking. I wish I had never thought otherwise. But now, as I find by experience, how trifling those pursuits are, which I once imagined to be so glorious, I think now of no connections but with the nine Muses.

Let me however know the truth concerning Curtius, and whether any one is thought of to fill his place, and what is to become of Publius Clodius; and take pains to inform me all that you have promised. I beg you to let me know the precise day, on which you think to leave Rome, that I may make you certain as to the place where I shall then reside, and immediately sit down to write me a letter concerning those matters I have mentioned in mine, for I am very impatient to hear from you.

EPISTLE VI.

As to the account of my journey which I promised you in my former letters, I can give you no great encouragement to expect it. I am
grown

grown so fond of the leisure which I enjoy, that I cannot without violence be separated from it. I therefore amuse myself with my books, of which I have a great number at Antium, or I count the waves, for the season is too tempestuous for fishing, and I have no inclination to write. For the geographical work which I intended to write, is an arduous undertaking; and Eratosthenes, whom I proposed for my pattern, is blamed by Serapion and Hipparchus. What would you think of consulting Tyrannio? The subject, be assured, is difficult; a tedious uniformity characterises the whole of it, nor is it so susceptible of embellishments as I thought it to be; and what is worse than all, I want but the slightest excuse for being idle.

The chief employment of my time, at present, is to debate with myself, whether I shall reside at this place or at Antium, where I had rather be a magistrate¹ than a consul at Rome. But you have acted more prudently, by purchasing a house at Buthrotum. But, rely upon it, the city of Antium much resembles that town. In a place so near Rome, there are many who have
never

¹ This Cicero calls *Duumvir*, who was one of the two chief magistrates in a *Colonial* town, and corresponded to the office of a consul at Rome. For this reason it was shared between two, which was the number of the consuls. Vid. Adam's Ant. p. 74.—E.

never seen Vantinius¹, and there is none, beside myself, who does not wish all the twenty commissioners² hanged; where nobody molests, and everybody loves, me. This indeed is a delightful place for the study of politics, for at Rome I have no leisure, nor even inclinations to do this. I therefore entrust you only with my anecdotes of certain characters³, which are in the manner of Theopompus, but more severe. This work I have not dedicated to the service of the republic, except that I shew my hatred towards those who seek its ruin: and I have acted this part not from resentment, but from the pleasure of writing.

But to come to the purpose of this letter; I have written to the city questors about the affair of my brother Quintus. Let me know their answer, whether we have any hopes of being paid in Roman coin, or be obliged to accept the Asiatic coin of Pompey⁴. You will likewise
come

¹ This tribune was one of Cicero's leading enemies.

² These commissioners were nominated by Cæsar, for executing the Agrarian law, which, the year before, had been carried in by Flavius.

³ This author was a disciple of Isocrates, and wrote a sarcastical history of his own times.

⁴ *Orig. Cistophoro Pompeiano*. There is a pretty allusion here. There was, in Asia, a very small kind of coin, which bore the impression of a mystical coffer or *Cista*, and was therefore called by the Romans *Cistophori*. When Pompey, after his

come to some resolution about the wall. There is another thing I had almost forgotten. Tell me at what time you think of leaving your present residence.

EPISTLE VII.

I SHALL bestow repeated and long continued labour on my geographical work. In the meanwhile you call upon me for two orations, one of which I tore in pieces, and therefore could not transcribe it; and the other I am unwilling to send, as containing praise of the man whom I do not love¹. I will however think of this matter. At least, you shall have some compositions of mine, to show you that I am not irrecoverably indolent. I am much entertained with what you write concerning Publius; and I beg you will bring me the particulars of the whole, after you have traced it to the fountain-head. In the meantime, make me acquainted with all you know, or apprehend, especially in respect to the subject of the embassy. It is true, before I read your letters, I wished him gone, not, indeed, from

his conquests in the East, brought its immense riches to Rome, he left this species of money to the Asiatics; and his questors, who were paymasters to the Roman governors, insisted upon Cicero's brother receiving his salary in that coin.

¹ Meaning perhaps Pompey.

from any fear of joining issue with him¹; for I have a strange propensity for litigation; but I was in hopes he might lose thereby all the popularity, if he acquired any, from his becoming a Plebeian. I could have told him; "So, you are become one of the people, that you may go to compliment a king. When was it ever known, that the kings of Armenia were complimented, by any, under the rank of a Patrician." In short, I was in a fit humour to goad him on the subject of the embassy. If he should refuse it, and, as you write, if he should thereby disoblige those who were the most active in soliciting and patronizing the law for his adoption, we shall then have fine diversion.

Indeed, to confess the truth, our friend is cavalierly treated. In the first place, he, who was once the only man in Cæsar's house, cannot be admitted into it now amongst twenty others. In the next place, he was named to one embassy, and appointed to another. I suppose that the lucrative office, for collecting the money, is reserved to Drusus of Pisaurum², or to the glutton Vatinus;

¹ *Differre vadimonium* is a legal phrase, and signifies to put off a trial. Cicero wished to avoid at the time any dispute with Clodius; but to have the difference between them decided on some future occasion.—E.

² This person was prætor in the year of Rome 703, and both he, and Vatinus, were very lewd persons.

Vatinius; while Clodius is appointed to this needy commission, which is no better than an honourable exile to a man like Clodius, whose future tribuneship is so necessary for the purposes of his party. If you love me, exasperate him as much as possible. My whole hopes, for the public, are that these men will disagree, which I understand from Curio, is already commenced. Arius is in a rage at missing the consulship. Our African potentate¹ is already at variance with the young and sanguinary part of the nobility. If the breach should be widened, by a dispute about the augurship, I hope I shall have frequent occasions of entertaining you with letters on that subject. The hint you suggested, that even the five² commissioners begin to complain, I wish you would farther explain. If I rightly comprehend your meaning, it is a more favourable circumstance than I expected.

But I would not have you think that I want to be informed by you, from any desire I have to interfere in politics again, or that I still long to be concerned in public affairs. I have long since lost all relish for power, even when I might have enjoyed it. But now that I am forced to leave

¹ *Orig. Megabocchus.* This was another nickname of Pompey. Bocchus was a victorious prince, who reigned in Mauritania.—E.

² This relates to private history, which is not now recoverable.

leave the ship, after having resigned, but not abandoned, the rudder, I am desirous of beholding, from dry land, the shipwreck of my successors. For, as your friend Sophocles says,

*Sweet is the couch when winter's storms invade,
And rattling rains the downy slumbers aid¹.*

Be sure to give directions about the wall.² I will rectify that mistake concerning Castriccianus³. My brother specified one sum to me, though he mentioned another to your sister. My wife presents her compliments to you; and my son desires you to answer for him to Aristodemus, in the same manner as you did for his brother, your nephew. I will attend to what you write concerning Amalthea. Take care of your health.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHEN, in my usual manner, I waited towards the evening for a letter from you, then comes a message, that my slaves were arrived from Rome; I call for them, I inquire after letters, they tell me they have none. What nothing from Pompeius?

¹ *Orig. και υπο σιγη πυκνῆς αχουης ψυχῶς εὐδυσσιν φρονι.*

² He was agent for the Asiatic provinces. The text here is mutilated.

ponius? The fellows were frightened at the manner in which I spoke, and looked, and confessed they had received letters, but had lost them on the road. You need not doubt that I stormed exceedingly; because, for some time past, no letters have come from you destitute of some useful or entertaining matter. Now, if in yours of the 15th of April, there was any business of moment, let me be informed of it as soon as possible, and, even if it contained only wit and humour, pray let me have it again. You must know that young Curio has been to pay me his compliments. His information, concerning Clodius, is very much in the same strain with your letters: as to himself, he professed an irreconcilable hatred towards haughty tyrants. He assured me that our young people of quality were equally incensed against them, and resolved to endure them no longer. It is well with us, if we can trust to them; for my part, I will set about somewhat else. I apply to writing history; and yet, though you take me for a Saufeius¹, no man is more indolent.

I am now to give you an account of my stages, that you may be certain where to find us. About the 21st of April, I think of being at Formiæ, as you suppose me not to pay a visit, at such a time

us

¹ This person was a great reader.

as this is, to the delightful bason¹. About the 1st of May, I leave Formiæ to go to Antium by the 3d, for public diversions are to be exhibited there from the 4th to the 7th, of which I want my wife to participate. From thence I think of going to Tusculanum, from the Arpinum, and about the 1st of June, to return to Rome. Do you therefore order it so as to see me either at Formiæ, or Antium, or Tusculanum. Give me another copy of your last letter, with some additions.

EPISTLE IX.

I SHALL be glad to hear that my friend is in health. When the questor Cæcilius informed me, that he was to send a slave to Rome, I sat down in haste to write this letter, that I might receive an account of that strange conversation which passed between Clodius and you, I mean what you mention as well as what you omit; because, as you write, they would take up too much time. But, above all, I would have you to know, that nothing will delight me more than the particulars of that conversation, which our modern

Juno

¹ Meaning the *Bajæ*, a town near the Promontory of Milenum.

Juno¹ will no doubt impart to you on her return from Solonium; and which, if omitted, cannot again be recovered. Now, if the stipulations concerning me, have not been observed, I am quite happy, that the Jewish conqueror² and intriguer with the populace, may know what thanks he ought to return to the splendid encomiums I bestowed upon him before the people, and of which you may expect a divinely inspired recantation.

For, so far as I can conjecture, if that glutton shall continue in favour with our potentates, he may well boast that he has subdued, not only the cynical consul³ but the monarchs of the streams. For I can give him no manner of umbrage, after I am stripped of my interest, and of my power with the senate. But if he should quarrel with them, it will be ridiculous for him to persecute me; let him, however, do this if he pleases.

Our

¹ *Bovinis* literally, *ox-eyed*, an epithet of Juno, who had an incestuous intercourse with Jupiter her brother. It is here applied in reference to the same crime, to the sister of Clodius.—E.

² *Orig. Hierosolymarius.* Meaning Pompey, who had conquered Judea.

³ Clodius called Cicero the *cynic consul*, on account of the vigour and severity, which he experienced from him. The original of the *monarchy of the streams* is, *piscinarum Tritonibus*, *tritons of the fishing-ponds*, and means those senators, who were more concerned about the fishing-ponds on their estates, than the interests of their country.—E.

Our great men, believe me, have whirled round their political hoop¹ with greater dexterity, and less noise, than I expected. That it did not receive the check that might have been given to it, was owing to Cato in the first place, and in the next, to the villany of those who have violated the Ælian², the Julian-Licinian, and the Cæcilian-Didian laws; who have wasted all the means of public safety; who have invested tetrarchs³ with the titles and possessions of kings; and have enriched a few with the spoils of their country. I can now foresee to what quarter the public hatred will be directed, and where it will fix. I will give you leave to say, that I have profited nothing from the knowledge either of men or books, if you see not the people again wish for the times of my consulate. For if the powers assumed by a whole senate, galled the public, how

¹ *Orig. Festive, mihi crede, et minore sonitu, quam putaram, orbis hic in Rep. est conversus.* This alludes to a diversion which school-boys have in England, that of driving, before them, a hoop, to which were fixed bells, or pieces of metal, that made a jingling noise.

² We have already mentioned the Ælian law. The other two laws mentioned here, provided, under severe penalties, that every bill moved for to the people, should be exposed for a certain time, about twenty-seven days, and prescribed other formalities before a bill could pass into a law, all which Cæsar had broken through.

³ This alludes to Pompey, who had made the tetrarch Dejotarus a king.

how think you will it bear the same powers when they are engrossed, not by the people, but by three men of boundless ambition¹.

Well, let them proceed in their own way; and appoint what consuls, and tribunes of the people, they please; let them even invest the bloated Vatinius, with the pontifical robe; yet a short time will ennoble not only those² who have given offence, but Cato himself, the most obnoxious man in the opposition. For my own part, if your old friend Clodius, would allow me, I am thinking of philosophizing³ in good earnest. Should he attack me, I shall only, like a true philosopher, defend myself, *and denounce war against that man who shall molest me*. My country must forgive me; if I have not done for her more than I ought, as I have done more than I was required to do. I would rather be a passenger, with a bad pilot at the helm, than be myself a good pilot for such worthless passengers.

Now as to what you want to know; I think of removing, about the 3d of May, from Formiæ to

¹ Viz. Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus.

² *Videbis brevi tempore magnos non modo eos, &c.* You will shortly see those made great, in allusion to Pompey, who had just before assumed the title of Magnus.—E.

³ *Orig. επαγγέλλομαι, ἀπὸ ἀπαμυνεῖσθαι, ὅτι τις ὑπεριερός χαλεπότην.* Il. xxiv. 369.

to Antium, from thence I shall go about the 7th, to Tusculanum. But when I return from Formiæ, where I propose to stay till the last of April, I will inform you farther. My wife sends you her compliments, as my little Cicero does his to Titus of Athens.

EPISTLE X.

WHAT do our great men deny that Clodius is made a Plebeian? This is indeed a specimen of their legal government not easily to be endured¹. Let Clodius send me a person to take my deposition². I will swear that our friend Pompey, this colleague of Balbus, told me, at Antium, that he assisted at the rites for that purpose.

I received from you at the same time, two very agreeable letters. I know not how to recompense

¹ Cæsar and Pompey, in order to appoint Clodius, their creature, a tribune, made him a plebeian; but afterwards, through fear or mistrust of him, wished to withhold from him that office, and therefore denied that he was actually so become. This barefaced violation of truth, Cicero observes, is but a bad specimen of that usurpation, which they concealed under the fair name of (*regnum*) government.—E.

² There is something here very inconsistent with Cicero's conduct, unless he speaks ironically, which I strongly suspect. Cæsar and Pompey were somewhat afraid of Clodius, and began to dispute his adoption; and Pompey, it seems, even denied that the augural ceremonies for it had been observed.

compense you for your good news. I must therefore acknowledge myself to be in your debt. Let me inform you, however, of an adventure. After I had safely arrived from Antium, at the three Taverns upon the Appian-way, on the 19th of April, I met with my friend Curio, who was coming from Rome, and likewise with his slave who brought me your packet. Curio asked me about news; I told him I had none. Publius, said he, stands for the tribuneship of the people. What will you say to this? Nay farther, he is the bitter enemy of Cæsar, and wants to be chosen, that he may repeal all that has been done in Cæsar's consulship. How, replied I, does Cæsar take this? He denies, answers Curio, that he ever intermeddled in his adoption. Curio then gave me a full account how much he, Memmius, and Metellus Nepos, were at variance with Cæsar. I then embraced and parted with my Curio, that I might return to your letters.

Who can prefer speaking to writing? How much more did I learn from your letters, than from his conversation, concerning the reports of the day! The schemes of Clodius, the arts of the modern Juno, and of Athenio¹ the standard-bearer of sedition, the letters sent to Pompey, and the conversation between Theophanes and Memmius.

¹ Cicero here calls Vatinius by the name of Athenio, who had raised the slave war in Sicily.

Memmius. In short, how have you raised my expectation concerning that sumptuous entertainment! My curiosity has all the impatience of hunger. I dispense with your writing me any account of it, because I prefer to have it from your own mouth.

You desire me not to relax in my habit of writing. Materials indeed grow upon my hands, but the agitation of public affairs, like the fermentation of the vintage in autumn, has not yet subsided. When the general tranquillity is restored, I shall know better how to form a judgment of what I am to treat. If I do not send you soon what I write, yet you shall be the first, and, for some time, the only person to whom I shall communicate my thoughts. You are in the right to admire Dicæarchus, he is a worthy, honest man, and, far less tyrannically disposed than our tyrants are¹. I wrote this letter, at four in the afternoon, on the 19th of April, as soon as I had read yours. But I think of giving them, next day, to the first person I can find going your way. My wife is delighted with your letters, and desires

¹ Cicero is so fond of punning that, with the utmost frigidity of taste and wit, he plays upon the most remote analogy in the meaning of words, or the faintest jingle in their sound. The proper name Dicæarchus may be interpreted *δικαιοεχός*, a just magistrate; and this he opposes to *αδικοεχός*, unjust magistrates, meaning Cæsar and Pompey.—E.

desires that you may know she wishes you sincerely well; and Cicero the philosopher sends his compliments to Titus the politician.

EPISTLE XI.

DO you not admire my gravity? I refused to be a spectator of the public shows at Antium. For I thought it a contradiction in terms, for me, who if desirous, while travelling, to avoid the appearance of pomp and ostentation, however gratifying, I should betray at the same time a frivolous fondness for it, by frequenting public places. I will therefore expect you, till the 7th of May, at Formiæ. Now let me know on what day I am to see you. Dated at ten in the morning, from the Appian-market. I sent off another, some time before, from the three Taverns.

EPISTLE XII.

ICANNOT help observing to you, that while I am at Formiæ, I think myself out of the world. While I was at Antium, there did not a day pass, in which I was not better informed of what was doing at Rome, than they, who were on the spot.
For

For I learned from your letters, not only what was doing at Rome, but what was passing all over the empire; I learned not only present occurrences, but future events. But here I have no information, but what I can collect from some accidental traveller. For this reason, I expect you in person, yet I desire that you will dispatch this servant, whom I have ordered immediately to return to me, with a voluminous epistle filled with an account not only of your actions but also of your sentiments.

Let me know the precise day when you leave Rome. I intend to remain at Formiæ, till the 6th of May. If you cannot come hither before that time, perhaps I shall see you in the city. For why should I invite you to Arpinum, which, as Homer makes Ulysses say, "is the rough mother of a generous breed, and all that my soul can want or wish¹." This, with my compliments, is all.

EPISTLE XIII.

How unfortunate is it, that nobody has delivered you that letter which I wrote from the three Taverns immediately upon the receipt of
your

¹ Orig. Τρηχὴ ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κροτοφόρος. ἐπὶ ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡς γαίης δυναμὶς γλυκύτερον ἄλλο ἰδεσθαι. Odys. ix. 27.

your most agreeable letters. The reason is this; the packet into which I put it, was, that very day on which I delivered it, carried to my house in Rome, and brought back to me at Formiæ. I have therefore ordered your letter to be carried back to you, to inform you how agreeable yours proved to me. You write that all is quiet at Rome; I thought as much. But, believe me, it is not so in the country. For even our peasants are impatient under the tyranny of your great men. If therefore you come into this land of cannibals, I mean Formiæ, what clamours, what invectives would you hear! What a hatred do they bear to the great man! His title of Great is, I think, become odious in his name, as the epithet of Rich in that of Crassus. Will you believe me? I have hitherto met with no person who bears all those matters so coolly as I do. I assure you, therefore, that I am now quite a stoic; and it would be a difficult task indeed to discompose me. When you have received any letters from the Sicyonians, hasten to me at Formiæ, from whence I think of setting out on the 16th of May.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIV.

I FEEL much curiosity to learn the conversation of Bibulus, and your conference with our modern Juno! How I long likewise to hear concerning the sumptuous entertainment which you have mentioned! Come to me, then, without delay, that my thirsty curiosity may be allayed by your information. I think, however, I have, at present, great reason to dread that our great castle-builder¹, when he shall see himself vilified by the reproaches, and his schemes assailed by the opposition, of all parties, will sink into ruin. For my part, I am become so enfeebled, that if I could waste away my days in the mild tranquillity which I now enjoy, I should prefer to be a happy slave, rather than contend for liberty, though crowned with success.

You are constantly advising me to publish, but that cannot be done. My house, from the crowd who visit me here, resembles a levee more than a country retirement. How much do the visits
of

¹ Sampsiceramus, a nickname of Pompey. It is apparently a corruption of *ψαμμοποιός*, a potter, or builder of sand, a vain schemer, or, as we say, a castle-builder. All the commentators have, it appears, overlooked the import, and consequently, the propriety of the term.—E.

of these people resemble the rabble in a fair ! But how unequal is the concourse of a levee to that of the Æmilian tribe¹ ! I do not mean the vulgar ; nor am I plagued with the people of quality after ten o'clock. You must know, that Caius Arrius is my next neighbour ; nay, we even live, in a manner, under the same roof ; and he tells me, forsooth, that he denies himself the pleasure of going to Rome, that he may have the gratification of spending the day with me in philosophical conversation. On the other side of me resides Sebosus, the man who was once the warm friend of Catulus. Where shall I fly ? I would go directly to Arpinum, were it not more convenient for me to wait for you at Formiæ, at least till the 6th of May. Consider what kind of men they are, who thus obtrude themselves on my attention ; what a fine bargain might any one have of my estate here, while I am persecuted with such company. And yet I must try to write, — what an impracticable task ! when that which I am to write requires great thought and great leisure. I shall however endeavour to satisfy you, and will spare no pains for that purpose.

EPISTLE

¹ Meaning the people of Formia, who were engrafted upon the Æmilian tribe.

EPISTLE XV.

I PERCEIVE that public affairs are as unsettled as you represent them to be in your letter ; and yet the variety of discourses and opinions entertains me. For when I read your letters I think I am at Rome ; and, as it happens in such important conjunctures, I hear sometimes one thing, and sometimes another. I am at a loss to see how the Agrarian law can be so modified as to pass to the satisfaction of all parties. As to the noble spirit of Bibulus, in deferring the election, it only betrays his real sentiments, without serving his country. Are we to repose any confidence in Clodius ? Let him by all means be made a tribune of the people. This, if no other good purpose is answered, will bring you the sooner from Epirus. For I can by no means see how you can be without him, especially if he intends any farther animosity against me. But to be serious, I make no manner of doubt, but that you would fly hither, should any thing of that kind happen. Supposing, however, that not to be the case, yet whether he sinks or saves his country, I promise to myself the entertainment of a charming scene, provided you sit by me while I enjoy it. — Just as I am writing, in comes Sebosus—I had not time to sigh, when Arrius presents his morn-

ing devoirs.—Now do not you think this to be an enviable retirement? What ideas must we have of those from whom I have escaped, when I am content to live with men like these. But I will return to *my native hills and cradled rocks*; and there, if unable to live in solitude, associate with the uncivilized clowns rather than with citizens like these: but still as you write me nothing with certainty, concerning your journey, I will wait for you at Formiæ till the 3d of May.

My wife takes it very kindly that you have been so assiduous and active in her affair with Mulvius. Little does she know, that you defend the common cause of all who possess public lands. You, however, are to pay somewhat of rent, which she refuses to do. She joins in her compliments to you, with Cicero, my infant patriot.

EPISTLE XVI.

I HAD supped, and was just beginning to doze, when, on the last of April, I received your packet, in which you mention the partition of the Campanian lands. I was so enlivened, you may well suppose, with the news, that my drowsiness left me; and I lay awake from thought rather than uneasiness, and I indulged in the following reflections.

In

In the first place, the information, which your former letters gave me, that a friend of a certain person told you, he was to propose a scheme, which would command the general approbation, excited in me greater apprehensions than this occasion required. But it afforded me some comfort to think that the public expectation, which equalled the Agrarian division, terminated in so inconsiderable a bounty; since if divided amongst five thousand, no more than ten acres can fall to every man's share. In consequence of this, all those will be alienated, who are excluded from any share in this distribution. I, moreover, reflected that this, if any, would inflame the men of property, who were already violently incensed; since after the abolition of the Italian duties, and the division of the Campanian estates, no other revenue is left, except the twenty per cent¹. paid upon the manumission of slaves, which is in danger at their instigation of being suppressed in the most insignificant assembly of the populace.

As to our friend Pompey, I am unable to ascertain his real object—

For

¹ This was a tax paid upon the purchase or manumission of slaves, and run up in the nature of our sinking fund, not to be applied but when the exigency was very pressing.

*For now he touches not the slender reed,
But blows the swelling trumpet——¹*

To such extremities is he at length reduced ! For he artfully pleaded that he approved of Cæsar's laws, but that Cæsar himself ought to carry them into execution ; that he was always for an Agrarian law ; that it was immaterial to him whether it was acceded to by the tribunes or not ; that he would cheerfully agree to any proposal for restoring to his throne the Egyptian monarch¹ ; that it little concerned him to inquire whether Bibulus had gone through all the ceremonies of the auspices ; as to the farmers of the revenue, he would most cordially alleviate the grievances of that order ; that he could not foresee or be answerable for the event, if Bibulus should enter himself as a party in the Forum.

But now, vain pretender, what do you say to this juncture ? You have imposed a tribute for us² up on mount Libanus, but have deprived us of our Campanian estates ; and what advantage have we gained by this ? The advantage, if he will acknowledge the truth, is that of being enslaved by the forces of Cæsar, yet we are

¹ Orig. Φυσα γὰρ ἡ σμικροῖσιν αὐλισκοῖς, ἐπὶ ἀλλ' ἀγροῖς φυ-
σαισι φορβῆταις ἀπέρ.

² This related to the dispute concerning the succession to the crown of Egypt.

are awed into subjection, not so much by those forces, as by the imbecility and ingratitude of those, who call themselves men of probity ; who never have repaid, who never have thanked, me for my services, whether acting as a magistrate, or pleading in the senate. If I opposed that party, I should find out some sure means of resisting them with success. My plan, however, is to reconcile the opposite principles of your admired Dicæarchus with my favourite Theophrastus, and unite in my own conduct the active life of the citizen with the speculation of the philosopher. I presume I have already given Dicæarchus abundant satisfaction ; it is therefore time for me to pay the same regard to a sect, which not only allows me to repose, but blames me for having ever acted. Therefore, my friend, let us apply to those delightful studies ; let us, at last, turn to the path, from which we ought never to have departed.

As to what you write concerning my brother Quintus, his letter to me was the very reverse, so that I know not what to say of him. For in the first part of it he laments the inconveniences of his own habitation ; and then, dismissing his sorrow, he solicits me to correct and publish his annals. I wish, however, that you would mind what he writes concerning the duties upon the carriage of goods ; he says, that he has been advised

vised to refer that matter to the senate. He had, it seems, not seen my letter, in which, after mature deliberation, I give it as my opinion that such duties ought not to be levied. In case any Greeks are delegated upon that business from Asia, I desire you to see them, and, if you think proper, lay before them my sentiments on that subject. Were it in my power, I would prevent an important cause for miscarrying in the senate, and satisfy the farmers of the revenue in some other respects: but, if no satisfaction could be given them, I would, to confess to you the truth, be more disposed to gratify the whole province of Asia, and those merchants, whose interest is concerned in that question. This, in my opinion, is the reason which we ought to adopt: and I wish you to consider it.

But do the questors hesitate to receive for payment the Asiatic coin? For if after we have tried every thing, this should be found the only expedient, I had rather take that than nothing. I hope to see you at Arpinum, and I will entertain you with our country fare, since you are out of humour with the sea-coast.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVII.

I AM compelled to believe, at length, that things will prove as you have predicted. Pompey introduces universal confusion, and there is no evil which we have not reason to apprehend from him. He manifestly aims at unlimited dominion: what other inference is to be drawn from his extraordinary marriage, his dividing the Campanian lands, and his waste of the public money? Did matters rest here, they would have been insupportable evils. But the nature of things is such, that they cannot terminate here.

Such outrages are not in themselves desirable: and they are pursued only as avenues to the most ruinous ambition, which the immortal God alone can avert. The pains we have bestowed upon, and the improvement we have made, in philosophy, will be to little purpose; if, when we meet at Arpinum about the 10th of May, we shall, as you say, weep over this melancholy prospect. Let us rather contemplate it with calm and dignified firmness¹.

And

¹ Cicero here acts the stoic, which he dignifies with the name of philosopher. But this is all affectation; such insensibility was not his temper, it was not his principle; though from his ambition and vanity there is reason to infer, that he was more affected

And yet I do not now, as formerly, seek refuge in hope, so much as in indifference, and an indifference too, to which I am a stranger in all concerns, but those that are public and political. But let me confess the truth, (for it is well for a man to know his own foibles,) every vain, every aspiring, sentiment about me is flattered by this state of affairs. Nothing used to mortify me so much, as the fear that, six hundred years hence, Pompey's services to his country should be thought greater than mine. But now, surely, I need not have any such apprehension; for he is so low in public esteem, that the meanest wretch seems a patriot, compared to him. But of this we will talk, when we meet together. For it seems to me that you will be at Rome before me, of which I shall be glad, if it is convenient for you. If this should happen as you write, I beg that you would use all your address in discovering from Theophanes how I stand with our mighty monarch¹. Your discoveries will serve as a rule for

affected by the loss of his own consequence and power than by the ruin of his country. To the honour of the Saviour of the world be it observed, that he wept in silence over the approaching calamities of his native land, and this he did from the purest and most patriotic motives.—E.

¹ *Alabarches*, the title given to Pompey is an oriental term, and signifies a *blessed prince alaph barak*, and is applied to him in reference to his Asiatic conquests. The word was imported to Rome

for my conduct. Some conjectures also may hence be formed as to the state of affairs in general.

EPISTLE XVIII.

I HAVE received from you some letters, in which I can see how earnestly, how impatiently, you long to receive political news. We are besieged on all sides, and slavery is our inevitable doom. Death or banishment, we dread as greater evils; but in reality they are evils far more supportable than the state to which we are reduced. It is a state indeed, which is lamented by all; but no one dares to alleviate his sorrow by avowing it in words. The object, I believe, of those who are at the helm, is to exhaust the civil revenue so much, as to leave nothing to be given hereafter. The young Curio¹ is the only one who treats these measures with open and decided opposition. He receives the loudest applause, the most honourable encomiums, in the forum, and repeated assurances of regard, from our men of property,

Rome from Egypt, where it was used as the title of a magistrate. Those commentators who with Hesychius derive the word from *alaba*, ink, are absurd.—E.

¹ This was a favourite slave of Cicero's brother Quintus, and was the cause of all the complaints against his master's government.

property, while Fusius is followed with hisses and reproaches.

But these, you will say, are circumstances, which excite grief rather than hope; since they discover the public *will* to be free; while the public *virtue* is held in chains¹.

Be not anxious to be informed of minute particulars; but be satisfied with this summary and general view. There is not a shadow of hope of future liberty for private persons, nor even for magistrates. And yet, melancholy as our situation is, we talk more freely than ever in our social and festive circles. Sorrow begins to prevail over fear; every thing, however, is in a most desperate condition. There is likewise a detestable article in the Campanian law, which obliges all candidates publicly to swear to their own condemnation, if ever they shall so much as propose to alter it from the form in which it has been left by Cæsar. Almost every body has readily taken this oath; Laterensis is thought to have acted with prudence in declining, rather than accepting,

¹ This is a very beautiful passage. *His es rebus non spes sed dolor major; cum videas civitatis voluntatem solutam, virtutem alligatam.* The words are similar, though they convey a meaning opposite to those used by the Marquis de la Fayette, in his celebrated Bill of Rights, presented to the National Assembly. "For a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that she knows it; and to be free it is sufficient that she wills it."—E.

accepting, the tribuneship. I feel indisposed to add any more about public affairs. It is an irksome, it is a painful task. Compared with the universal despondency, I support myself with manliness, yet not with a fortitude equal to the magnitude of the occasion. I am also allowed to retire, if I wish, under the pretence of a free legation.

Cæsar generously invites me to become his lieutenant. But this does not sufficiently protect me against the impudence of Clodius, and it compels me to leave Rome when my brother returns to it.

The lieutenantship is the safer measure, and at the same time it does not preclude my visiting Rome, when I am so disposed. I accept this office, but do not think I shall act in it. That, however, is a secret to all but you. I have no inclination to retreat, but love to be in action. The people are in a ferment. But I must say nothing, and do you in this respect preserve silence.

I was much grieved at the manumission of Statius, and some other matters, but I am now grown quite callous to every thing of that kind. I wish for your presence, that I may enjoy both counsel and comfort; but keep yourself in such readiness, that if occasion demands, you may fly to my assistance.

EPISTLE XIX.

I AM greatly distressed, both on account of this commotion in the state, and the various dangers with which I am surrounded. But nothing gives me greater pain than the manumission of Statius. "But not to mention my authority,¹ that he "should disregard even my displeasure!" I am at a loss how to behave, yet the matter is of importance only, as it is made the subject of general conversation. As to myself, I cannot indulge even transient anger against those whom I love, though their conduct may give me great and sensible concern.

But I must advert to affairs of greater consequence. I bear with indifference the threats of Clodius, and the difficulties with which I am to struggle. I think I am able to encounter them with the greatest honour, or to decline them without the least discredit. "As to my honour, you will "perhaps say, that it has been too long con-
"sulted.

¹ These are the words of Demipho, in the *Phormio* of Terence, when he complains of his son's conduct, in marrying without his consent, and even his knowledge. The authority which a father had over a son was absolute and unlimited, and equalled that of a master over his slaves. Hence it is here called *imperium*. Vid. Adam's *Roman Antiq.* p. 47.

"sulted¹. Think, my friend, at length of your "safety." How unfortunate is it, that you are not present; nothing would escape your superior discernment. I am not, perhaps, so discerning; and my sufferings are in reality owing to my integrity.

You must know then, that never was there any thing so infamous, never any thing so generally detested by all kinds, orders, and ages of men, as is the present situation of affairs. It is more so than I could have wished, or even have believed it to be; for the men in power have taught even the most moderate people to hiss at their conduct. Bibulus is extolled to the skies, but I know not for what reason. He is cried up as the only man,

Who saves his country by his dilatory caution².

My favourite Pompey gives me great concern in destroying his own popularity. He has not a follower. I fear that he must now continue connected with Cæsar and Crassus, from a sense of danger as well as inclination. For my part, I do
not

¹ *Alis deus, enough of the oak*, a proverb borrowed from those who lived upon acorns, and at length exchanged them for bread.—E.

² This in part is a verse of Ennius, where he describes M. Fabius, who by his delay in engaging Hannibal defeated him, and was thence called *Cunctator*.—E.

not oppose that party, because I was once their friend; nor, from fear of contradicting all I have done, approve of all they do. I observe a mean.

The people discover their sentiments chiefly at the theatre, and in the public diversions. For in the show of gladiators, he¹, who exhibited them, and all his friends, were loudly hissed. At the Apollinarian Plays², the tragedian Diphilus attacked our friend Pompey with great insolence. He was forced a thousand times to repeat the expression, "To our sad experience art thou great." The whole theatre rung with applauses when he came to that passage, "The time will come, when you shall lament the pre-eminence of which you are now so proud³." And thus the play proceeded. You would say that the speeches of it had been composed by some enemy to Pompey to suit the occasion. The loudest plaudits and hissings ensued, when the play

¹ This was Gabinus, a great friend to Cæsar and Pompey.

² Valerius Maximus tells us, that Pompey was actually present at these plays, and that the player pointed to him when he pronounced the words in question. I own I cannot find the inconsistency so much talked of between our author and Valerius; since nothing in this passage is absolutely conclusive that Pompey was at Capua during the exhibition of the plays.

³ When we compare this passage with the fate of Pompey which followed afterwards, we cannot help concluding, that the Romans were at this time perfectly sensible of the superiority of genius and the ambitious views of Cæsar.

play repeated, "If you are above all law and virtue." When Cæsar entered, a dead silence prevailed. He was followed by the younger Curio, who was received with as much applause as used to attend Pompey, when he returned from his great services to the state. This gave great uneasiness to Cæsar, of which it is said he complained to Pompey at Capua. They were displeased with those knights, who rose up while they were clapping Curio, and they avowed their hatred against the whole audience. They threatened to destroy even the Roscian and the Provision law¹. Every thing indeed is thrown into confusion. I heartily wish their conduct should pass without public animadversion. But this, I fear, is not to be expected. The people now think the burthen imposed upon them to be intolerable. But the general voice is now united, not from hopes of redress, but hatred of the oppressors.

My mortal enemy Clodius, continues his menaces; his antipathy is inexorable, and is now prosecuting a scheme against me, which will demand your immediate assistance. I flatter myself,

¹ By this Roscian law, a place was assigned for the Roman knights at the public diversions. The law for the distribution of provisions, appointed a certain quantity of corn either to be remitted to the people, or to be distributed amongst them.

self, that the consular band of patriots who have hitherto protected me, and even those who feel but coolly disposed towards me, are still firm in my interest. Pompey gives me unequivocal assurances of his friendship. He affirms that even Clodius will propose no hostile motion against me. But in this, though himself is mistaken, I am not to be deceived.

I am invited to succeed the deceased Cosconius¹. The acceptance of this office would entail upon me all the demerits of the deceased, and would not only expose me to the public reproaches, but remove from me every hope of security and protection. That commission is hated by all patriots; and should I act in it, I must take upon myself another man's demerits with my friends, without lessening the load of envy I have contracted from the profligate. Cæsar invites me to be his legate, which would open a more honourable retreat from danger. But at this time I am averse to accept this offer. The only alternative left is to continue the conflict; yet my resolution is not decidedly fixed. I repeat it, I wish that you were here; I will, however, call upon you, if I am under an absolute necessity.

What can I write, what can I say more? The
republic

¹ He had been prætor, and was one of the commissioners for the Agrarian law.

republic is infallibly ruined. There is no dissembling it longer, I write this with a hasty, and indeed with a trembling hand. If, hereafter, I shall meet with a person to whom I can safely trust my letter, I will write you more at large; but supposing I only give you hints, you will easily understand them. In such letters, I will personate Lælius, and address you under the name of Furius. Every thing else shall be ænigmatical. I am at this time seeking with much assiduity the patronage and friendship of Cæcilius. I understand that you have received the protests of Bibulus¹; they fire our friend Pompey with great grief and anger.

EPISTLE XX.

I HAVE complied with your desire, by being, as far as I could, in all respects, serviceable to Anicatus. I received Numestius with pleasure into the number of my friends upon your recommending him so warmly. I am as obliging as I possibly can to Cæcilius; I am pleased with
Varro;

¹ He was Cæsar's colleague in the consulship, and finding all his opposition to Cæsar's actions tended only to endanger his own life, he shut himself up in his house, and was satisfied with publishing thundering protests against all the proceedings of the government.

Varro ; I am the friend and favourite of Pompey. "But you will ask me, Do you believe him sincere?" I answer, yes. He, has thoroughly convinced me that he is. But as I perceive that those writers, whether in verse or prose, who are best acquainted with mankind, prescribe the necessity of caution and distrust, I make it a point to be cautious, though at the same time I cannot help being convinced of my friend's sincerity. Clodius persists in his menaces ; Pompey assures me there is no danger ; he swears to this, and that he will even stake his own life against the least violence that shall be offered to me. The thing is now in agitation, and will let you know as soon as any measure is absolutely determined. If I must enter into action, I must call upon you to bear a part. If I am suffered to remain quiet, I will not disturb your repose at your Amalthea.

I will give you but a very few hints concerning public matters ; for I am now even afraid that my letters will betray me. Therefore if I keep any farther correspondence with you, I must veil my meaning in allegories. In the meanwhile, let me tell you, the state is dying of a new kind of malady. The symptoms are, that every body joins in condemning, and lamenting the present measures : they complain aloud ; their groans are distinctly heard ; and yet no one supplies the public with the necessary relief. I am

of

of opinion that an opposition would terminate in a general slaughter, and yet public ruin appears to be the unavoidable consequence of submission. The applause and approbation of mankind have elevated Bibulus to the skies ; his protests are read, his harangues are repeated every where. By a new path he has ascended the summit of popularity, for nothing is now so grateful to the people as invectives against the friends of the popular party. I shudder at the event of this explosion. But when the mists shall begin to dispel, I will exhibit things to you more distinctly.

If you love me, as I know you do, keep yourself in readiness to fly to me the moment I solicit your assistance. There is no occasion for your changing your name into that of Furius. I shall be Lælius, and you Atticus. But I will correspond with you neither by my own handwriting, nor under my seal, at least, if the subject should be of such a nature as that I would not wish it to fall into strange hands. Diodotus is dead, and has left me a hundred thousand sesterces¹. Bibulus, in an edict, dictated in the stile and spirit of Archilocus², has adjourned the consular

¹ About six hundred pounds of our money.—E.

² Archilocus composed severe and scurrilous verses. From the metre in which they were written, they were called *Iambics*. Of this species of poetry he is said to be the inventor.

Horace

consular elections, to the 18th of October. I have received the books of Vibius. He is a wretched poet, but yet not without some knowledge, and conveys some useful instruction. I will return the poem after having it transcribed.

EPISTLE XXI.

I AM unable to give you a minute account of public affairs. All is lost; things are more wretched than you left them in this respect; at that time the tyranny of the state seemed to be relished by the people, though not by the patriots, yet it did not threaten very ruinous consequences. But at present, it is held in such universal abhorrence that I tremble to think where the explosion shall commence. For we have experienced the passion and pride of those, who, from their rancour to Cato, have ruined every thing. But they have administered to us a poison so slow, that we seem to expire without a pang. At this time, however, I am afraid lest the flame should be again blown up by the hisses of the people, the speeches of the patriots, and the discontents of the Italians. For my part, as I have often told you, I was in hopes that the wheel

Horace thus describes him in his art of poetry. *Proprio rabies armavit Iambro.*—E.

wheel of government would revolve in such a manner as that we could scarcely hear its noise, or see its mark; and this would have been the case, if the public could have waited till the storm was blown over; but having long sighed in private, they then began to murmur and to speak aloud, and at last became clamorous.

Thus our friend, unused to disgrace, accustomed to applause, and borne forward on a tide of glory, is now altered in his countenance; broken in his spirit, and knows not where to turn. While his return is hazardous, he sees nothing before him but a precipitate ruin. The worthy hate him, the profligate do not love him. But to shew you the tenderness of my heart, I could not refrain from tears, when on the 25th of July, I saw him declaiming against the edicts of Bibulus; he, I say, who before used to appear with so much pomp in that place, possessing the applause, and the affections of the people. His appearance was so mean and humiliating, as to excite the commiseration of every observer, and to mortify even himself. To Crassus¹ alone it was a spectacle of pleasure, to all others of great pain. He seemed not to have gently descended, but

¹ Crassus hated Pompey personally, though he was at that time politically connected with him.

but to have been hurled from the firmament of his glory¹.

Supposing an Apelles were to see his Venus, or a Protogenes his Jalysus daubed with mud, we may imagine what pain the artist would feel, and I own it gave me equal concern when I saw the man, whom I had painted with all the colours, whom I had adorned with all the touches of my eloquence, thus suddenly disfigured; while, at the same time, every body thought, from the affairs of Clodius, that I owed him no friendship; but my regard is of such a nature, that it cannot be alienated by any injury. As a proof of what I have been saying, the people are so fond of the severe edicts of Bibulus against him, that the street where they are stuck up, is unpassable from the crowds of people who read them. As to Pompey, he feels them so much, that he languishes with pain. To me indeed the scene was also painful; because I saw in tortures the man whom I loved; and because I feared, lest one so overbearing, so terrible in action, and

so

¹ This description of the fall of Pompey well illustrates some lines in our admired Mr. Gray,

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then hurl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice
And grinning infamy.

E.

so unaccustomed to insults, should yield to the impulses of grief and revenge.

What will become of Bibulus I know not. As things stand, he is at the summit of glory. For, after he had adjourned the elections to the month of October, a measure at other times very little agreeable to the common people, Cæsar endeavoured, by his speeches, to instigate them against Bibulus. But, after many unconstitutional declarations, he could not extort a single word from the assembly. In short, they perceive, that they possess the confidence of no party, and for that reason I am the more afraid of violence.

Clodius still cherishes his enmity; but Pompey assures me that he will adopt no hostile measure against me. It is dangerous for me to believe him, and therefore I prepare for resistance. I hope that I have, on my side, the warm affections of all the orders, and that I shall have your assistance when I require it, especially when it shall appear essential to my welfare. Your arrival, if seasonable, will confer on me additional wisdom, spirit, and even security. Varro gives me much satisfaction, Pompey speaks as if he were inspired; and I hope that I shall effect my retreat with credit, at least without dishonour. Let me know how you are employed, what are your daily amusements, and what you have done with the Sicyonians.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXII.

How do I wish you had stayed at Rome! I protest you should have stayed, had I known what was to happen. For we should easily have managed Clodius¹, at least we should have been able to have formed a judgment of his future proceedings. The matter stands thus at present. He runs about; he raves; every moment he changes his measures, and menaces all he meets; and whatever chance throws in his way directs his motions. When he looks to the government, which is now so generally detested, he seems to direct his attack that way; he suddenly turns upon

¹ *Orig. Nam pulchellum nostrum facillime teneremus.* Monsieur St. Real, and Monsieur Mongault translate this expression, *Nous gouvernerions facilement Clodius.*

It appears from this passage, as I have translated it, how great an opinion our author had of his friend's abilities in the management of parties. We cannot, however, help observing, that Cicero sometimes requires of Atticus, certain services which were not quite agreeable to the character of a gentleman; such as pumping those whom he visited and stood well with, for their secrets, that he might reveal them to our author. I am afraid there is somewhat of that kind, hinted at in this passage; because, when we compare it with many other passages in those letters, we cannot help concluding, that one of the most important pieces of friendship which our author expected of Atticus was, that the latter should be a secret spy for him upon the conduct and conversation of the friends of Clodius.

upon us, as soon as he reflects upon their interests, and the strength of their army¹. As to myself, he threatens me both with force and legal prosecution.

Pompey as he has himself informed me, for I have no other voucher, has treated him with great severity; and told him, that he should be thought the most treacherous, the most infamous of mankind, if I should be endangered by the man, into whose hands he put the sword, by suffering him to be enrolled amongst the commons. Pompey at the time, farther assured me, that both Clodius, and Appius promised not to molest me; which if they did not keep, he would act in such a manner, as to convince the world, that he regarded nothing so much as the long continuance of his friendship with me. After a long conversation to the same purpose, he added, that Clodius, though reluctantly, gave him his hand, and assured him, that he would do nothing against his wishes. Notwithstanding this, he has continued his invectives against me with great rancour, but indeed I should not have trusted him, though his conduct had been otherwise, and I should have taken the same measures I now take for my defence. My measures at present are such, as procure me accession of popularity

¹ Alluding to two legions which Cæsar commanded in Italy, and which he afterwards carried to Gaul.

popularity and interest, as they do not, by any means, interfere with public affairs. I apply myself assiduously to the bar, and to my business in the forum. This, I perceive, gives surprising satisfaction, not only to my clients, but to the people. The resort of company to my house is great; they distinguish me with honour in the streets; the glory of my consulship rises fresh to their remembrance, and every thing gives me intimations of their affections. Upon the whole, I am in hopes that I shall soon be able to sustain the combat meditated against me.

The time is at length arrived, when I feel the want of your advice, your affection, and your friendship. Hasten, therefore, to my assistance; I can do much by the aid of Varro¹, which, when seconded by your efforts, will be more effectual. We can then gather, we can then learn, from Clodius himself, many things which must come to your knowledge. Indeed, not to be particular, many advantages will accrue to me from your immediate presence. When I see you, depend upon having the most minute information. It must be before Clodius enters upon his magistracy; for that is the most critical time. I am of opinion, that if here, you might, through the medium

¹ He was the most learned of all the Romans, and was now a favourite with Pompey. He had been ædile, and was looked upon to be a rising man in the government.

medium of his sister, induce Crassus to sound Pompey; and then, by the same channel, learn how they stand affected towards me; and this would secure me from disquiet, or at least from mistake. I shall afterwards lay before you the particulars of my intention, my danger, and my situation.

Of public affairs, I have nothing worthy of notice to impart, but that the people cherish the bitterest hatred against the usurpers; but there is no hope of redress. You may easily conceive that Pompey is dissatisfied with himself, and heartily repents of his conduct. I cannot distinctly foresee the event; but a terrible explosion must, in a short time, take place. I have returned the works of Alexander, an inelegant orator, and a very indifferent poet, but not entirely without his merit. I feel pleasure in receiving Numerius Numestius in the number of my friends; and can testify, from my own experience of his learning, and his wisdom, that he well deserves your recommendation.

EPISTLE XXIII.

I BELIEVE this is the first letter you ever had from me, that was not written by my own hand. From whence you may conclude how much I am distracted with business. For, I had not a leisure moment;

moment; and, when I went out to take the air¹, I dictated this letter in my walks. In the first place, I want you should know that our friend Pompey is heartily sick of his condition, and that he would gladly wish to be reinstated in the place from whence he is fallen; that he has made me the confident of his melancholy reflections, and sometimes positively asks my advice how they can be cured. But, indeed, I know not how to advise him. In the next place, you must know that all the leaders and confederates of that party are, of themselves, dwindling away without an opposition; and never was there a time when people were more united than they now are, both in sentiments and speeches.

As to my own part (for I know you expect to be informed of that particular,) I assist at none of their public counsels, and I dedicate myself entirely to the business and labours of the forum; from whence you may easily imagine, that I have frequent opportunities of hearing my former actions mentioned, with the warmest wishes that the same patriot scene should now be reacted. But the brother of our modern Juno continues to hurl his menaces; he denies, indeed, all to Pompey;

¹ *Orig. recreandæ voculæ causa.* From this, and other passages, it appears that Cicero, and the ancients, used to walk in order to open their lungs, which was of vast advantage to their voice.

pey; but, to others, he acknowledges, and even boasts of his menaces. As you really love me therefore, if you are sleeping, awake; if you are standing, move; if you are moving, run; if you are running, fly. I cannot easily express to you what confidence I have in your consummate sagacity and wisdom, your friendship, and your honour. The importance of the subject demands a minute detail; but so closely connected are our sentiments, that I am warranted in being thus brief. It will be material to my interest, that you should be in Rome by the time when Clodius enters on his office; if not, when the assemblies are held for his election. I wish you well.

EPISTLE XXIV.

Nothing could be more pressing, nothing could be more earnest for your coming hither, than the letters I wrote you by Numestius. Come, if you can, with additional swiftness. Take not, however, this importunity amiss, for I know how much you are my friend; I know how solicitous, how anxious, your affections are; but the matter, I hope, will not be so bad in the event, as it is in the prospect. Vettius¹, my informer

¹ I own that this, amongst many other circumstances, gives me

former in the Catiline conspiracy, as I have learned, had promised Cæsar, that he would substantiate, against the younger Curio, the charge of treasonable crimes. Having, therefore, insinuated himself into the confidence of this young man, with whom, as it appears, he had many meetings, he went so far as to inform him, that he designed to let loose his slaves upon Pompey, and to murder him. Curio disclosed this to his father, who discovered it to Pompey.

The matter was brought into the senate-house, where Vettius appeared. At first he denied that he had ever any conversation with Curio; but he soon changed his tone; for he immediately demanded to be admitted an evidence, which was easily granted. He then informed the house, that Curio was at the head of a conspiracy of young men; in which Paulus originally entered with Quintus Cæpio, Brutus, and Lentulus, the son of the pontiff, and that too with his father's knowledge. He then said, that Caius Septimus brought him a dagger from Bibulus. This the senate derided; and the circumstance of Vettius being without a dagger, unless the consul had given

me strong suspicions, that we know but half the story of Catiline's conspiracy, and of the deaths of the conspirators. This Vettius, upon whom, by the bye, Cicero relied for intelligence, appears, from Cicero's own words here, to have been a fellow fitted for any villany, and no manner of credit ought to have been given to his evidence.

given him one, they regarded as equally absurd. Another circumstance, which induced the house to discredit the information, was, that, on the 13th of May, Bibulus had warned Pompey to guard against treachery, for which he had Pompey's thanks. The younger Curio was brought in, and replied to all that Vettius had advanced, and refuted his accuser, by the impossibility of the young men's intending to attack Pompey in the forum, with the gladiators of Gabinius, and of Paulus's being their leader; when it appeared, that, at that very time, Paulus was in Macedonia. The senate decreed that Vettius, having confessed that he was armed with a weapon¹, should be put in irons; and whoever attempted to rescue him, should be deemed an enemy to his country. Their scheme, according to the general opinion, was, that Vettius should be taken in the forum with a dagger, and his slaves with weapons, and that then he would have asked to be admitted an evidence; but that the scheme was disconcerted, by the previous information which Pompey received from the Curiones. The decree of the senate was then repeated in an assembly of the people.

Next day, however, Cæsar, though when prætor,

¹ This was a kind of a breach of the peace, as appears by Cicero's oration for Milo.

tor, he had ordered Quintus Catulus to plead from a place beneath his dignity¹, authorised Vettius to ascend the rostrum; a situation to which the consul Bibulus himself presumed not to aspire. Here he made some free animadversions upon public matters; and having come well prepared and instructed, he, at first, did not implicate Cæpio in his charge, though in the senate he had accused him of atrocious crimes. This sufficiently evinces that his mother had, the preceding evening, effectually interceded for the suppression of his name². In the next place, he directly

¹ When Cæsar was prætor, he obliged Catulus, who was one of the greatest men in Rome, to account for his conduct, while he was one of the commissioners for building the capitol. But when he brought him before the rostrum, he examined Catulus, without desiring him to mount it. For no private person could mount the rostrum, without leave from a magistrate; though that compliment was generally paid to men of distinction, who were no magistrates; and Cæsar had even bestowed it upon so infamous a fellow as Vettius.

² *Orig. Ut appareret noctem et nocturnam deprecationem intercessisse.* The reader is here to understand, that there was an intrigue, which was very freely talked of, between Servilia, the mother of Brutus, who was likewise called Cæpio, from his being adopted into that family, and Cæsar, who was thought to be the father of Brutus. It was, therefore, natural for Cæsar and Servilia to order Vettius not to mention Brutus upon this occasion; though Brutus had otherwise great provocation from Pompey, who had put his father to death, and so was a person likely enough to enter into any conspiracy against Pompey.

directly named, as accomplices, men of whom he had not before given the most distant intimation in the senate; particularly Lucullus¹, who, he said, frequently sent to him Caius Fannius, who had acted in the impeachment against Clodius; Lucius Domitius Ænobarbus, from whose house, he said, the conspirators were to break out. He did not, indeed, expressly name me; but he said that a fine speaker of the consular rank, who lived in the neighbourhood of a present consul², had told him, that there was, at this time, great occasion for an Ahala Servilius³, or a Brutus⁴. At last, when the assembly was dismissed, and when he was called aside by Vatinius, he said that he heard, from Curio, that my son-in-law Piso, and Marcus Laterensis, were concerned in the conspiracy. Vettius is now accused, before Crassus Dives, of seditious practices; but, supposing him condemned, he will pretend to make new discoveries, and if his scheme succeed, we shall

¹ There was no good understanding between this great man and Pompey, who had snatched, both from him and from Crassus, the glory of finishing their wars, after their difficulties and dangers were over.

² Cicero's house was near that of Cæsar.

³ Ahala Servilius was general of the horse under Cincinnatus, and killed with his own hand Spurius Melius, who was suspected of aspiring to the government.

⁴ The same who expelled the Tarquins.

shall have a great number of trials. Though I am not used to slight the smallest matter, I have no apprehension from all this. I can, at least, perceive strong indications of the people's affection for me; but so very full is every thing of wretchedness, that I am absolutely tired of my life. A little while ago, we apprehended a general massacre, which was prevented only by the resolute reply of that brave veteran Quintus Considius¹. By this discovery the dangers, which we might have foreseen and apprehended, suddenly burst, in full evidence, before the public. In a word, nothing can appear more wretched than my situation; nothing more enviable than that of Catulus, whether I regard the dignity of his life, or the character of the times. Amidst these various dis-

¹ The story was this: Cæsar filled the forum with his troops, when he obtained the government of the Gauls for five years. This did not daunt Cato from opposing him; upon which Cæsar was so exasperated, that he ordered Cato to be carried to prison. This struck a damp upon the people, from the opinion they had of Cato's virtue. Cæsar was afraid of the consequences, and saw he had mistaken his measure; and, underhand, he prevailed with one of the tribunes, who could do it, by his office, to restore Cato to liberty; but he still continued his guards upon the senate house; the terrors of which drove great numbers of the senators from Rome. Cæsar, one day taking notice of the thinness of the senate, Considius told him, that the members durst not attend, for fear of their lives. Then, said Cæsar, why do you attend? Because, replied the other, I am too old to fear death.

distresses, my mind is calm and undejected; and I maintain my dignity with credit, and studied attention to propriety. Pompey desires that I will not be uneasy concerning Clodius; and, in all his speeches, he gives me the strongest assurances of his friendship. I want you, my friend, to be the director of my conduct; to be the partner of my troubles, and the sharer of all my affections. For this reason, have I charged Numestius to entreat you; and I repeat my entreaty, if possible, in a more earnest manner, that you will instantly hasten to me. Your presence would afford me fresh life and vigour.

EPISTLE XXV.

WHENEVER I commend to you any of your friends, I desire you to inform him of my commendation. You will recollect that I told you in my letter, how obliging and serviceable Varro has been to me; which, as I learn from your reply, gave you much pleasure. I wish you had communicated this to him; and inform him, that what he might do, would impose on me much greater obligations, than what he has done in my favour; for he is very wary, and wonderfully sagacious in discerning the dark and disguised views of Cæsar and Pompey. That we ought to yield to the will of those in power, is a maxim,

maxim, the propriety of which we must not now call in question.

As to your friend the gardener¹, how high was I raised by his abundant, ingenious, and elegant praise, when he mentioned the prætorship of Flaccus², and the conspiracy of the Allobroges. No commendation, indeed, could have been more honourable, more affectionate, or more satisfactory. I desire, by all means, that you let him know you have all this from me. But why should I speak of your writing to this place, as I have done in my former letter, when I think you are already alighted, and entering the room. I earnestly expect, I earnestly desire, the presence of my friend; yet my expectation and desire are not greater than my necessity and danger.

I can add nothing to the accounts I have already often sent you, concerning public affairs. Nothing can be more desperate than the state of the public, and nothing more detestable than its authors. My opinion, my hope, my conjecture tells me, that I am entirely secure in the affec-
tions

¹ Orig. *At Hercule alter tuus familiaris Hortalus*. This is a low pun upon the name of Hortensius, who is here meant.

² This Flaccus was accused before the people, and was defended by Cicero; and Hortensius, who, it seems, took occasion to extol Cicero, by putting the audience in mind, that Flaccus was prætor the same year that Cicero was consul.

tions of my country. Therefore fly to me; you will either deliver me from, or participate in, all my troubles. I do not farther enlarge in this letter, as I hope that, in a short time, we shall talk together without reserve. I wish you well.

CICERO's

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK III.

EPISTLE I.

I WISH I may see the day¹, when I shall thank you for having compelled me not to end my being. Hitherto I feel weary of life; but I beg that

¹ The reader will perceive, that Cicero's incautious conduct, during his consulship, and his cowardly behaviour, when pushed by Clodius, had driven him into severe banishment, which he bore with unparalleled despondency. It is true, the love of his country is still visible through all his expressions of personal affliction; but a man must be fond of Cicero to madness and enthusiasm, should he deny that his dejection and despondency in his adversity, were only proportioned to his insolence and vanity in his prosperity. This is often, if not always, the case with human nature; nor is there a more illustrious instance of it than in the person of Cicero. In his letters, where he lays open, without reserve, the sentiments of his

that you will instantly meet me at Vibo, to which I have many reasons for retiring. But if you come to that city, we shall settle the plan of

his heart, we find him, by turns, blaming or blackening, reproving or reviling, the greatest men of Rome. We have already seen with what contempt he, on all occasions, characterises Pompey; how he loads Crassus, blames Cæsar, vilifies Hortensius, sneers at Lucullus, and treats even Cato as a wrong-headed man, of a narrow genius, and more fitted to mislead than to direct a party.

Cicero made a very happy choice of Atticus for his confidant. He was a Roman knight, who had formed to himself and pursued, a scheme of pleasure, which that age thought to be rational, and succeeding times have pronounced to be amiable. He was a professed Epicurean, and acted up to all the refinements of that sect, both in morality and friendship. His avowed maxim was, to be easy under all governments; and as pleasure was his pursuit, he found he could succeed only by becoming, "all things to all men." His knowledge of men and books, made him the most entertaining companion of his age; while his good sense, and experience of life, gave him all the advantages that could be sought in the friend, or the man of genius. Cicero, whose heart was good when uninfluenced by fear or vanity, found, in Atticus, what he could not find in the world besides, a man void of prepossessions for any party, and full of benevolence for all mankind. But Cicero did not reflect that those qualities, so seemingly amiable, meant no more than that Atticus was resolved not to be troubled with any thing that concerned his country; and wished mankind extremely well, because another's unhappiness gave him pain. Thus the patriotism of Atticus was too diffused, and his friendships too dissipated. His country had neither benefit from his abilities in the state, nor his friends from his credit with the public.

A man

of my destined retreat. Should you not comply with this request, I shall feel disappointed; but I have confidence in your readiness to oblige me.

EPISTLE II.

THE reason of my departure was, because, in my situation, there was no place where I could con-

A man thus formed, whose company was courted, whose conversation was admired, and whose person was esteemed, by all parties, must have soon lost his character and credit with all, had he been particular upon any one point of public concern; and such the case of Cicero was. That he avoided this is evident; not so much from the history we have of Atticus, as from the repeated intimations of our author, who, by turns, admonishes, exhorts, entreats, and even reproaches him, for his insensible returns of friendship. It is true, we have no letters of Atticus to Cicero. But one, with a very small share of sagacity, may venture to say, that they were full of general assurances of friendship, of exhortations to bear his misfortunes patiently, of the conversation he had with one great man, of the promises made him by another, and of the declarations of a third in his favour; but without coming to any one point which Atticus hazarded for his friend, or in which he risked the loss, either of his credit or his interest, with the Roman grandees. Add to this, it is not impossible, and it may be even gathered from many parts of our author's works, that Atticus, in his frequent unreserved conversations with the enemies of Cicero, might have dropt some hints, from which they might have gathered the sentiments, if not the views, of our author.

continue longer in, than the seat of Sica¹, especially as my sentence is not engrossed. At the same time, I understand, that if I had you with me, I could go from thence to Brundusium; where, without your protection, I could not continue, on account of Autronius³. Now, as I wrote you before, if you come to me, we will concert our whole plan of proceeding. It is, I know, a troublesome journey; but the whole of my misfortunes are attended with troubles of every kind. I am so astonished, so dejected, that I can write no more. Farewel, my friend. Dated April 8, upon the confines of Lucania.

EPISTLE

¹ Fundus appears to have signified at first a *country building*, and then the *land* belonging to it. See Adam's *Antiq.* p. 92.—The phrase in *fundum*, is for *in fundo*; so the Greeks sometimes wrote *eis oikon*, into the house, for *en oikon*, in the house; *eis oimodion*, for *en oimodion*, in the ashes.—E.

² Before a law in Rome was published, it was posted up in three fair days, in the whole twenty-seven days, that it might be amended. The bill against Cicero imported, that he should be prohibited from fire and water; that is, from all the necessities of life; and that it should be penal for any one to give him shelter. There was, however, no determined distance to which he was banished; and the law was posted up till that should be ascertained. Cicero took the advantage of this uncertainty to hover, for some time, upon the coast of Italy.

³ He had then a command in the Roman army; and having been engaged in Catiline's conspiracy, he had a hatred for our author.

EPISTLE III.

I HOPE you will impute it to my misery, rather than my want of resolution, that I so suddenly left Vibo, where I solicited you to meet me. I have received the sentence of my destruction, in which are the insertions I expected, and which imply that I am banished four hundred miles from Italy. Finding thus that I was not at liberty to go to Vibo, I immediately set out for Brundusium, so as to be there the day before my sentence had taken place, both to save Sica, my host, from destruction, and likewise because the isle of Malta was too near to Italy. Do you now make haste, that you may overtake me; I mean, if I am received there. Hitherto I have received very kind invitations, but I dread what yet remains. My friend, I greatly regret that I have not put an end to my existence. It is chiefly owing to you that I continue to live. But we will talk of this together. Do you only take care to come.

EPISTLE IV.

I ALWAYS thought it would be the greatest advantage for me to have you along with me, but more than ever, when upon reading my sentence,

tence, I understood that nothing could happen more desirable for me, with regard to my intended journey, than that you should join me with the first opportunity, in order to determine whether, after having left Italy, I shall pass through Epirus under your protection, or follow some other course. I therefore entreat that you would immediately set out to meet me. You may be the more able to do this, as a decree is already passed concerning the government of Macedonia¹. I would express myself to you more at large, were it not that my circumstances are a sufficient apology to one who is my friend.

EPISTLE V.

My wife informs me in frequent and warm terms of your kindness to her. I am greatly obliged to you for these instances of your friendship. I live in misery and sorrow, and from the agitation of my mind know not what to write to you. If you are at Rome, you cannot now overtake me; but if you are on the road, when we meet together, we will concert our final plan. All I beg of you is, that as you have ever loved me

¹ Atticus had a great deal of business in that province, the government of which, with that of several adjacent countries, had been granted to Piso, through the interest of Clodius.

me personally, you will continue in the same affections. I am still the same man. My enemies have robbed me of all my external comforts, but not of my internal peace and satisfaction¹. My friend I wish you well. Dated at Thurium the 10th of April.

EPISTLE VI.

I FLATTERED myself that I should have seen you at Tarentum or Brundisium, for many reasons, especially that I might be determined as to my residence in Epirus, and that I might have your advice in settling other matters. My disappointment in this respect increases the load of my other miseries. I am setting out for Cyzicum² in Asia. My relatives and friends I recommend to your protection; as to what concerns myself, I can scarce be said to live, but to breathe, and that too with pain. Dated the 11th of April from Tarentum.

EPISTLE

¹ Orig. *Inimici mei mea mihi, non me ipsum ademerunt.*

The commentators have been at great pains to puzzle this passage, which I hope I have translated clearly and consistently with the original.

² This was a town in Mysia upon the Propontis.

EPISTLE VII.

I ARRIVED at Brundisium on the 18th of April, on which day I received your letters from your slaves, and three days after, another packet was delivered by a person in your service. I am extremely obliged to you for the pressing invitation with which you have favoured me, to reside at your house in Epirus. How ardently do I wish to spend all the time of my exile in that place. For I hate a crowd. I shun mankind, scarcely can I bear the light. Such a solitude, upon so friendly a spot, would be, to me, by no means disagreeable. But in the first place, it is too far from the road to interrupt my journey for the sake of a few days entertainment. In the next place, I shall be no more than four days journey distant from Autronius and his associates; and lastly, I shall be without you. It is highly desirable, that the place of my destination should be so fortified as to secure me from violence: but there can be no danger of being molested in my journey to it thither. If I durst venture, I would go to Athens, were it situated at the distance I could wish. At present, many of my enemies reside in that city. I have not your company, and I am afraid that that town may be interpreted to be within my prescribed distance from Italy,

neither

neither do you write me on what day I am to expect you.

Your advice and consolation have hitherto restrained me from doing violence to myself. But your encouragements have not been able to reconcile me to the course I have followed, and to the life I lead. For what is there for which I should now desire to live, especially if I am disappointed in the hopes I carried with me out of Rome¹. I will not, indeed I will not, recount all the wretchedness into which I am fallen, through the unexampled injustice, and the wickedness, rather of the men who envied, than of those who hated me, lest I should awaken myself to all the horrors of my condition, and you to a feeling of my sorrows. One thing I affirm, that never was a man oppressed with such a weight of calamity, never had a man more reason to implore death. But the time is irrevocably passed when I might have died with glory. The remainder of my days cannot repair, they can only finish, my miseries.

I perceive that you have collected every public incident which you think likely to flatter my hopes of seeing a change in my favour. Those hopes

¹ Our author's friends had, that they might get rid of him with the less trouble to themselves, buoyed him up with the hopes that the inconstancy of the people would soon recall him.

hopes I own are faint, yet to please you, I will live in the indulgence of them. Meanwhile, if you make haste, you can overtake me, for I shall either stop in Epirus, or make very slow journies over the mountains of Candavia¹. It is not from indecision that I hesitate to pass through Epirus, but because I have not as yet ascertained where I am to see my brother. See him did I say! How shall I be able to see him! How shall I bear to part with him! This completes my misery; of all my sorrows this is the most oppressive². I would write to you oftener, and more fully, did not grief deprive me of all my senses, and especially of my power to write. I long to see you, I wish you well. Dated from Brundisium the last of April.

EPISTLE VIII.

As I was leaving Brundisium, I wrote to you that my reasons for not going to Epirus were, that it lay in the neighbourhood of Achaia, that it abounded with my most inveterate enemies, and that the roads, which lead from that country, are very tedious. Add to this, when I was at
Durazzo,

¹ These were a chain of mountains, reaching from Illyria to the gulph of Thessalonica.

² *Orig. Miserrimam mearum omnium miseriarum.*

Durazzo, I received two accounts, one that my brother was coming from Ephesus to Athens by sea; the other that he was travelling by land, through Macedonia. I therefore sent him a message to Athens, desiring him to meet me at Thessalonica, where I arrived on the 23d of May, and all I can hear for certain concerning his rout is, that he had for some days left Ephesus.

I own that I am excessively alarmed at the measure meditated against him at Rome¹. Your letter of the 23d of May says, that he will be impeached with severity; but in another letter you give me to hope that milder measures will be adopted. But the date of the latter is prior to that of the former letter. Thus harassed and consumed with unnecessary anxieties, I feel this additional vexation with unsupportable anguish. The weather has been for some time very tempestuous, and my brother not knowing for certain where to find me, has, perhaps, pursued another course. His Freedman Phaeto, who after being forced from him by a storm into Macedonia, joined me at Pella, had not seen him.

I perceive

¹ Cicero's brother Quintus was one of those characters that act better in a subordinate, than in a first sphere of life. For though he afterwards behaved extremely well as Cæsar's lieutenant, yet he acted in so arbitrary and insolent a manner in his government, that he was at this time threatened with an impeachment at Rome.

I perceive I am not to hope for any alleviation of my distresses; I have nothing to write; I am afraid of every thing: nor is there any misfortune, which may not be expected to befall me, and thus to complete my calamities. My excessive grief and troubles are aggravated by my delay at Thessalonica, where I am tormented with doubt and fear without spirit to support me.

I have not seen Trypho Cæcilius. From what you have written to me I learn the nature of your conversation with Pompey. But I am unable to conceive that such a revolution in the government, as you either foresee, or pretend to foresee, can take place in my favour. As Pompey has connived at the injustice done to Tigranes¹, all hopes are lost. I will, as you desire me, return thanks to Varro and Hypsæus. I intend complying with your advice, in not removing far from this place, till I learn all that shall happen in the

¹ Pompey had brought one of the sons of Tigranes, king of Armenia, to Rome, and committed him to the custody of the prætor Flavius, from whom Clodius, being bribed to it with great sums, saved him, and privately put him on board a ship for his own country. The young prince, however, being forced ashore, Flavius went with a strong body of men to retake him; but he was encountered on the road by Clodius and his friends, who defeated Flavius, and cut his party in pieces. Though the great interest of Clodius obliged Pompey to put up with this affront yet it was one of the chief, though secret, motives that determined him to recall Cicero.

the month of May; but where to reside till then, I am not yet determined. The truth is, from my excessive anxieties about my brother Quintus, I am not capable of forming any determination. I will, however, send you every necessary information.

I am inclined to think that you see the agitation of my mind in the mode of my writing to you; but distressed as I am with inconceivable, unexampled afflictions, my sorrow does not proceed so much from what I suffer, as from reflections upon my own misconduct. You are at length become sensible of the villany of that man who encouraged and betrayed me. I wish we had perceived it before this affair is become thus irretrievable; and had not abandoned ourselves to passive, unresisting despondency. If therefore you hear that I am overwhelmed, that I am consumed in misery, you are to conclude, that I feel more from my own imprudence, than for my condition, because I confided in a man, who, without appearing so to me, is the most unprincipled of mankind. I am unable to proceed from reflections on my own sufferings, and fear concerning my brother. I beg you will examine and manage all my concerns. My wife remembers you with the deepest gratitude; I have sent you a copy of the letter, which I sent to Pompey. Dated from Thessalonica the 29th of May.

EPISTLE IX.

ON the last of April my brother Quintus left Asia, and on the 15th of May he arrived at Athens. He was obliged to repair with great haste to Rome, for fear of being injured in his absence, by those who may not think that I am yet sufficiently miserable. I rather chose that he should make all the haste possible to Rome, than come to me; and at the same time, (for I will acknowledge the truth, and you may hence infer the extent of my sufferings) I could not bring myself to face the man who is so dear to my heart, and see him weep with compassion over my afflictions; nor could I suffer him to become the spectator of my misfortunes, and thus, by his generous sympathy, to share in them. I was even afraid of what must have happened, I mean, that he could not have left me; I formed him to my imagination, either resigning the badges of his authority, or suffering himself to be torn by force from my embraces. I shunned this bitter affliction by that of not seeing my brother. Such are the miseries I endure in consequence of your advice not to put an end to my life. It is by following this counsel that I am now punished.

After all, your letters by which I perceive how sanguine your hopes are, give me some comfort;
at

at least, I found in them some consolation till you came to that passage, "After you have gained Pompey, apply to Hortensius¹, and the rest of his party." What, my dearest Pomponius, are you still ignorant that these are the men by whose practices, by whose intrigues, by whose perfidy, I am ruined! But I will talk this over with yourself, only I cannot help repeating what I believe, you know, that I was not ruined by those who hated, but by those who envied me. After all, if things are

¹ Our author is most unreasonably peevish with this great man, and with the true spirit of jealousy gives us a great many hints, as if Hortensius had helped to ruin him, that he might engross to himself the whole glory of the bar. There is somewhat extremely silly in all this, and nothing but Cicero's intolerable vanity could have prevented him from seeing it. For when things were brought to a desperate pass, and when all the attempts of Hortensius, and our author's other friends, could not save him, what did Hortensius do? "You have (we may suppose him to have said) done all that a good patriot ought to do, to save yourself. But act not now like a profligate citizen, by taking up arms, by lighting up a civil war in your country, and anticipating her miseries. You are not fit for being a leader in so desperate an enterprize. Give way, therefore, like a good patriot to the storm; when it is blown over, we will omit no opportunity to serve you by constitutional measures." This speech, from Cicero's own statement, contains the sum of all the treachery of Hortensius towards him. Hortensius was as good as his word. For we find, from Cicero himself, that he was amongst the first to forward all the measures for his being recalled, and even exposed his life to the fury of Clodius upon that account.

as you hope, I will support myself, and enjoy the comforts which you present. But if they are, as I apprehend them to be, I am determined that the action, which I was not at liberty to perform, when I might have done it with glory, shall be executed, though with less advantage to my character.

My Wife often remembers you with thanks. The affair of my unhappy brother is one of the misfortunes that give me concern. When I know the issue with regard to him, I shall be prepared to determine what course to take. According to your advice I remain at Thessalonica, waiting for letters, and the effects of those good offices you mention. As soon as I have fresh information, I shall speedily come to a resolution. I may every day expect to see you, if, as you write me, you left Rome on the 1st of June. I have sent you the letter I wrote to Pompey. Dated from Thessalonica, June the 13th.

EPISTLE X.

I HAVE learnt from your letters all that passed till the 25th of May. I waited for accounts of what has happened since that time, by your advice, at Thessalonica. When I have received them, I shall the more easily determine where I
am

am to reside. For if there is occasion, if any thing is in hand, if I have any encouragement, I either will remain here, or I will repair to you. But if, as you inform me, there are but small hopes of such incidents, then must I determine on some other course. Hitherto, you have hinted nothing to me but the divisions that prevail among my enemies; but those divisions spring from other matters than my concerns, I cannot therefore, see how they can be of advantage to me. I will, however, humour you as to every circumstance, from which you desire me to hope for the best.

As to the frequent and severe reproofs you throw out against my want of fortitude, let me ask you whether there is an evil which is not included in my misfortunes? Did ever man fall from so elevated a station, in so good a cause, with such advantages of genius, experience, and popularity, or so guarded by the interest of every worthy patriot? Is it possible I should forget who I have been; that I should not feel who I am; what glory, what honour, what children, what fortunes, and what a brother I have lost? A brother, that you may know my calamities to be unexampled, whom I loved, whom I have ever loved more than myself; yet have I been forced to avoid the sight of this very brother, lest I should either behold his sorrow and dejection, or present myself a wretch undone and lost, to him
who

who had left me in high and flourishing circumstances. I omit my other intolerable reflections that still remain; for I am stopped by my tears. Tell me am I most to blame, for giving vent to such sorrows, or for surviving my happy state, or for not still possessing it, which I easily might have done, had not the plan of my destruction been laid within my own walls. I write this that you may rather administer your wonted condolence than expose me as deserving of censure and correction. I write but a short letter to you because I am prevented by my tears; and the news I expect from Rome is of more importance to me than any thing I can write of myself. Whenever any thing comes to my knowledge I will inform you exactly of my resolution. I beg you will continue to inform me so particularly of every thing, that I may be ignorant of nothing that passes. Dated from Thessalonica the 18th of June.

EPISTLE XI.

SOME good news, though not of an unquestionable authority, the receipt of some of your letters, the expectation of more, and your commands, detained me at Thessalonica. When I shall have received the letters I expect, and shall

shall find any ground for hope in the reports that are now circulated I will repair to you; if not, I will inform you of my proceeding. Continue to assist me with your cares, your counsels, and your interest. Leave off comforting me, but do not reprove me; when you do this, I greatly feel the want of your love, and condolence; though I figure you in my mind, so affected by my troubles, that you are inconsolable yourself. Support my best beloved, my tenderest brother Quintus. I beg you will let me know all you can learn for certain. Dated this 28th of June.

EPISTLE XII.

YOU take indeed great pains to convince me that I have reason to hope, especially from the senate; and you tell me that a motion would have been made concerning me in that house, but that none has been made, because of the clause in my Act of Banishment against any such motion. Here you upbraid me for indulging my sorrows, while you are conscious to yourself that no man had ever greater cause to lament. You suggest that a favourable change will take place in the popular assemblies, but what expectation

pectation can I entertain, while the acting tribune, and the consul elect¹ are my enemies.

You also censure me in respect to the speech which has been lately published², I beg that you will, if possible, repair the evil which its publication has occasioned; I own that I wrote it a great while ago, and under the influence of passion; but he gave the first provocation; yet I took such care to suppress it, that I never imagined it could have appeared before the public. By what means it has been published I am ignorant. But as I never happened to have the least difference with him, and as it is less correctly composed than my other orations, I think it may be insisted, that it is not my composition. If you believe the wound which this has occasioned me to be curable, I beg you to bestow upon it proper attention; but if I am ruined, I am the more indifferent. Here I lie, still on the same spot, without the exercise either of my tongue or my thoughts. Though, as you mention, I desired

¹ We learn from Appian, that it was enacted at Rome that when a tribune of the people could not immediately, upon his going out of that office, stand for another public office, he was to have the preference at the next tribunitial election. Clodius found the tribuneship too serviceable for him to quit it for one year; and the consul here mentioned was Metellus his cousin-german, and a determined enemy to Cicero.

² This oration has not come to our hands, and it probably was written against Curio.

sired you would come to me at Dodona, yet I understand you may be of real service to me in this affair, where you are, and that, if with me, you could give but little comfort even by your conversation. I can write no more, nor have I more subjects to write upon. I therefore the more earnestly wait for yours. Dated at Thessalonica, the 17th of July.

EPISTLE XIII.

YOUR letters lead me to entertain sanguine expectations respecting what Pompey may do, or pretends to do, in my favour. I suppose by this time, the popular assemblies have been held. In these, you write me, he intended to introduce a motion for my restoration. If you think my hopes illgrounded, you are to reflect, that they spring from the encouragement you gave me; at the same time, I am sensible that those letters used rather to check, than to encourage, my fond wishes. At present I beg that you will represent things to me as you really see them. I know that my repeated misconduct has brought me into all these troubles; but should any favourable occurrence in any degree rectify the consequences of them, I shall the less regret that I have lived, and still continue to live.

I have

I have not yet removed from Thessalonica, because the road I must pass is so public, and because I am in daily expectation of some happy change¹; but I am now compelled to leave it, not by Plancius², for he does all he can to retain me, but by the place itself, which offers no means to amuse me or to alleviate the weight of my sorrows. I did not, as I signified to you, go to Epirus, as I have been unexpectedly supplied with every necessary information, so that there is no necessity for my being nearer to Italy.

If I receive any favourable news of the assemblies, I will go hence to Asia, but to what particular place I am not yet determined. Where I am you shall know. Dated from Thessalonica the 21st of July.

EPISTLE XIV.

As to what I wrote to you concerning my intention of removing to Epirus, after I saw my hopes diminish and at last vanish, I altered my purpose;

¹ *Orig. Ego, propter viæ celebritatem, et quotidianam expectationem rerum novarum, non commovi me adhuc Thessalonica.* This passage may be likewise translated, that Cicero remained at Thessalonica, because he had there the convenience of the great road for his intelligence, but my translation, I think, suits better with other passages of his Epistles.

² He was then quæstor of Macedonia.

purpose; nor did I leave Thessalonica, where indeed I intend to remain till I receive farther particulars respecting the motion which, as you hinted to me, Pompey intended to propose in the popular assemblies. Since, therefore, that time is past, and since you write me nothing about it, I presume that you had nothing to write; and I shall the less regret my disappointment, as the period, in which I indulged my vain hopes, was of a short continuance¹.

As to the advantageous turn, which, according to you, affairs are likely to take in my favour, they who come from Rome hither tell me it is all a delusion. My hope rests now upon the future tribunes of the commons, and if I live till they enter upon their charge, you cannot surely reproach me for having been wanting to my own interest, and to the zeal of my friends. You often accuse me with being too much dejected under my misfortunes, but you ought to forgive

¹ Monsieur Mongault justly observes, that all the commentators have been mistaken in this passage; but I do not think, that he himself has been entirely happy in rectifying them. The original is, *Neque temporis non longinqua spe ductum esse moleste feram.* He translates it, *Il faudra me consoler de m'être jusqu'ici laissé repaître se vainement d'idée d'un retour prochain.* But I think it is much more natural to understand the short period here mentioned to be meant of Pompey's motion in the senate, which Cicero flattered himself would be soon made.

forgive me this weakness ; for you never saw, you never heard of any one so distressed as I am. You tell me, that my sufferings have affected my understanding. This is not true ; and I wish my judgment had been equally sound and clear at the time I united with those hostile and cruel traitors, whom I imagined to be the best friends to my interest and welfare ; those who, when they saw me somewhat indisposed from apprehension, had recourse to all the arts of perfidy and cruelty, as means to effect my ruin.

Now as I am to remove to Cyzicum, where our opportunities of correspondence will be less frequent, I beg that you will be the more careful to inform me of all you think I ought to know. I recommend to you my brother Quintus should I, in my misery, leave him in safety, I shall not think that the whole of myself is perished. Dated the 5th of August.

EPISTLE XV.

I RECEIVED, on the 13th of August, four of your letters. In the first, you reprové me for my unmanly spirit ; in the second, you inform me of what you learned from the freedman of Crassus, concerning my emaciated, desponding condition ;

condition ; in the third, you inform me of the proceedings in the Senate-house ; in the fourth, you tell me that Varro gives you fresh assurances of Pompey's inclination to serve me.

In answer to the first, I assure you, so far am I from being deranged, and consumed by my misfortunes, I am doomed to regret that I have neither a place, nor persons, fit for employing the stock of sense and spirit of which I am still possessed. For if it gives you pain to be without me, who am but one friend, what, think you, must I feel, who am cut off from you, and all the enjoyments I had upon earth ? If you, in the flow of happiness, bewail my absence, how must I mourn for the loss of happiness itself ? I will not enumerate the blessings of which I am robbed, not only because you know them, but because I am unwilling to open the wounds of my affliction. I repeat it ; never did man fall, from a happiness so conspicuous and elevated, into such a depth of misery. As to time, so far from abating, it serves only to increase my sorrows. Other pains are alleviated, as they grow familiar to us ; but it is impossible that those I feel should not be daily increased by the sense of my present misery, and the remembrance of my departed glory. I am deprived not only of my fortune and of my friends, but of myself. For what am I now ?—But I forbear to distress you by my complaints, or to

aggravate my own wounds by opening them too often.

You apologize for those, who, according to what I wrote you, envied me, and you put Cato in that number. So far am I from thinking him accessory to their treachery, that it gives me the most sensible concern to reflect, that their hypocrisy had more credit with me than his sincerity. As to the rest, whom you endeavour to clear, they ought to stand acquitted by me if they are so with you. But these reflections are now too late; the freedman of Crassus¹ appears not to have given a true and candid account of me. You tell me that my case was well conducted in the senate. But what shall I say of Curio? Has he not read that oration, which in a way unknown to me has been made public. The letters however, which I received from Axius, concerning the proceedings of the same day, are not so lavish in Curio's praises. But he might perhaps omit somewhat; I rely that you have written to me nothing but what has actually happened. The account which Varro has given, leads me to entertain some hopes of Cæsar; and I trust that Varro himself would exert his influence in my favour; and this surely he

¹ This person has represented Cicero in a dreadful condition, which Cicero, a little inconsistently with himself, endeavours to contradict.

he will do, when his own inclinations are prompted by your solicitations.

Should ever fortune restore me to you, and my country, you, of all my friends, should have the best reason to rejoice; and I should evince my obligations and affection towards you, which I acknowledge have hitherto but faintly appeared, with a zeal and diligence that shall give you equal cause with my brother and children to triumph in my restoration. If I have been deficient in my attention to your services, my friend, you will the more readily forgive me, as that inattention has proved the cause of the greatest grievance to myself. I say this not from any apprehension that you are insensible to my afflictions. But to be plain with you, had your past and present affection for me been founded upon past and present gratitude, as well as inclination, never could you have suffered me to have stood in need of that counsel with which you could have abundantly supplied me; nor would you have suffered me to believe it would be to my advantage, that the law, concerning the companies of tradesmen, should pass¹. But you

¹ This was a specious law which erected the craftsmen of Rome into companies, by which Clodius, and the tribunes, had a ready way of assembling their party. Cicero had foreseen the inconvenience of this law, and was to have opposed it with

you have given my sorrows that share of sympathy which one owed to another or even to himself. If there has been any omission, it is to be imputed not to your, but to my, demerits; as my services to you ought to have been such, as to claim all your days and nights, in order to effect my welfare. Had you, or had any of my friends (though you could have done it most effectually) dissuaded me from that dishonourable step which I adopted, when alarmed by the ungenerous reply of Pompey, I might have either fallen with glory, or I might this day, have lived in triumph. Here you will pardon me, for I accuse myself in the first place, and you in the next, as being my other self; and, at the same time, I am fond of excusing my misconduct, by laying part of the blame upon another. If I am restored from banishment, my miscarriages will not appear so heavy, at least, not in your eyes, because your affection for me is the result of your inclinations, and not of my merit.

As to what you write of your conversation with Culeo, concerning the personality of the bill, and its being therefore invalid of itself, it has its weight, but still it would be better were it formally repealed. If no one opposes the repeal, what can be more valid? But if it receives a negative,

with all his might, by means of the tribune Nennius, one of his friends, but he was dissuaded from his opposition, not perhaps without good reason, by his other friends.

gative, the decree of the Senate can still interpose, and then there would be nothing to do but to repeal it singly. As to the former law, it did not in the least affect me, it never could have prejudiced me in any shape, whether I had praised it, as it is already passed, or neglected it as it deserves¹. Here my foresight not only abandoned,

¹ In order to the reader's understanding the whole of this passage, it is necessary he should be acquainted with the following particulars. We have already seen, in the course of these letters, how useful the friendship of our author had been to Pompey, who repaid him with a profusion of fine speeches, extolling his conduct, his genius, his learning, and in short, touching upon every thing that could flatter his vanity, which was his foible. At the same time he gave him the strongest assurances, that Clodius neither could nor would pursue his resentment against him to extremities. But, even by Cicero's own accounts, I do not find that Pompey's promises went so far as that he would take up arms in our author's defence, if matters were brought to an extremity. Clodius, who seems to have had great genius, and to have been, next to Cæsar, one of the most understanding men in Rome, knew very well that Pompey durst not break with him as long as he stood well with Cæsar. He treated, however, Cicero in all discourses to Pompey, with a sneering kind of civility, and which Pompey, though he understood his meaning well enough, repeated, to our author, as current professions. Atticus appears to have had but a very slender opinion of Pompey's sincerity, which is the reason why our author, in all his letters to Atticus, pretends to distrust it, but, in reality, he was betrayed by his own vanity, and he had a greater reliance upon Pompey, than he was willing to own. This appears from Cicero's conduct. For I do not find, notwithstanding all he says, that he took any precautions

abandoned, but ruined me¹. We were blind, I repeat it, we were blind in changing our garments and

precautions for breaking the force of Clodius's faction. His excessive vanity was indeed flattered, and nobody behaved to him like a gentleman, excepting Cæsar, whose abilities were too great to put him, as was the case of Pompey, upon the necessity of serving his interest at the expence of his honour. he certainly had a great contempt for Cicero as a politician, or a man of resolution, but he was too goodnatured not to pardon his foibles, and too great not to admire his abilities, as a speaker and a scholar. He would willingly have saved him, as appears from many passages of our author's letters, but finding he could not, he took care to be as general towards him as possible, that he might set him softly down. And indeed I do not find, that Cicero in fact, had reason to complain either of ingratitude or want of honour in Cæsar. But this was far from being his case with regard to Pompey. For, perceiving that he could not hold out without the assistance of Cæsar and Pompey, and having given the former great cause of disgust, he applied the more assiduously to Pompey for his friendship. But Pompey pretending to be afraid of his own person, retired to his country-house, to avoid the importunity of Cicero, and his friends, who consisted of all the men of quality, and fortune in Rome. These followed Pompey to his retirement. But after many shifts and evasions, Pompey refused to concern himself for Cicero, as a private man in opposition to the sentiments of the consuls, and the conduct of the tribunes. This was a fair, though a flat, and I think a constitutional, refusal. But it did not cure our orator of the vanity of believing, that Pompey was still his friend in his heart. He therefore endeavoured to apply to him in person, but Pompey, to avoid an interview with him, which must be disagreeable to both, slipt out at one door of his house, as Cicero was entering at the other.

In

and supplicating the people, it was a fatal step, unless they had first pointed at me by name. But

In the meanwhile, Clodius having entered upon his tribuneship on the 10th of December, in the year of Rome 694, proceeded with infinite address to the ruin of Cicero. To ingratiate himself with Cæsar, he affronted Bibulus. To please the people he procured a free distribution of corn in the time of scarcity, and a re-establishment of the trading companies or communities taken notice of in this epistle, with an erection of new ones, by which he could at a breath raise all the populace. Pretending that the censorial authority (which was indeed pretty arbitrary) had been abused, he proposed that the censors should have no power of stigmatizing any senators, who were not previously impeached, and condemned by their own body. He next carried through a law which abolished the Ælian and Fusian laws, by taking from the augurs, who were generally on the side of the senate, the liberty of putting a stop to all business before the people, under pretence of their making observations on the heavens.

I shall not enter here upon any controversy, whether the government of Rome, which Cicero so warmly supported, was at this time, any better than a faction against the people, whether this does not, from the confession of Cicero and other authors who were friends to that government, appear plainly to have been the case, and whether the measures, proposed by Clodius, were not, in themselves (for I speak not either of their motives or consequences) both just and constitutional. Be this as it will, Cicero either could not, or would not, make any effectual opposition to those measures, which rendered Clodius excessively popular with the commons. Even the wisest of the senatorial party thought, that the laws of Clodius spoke so strongly for themselves, that they were not to be opposed, and of this number was Atticus, Hortensius, and even Cato. But our author, who at this time, when he speaks

of

But I omit what is past, for this reason, that if any measure be agitated you may not be prejudiced

of the constitution, the laws and liberties of his country, has no other meaning, but his own person, was conscious, that the popularity of Clodius, pointed at his destruction, though he was forced to acquiesce. The next measure of Clodius was to bring in a bill against all persons, "who should cause a Roman citizen to be put to death, without his being previously condemned by the people." There was a strong current of law and practice in the Roman constitution to support this bill, and indeed I think the necessity of the juncture is the best defence that can be made for Cicero, for putting the conspirators of Catiline to death in the manner he did.

This bill of Clodius, however, alarmed the senate, because Cicero had acted by their decree, and in terms of the Julian law, which subjects traitors to death. Even Cæsar was against any particular application of this law to himself, before Clodius did it; for he and his friends put on mourning as if he had been already formally impeached, and went about abjectly soliciting the citizens for their interest. This imprudence put it out of Cæsar's and Pompey's power either to save or to serve Cicero; and as neither of the consuls, Gabinius and Piso, were his friends, he could find no branch of the executive power of government that would interpose in his behalf. I shall not take up the reader's time with what followed, previous to the banishment of Cicero, who now lost all spirit. Clodius proceeded against him in the most furious manner. Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus were at best cold and indifferent, and were only afraid lest Clodius should push his popular excesses farther than was consistent with the views they had prescribed to themselves. The friends of Cicero were divided, and there was now no medium between Cicero standing his ground, and thereby hazarding a cruel civil war, with a general massacre of the senate, and his retiring from the storm. He wisely, I think,

diced against a law, which in many respects is conducive to the public interests.

It

think, followed the latter course, and Clodius then brought up a bill, against him, to the people, in the following words.

"Forasmuch as Cicero did cause several Roman citizens to be put to death without an ordinance of the people, and without any form of justice, and did, for that end, produce false and spurious *Senatus Consulta*, or Orders of the Senate, may it please you to ordain, and be it ordained accordingly, that he be forbidden the use of fire and water; that it may not be lawful, for any person whatever, to give him harbour or shelter; that if any body presumes so to do, it may be lawful to kill both Cicero, and the person with whom he shall be found; that no body shall have liberty to propose, to the senate, to have him recalled; that if any body shall act contrary to this prohibition, no member of that house may give his opinion by word of mouth or otherwise, upon the proposition that shall be made, nor subscribe to any thing that may be resolved upon in his favour, till those persons, that he put to death, are re-turned from the other world."

This brings me to consider the sense of the original in this passage, which is, I think, as important and as perplexed as any thing in our author's works. *Orig. Quod te cum Culeone scribis de privilegio locutum, est aliquid; sed multo est melius abrogari. Si enim nemo impedit, quid est firmitus? Sin erit, qui ferri non sinat; idem Senatus consulto intercedat. Nec quicquam aliud opus est, quam abrogari. Nam prior Lex nos nihil lædebat. Quam si, ut est promulgata, laudare voluissemus, aut, ut erat negligenda, negligere; nocere omnino nobis non potuisset.*

Monsieur Mongault is of opinion, that the *Privilegium* here spoken of is to be applied to the law of Clodius, which Culeo, and Cicero's other friends, thought invalid, because, says he, all

It is, however, foolish in me, to give you directions as to what you are to do, or in what manner you are to act, I only wish somewhat were done; in this respect, your letters conceal a great deal from me, fearing, I suppose, that I may be driven to some more violent despair. For what do you expect to be done? In what manner? And can any thing be expected of the senate? Remember that you yourself wrote me word, that Clodius had fixed up, in the portico of the senate-house, that article of the Clodian law, that no motion should be made for my return, nor should

all *privilegia*, or laws pointing to private persons, are forbidden by the twelve tables; and the law, which we have recited, was no other than a *privilegium*. Monsieur Morabin, the excellent author of the History of Cicero's Banishment, has not explained himself upon this head, though he seems to lean towards the sense of Mongault. But neither of them have taken notice of the commentary of the learned Manutius, who supposes, that a *privilegium*, in favour of Cicero, might have been brought before the people by way of bill, provided it took its rise from a resolution of the senate. He, therefore, supposes Culeo to have proposed to Atticus the bringing in such a bill. I have translated the whole passage, in the manner I thought most agreeable to Cicero's meaning, and the practice of antiquity; and, indeed, Cicero seems to have judged right, in wishing to have the particular law, pointing at him, repealed; and to make a compliment to Cæsar, and the enemies of the senate, in suffering the former general law to stand.

¹ There is a great peculiarity in the original here, which I have copied in the translation. *Orig. Hic mihi primum meum consilium defuit, sed etiam obfuit.*

should it be mentioned. In what manner, therefore, did Domitius propose to make the motion? What a sullen silence did Clodius preserve to those persons, who, as you mention, both spoke of my recall, and demanded that the motion should be made concerning it? Is this measure to be carried through by the commons? How can that be, unless all the tribunes are unanimous for it? Can I be restored to my estate? Can I return to my house? If I cannot, how can I be said to return to Rome? Unless you take care that those difficulties are removed, what are the hopes to which you invite me? If hope is gone, what life remains for me? I, therefore, wait at Thessalonica for the proceedings of the 1st of August, which will determine me either to go to Cyzicum, or to fly towards your estate, where I can avoid the sight of those I hate, and where, as you write me word, I shall see you, and be nearer at hand, should any measures be taken. At the same time, I understand, that both you, and my brother, are pleased with this proposal.

Now, my friend, as you did not, for my safety, exert your wisdom, either because you had too good an opinion of mine, or because you thought you acquitted yourself of all you owe to me, by giving me your attendance; since, after being betrayed, persuaded, and deluded, I have neglected all the means of my safety; since I have

have abandoned and forsaken all the people of Italy, who rose for my sake, and to defend me; since I have delivered up myself to my enemies, while you stood by a silent spectator, under fewer apprehensions, if not possessed of more wisdom, than I; as this is my most melancholy situation, do what you can to raise the prostrate, and in so doing, you assist me. But if all the avenues of safety are shut up, do me the favour to let me know the truth; and cease, at last, to load me with your reproaches, or to sooth me with comfort. Never would I have trusted myself under your roof, as my chief refuge, had I a doubt of your honour; I have only but my own madness to accuse in thinking you loved me, as well as I was fond to believe you did. Had that been the case, your friendship would have been the same, but your application greater. You, doubtless, would have stopt me when rushing to ruin, and spared yourself the toils you now undergo, in this shipwreck of my fortune. Send me, therefore, a clear and circumstantial account of the matter. Continue to permit me to be of some consequence, though I cannot be of that importance I lost, while I might have improved it; and look upon this letter to come from me, not as accusing you, but myself. If you think it proper to write to any persons in my name, I beg that you would do it; and take care that the letters be delivered. Dated the 19th of August.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVI.

NOTHING but waiting for your letters, concerning what passed on the 1st of August, keeps me undetermined as to the whole of my journey. If they give me any encouragement, I will set out for Epirus; if not, for Cyzicum, or follow some other course. But the oftener I peruse your letters, my hopes become the fainter; because, upon considering them, they weaken all the encouragement they suggest; and, it is easy to perceive, that you want to sooth, without deceiving, me. I, therefore, entreat you to represent matters to me as they actually are; and your own sentiments, as they really occur to yourself. Dated the 21st of August.

EPISTLE XVII.

I HAVE received several melancholy, but concurring accounts, concerning my brother Quintus, from the 5th of June to the last of August; when Livineius¹, the freedman of Marcus Regulus,

¹ His name was Lucius Livineius Trypho, and he did our author particular services during his exile.

lus¹, came to me from his patron. He told me there was no mention of any thing; but that some reports were circulated, concerning the son of Caius Clodius²; and, at the same time, he brought me letters from my brother. But, next day, the slaves of Sestius³ came with letters from you; which were not in that confident strain in which Livineius talked. I feel indeed distracted, under my inexpressible anguish; and I am the more anxious, as the trial comes within the department of Appius.

You write me, by the same conveyance, an account of what I am to hope for; but that, I perceive, is less flattering than what is transmitted to me by others. For my own part, as the time for deciding the matter cannot be far off, I will either repair to you, or I will, as I now do, hover about these places. My brother writes me word, that you are the only support of his interest. Need I to encourage you to continue your friend-

¹ Marcus Livineius Regulus was quaestor next year, and tribune in the year of Rome 701. He afterwards served in the civil war under Cæsar, as proquaestor.

² This young gentleman was nephew to Publius Clodius. He afterwards impeached Milo for his uncle's murder; and it was thought that, at this time, he would have preferred an impeachment against Quintus, our author's brother, in which Appius, the brother of Clodius, was to be the judge.

³ He was designed tribune, and Cicero afterwards pronounced an oration in his defence.

friendship, or shall I return you the thanks which you do not claim? All I wish is, that fortune may put us in the way to be safe and happy, in the enjoyment of our mutual love and friendship. I am always excessively impatient for letters from you; nor need you fear that your assiduousness in writing will give me trouble, or your sincerity pain. Dated the 4th of September.

EPISTLE XVIII.

YOU raised my expectation very high, when you wrote me word, that our friend Varro had given you fresh and well-grounded assurances, that Pompey would interest himself in my favour; and that he would even move for my restoration in the senate, as soon as he shall receive the letters he expected from Cæsar. Is this a fact; or are Cæsar's letters unfavourable to me? Have I still any hopes left? For you wrote me, that he gave you the same assurance, after the election was over. By all the woes I suffer, and by your own feeling heart, I conjure you, make me certain as to the true and whole state of my case. That excellent man, that dearest friend, my brother Quintus, fills all his letters with mighty hopes, fearing, I suppose, that I may be too much dejected. As to your letters, they are
of

of a different strain. They are against my entirely desponding, or my rashly hoping. I beg that you will acquaint me with every thing that comes to your knowledge.

EPISTLE XIX.

As long as your letters afforded me some ground of encouragement, I was detained at Thessalonica by hope and desire. But, after I could no longer expect that any thing should be done this year, I declined going into Asia; both because I hate a crowd, and because I was unwilling to be at a distance, if any measure should be attempted by our new magistrates. I have, therefore, determined to come to your house in Epirus; not that I am invited by the beauty of your seat, for I no longer seek the light; but I would most gladly return from you, as from a harbour, to security and honour; and if the port to which I would direct my course, be not again open to receive me, I can, no where else with more comfort, either endure, or (which is much more eligible,) fling from me this detested load of life. I will dismiss my train, and come with but a few domestics.

My other correspondents have always flattered me more than you have; yet your encouragement has never been near so faint as my own hopes.

But

But let things take their course; let them proceed, bad as they have commenced. I will sustain the consequences. I will not disregard the entreaties of my weeping, distressed and only brother; the assurances of Sestius, and my other friends; the hopes of my wife, the most dejected of womankind; the cries of my daughter, the most wretched of her sex, or your letters, that are so full of friendship¹. Epirus will either open a path to my happiness, or—I need not repeat it². My friend, as you see me, by the treachery of mankind, stripped of all that is great, of all that is dear, of all that is desirable in life; as you are sensible that I have been betrayed, and am become an outcast through those who advised me; and that I have been pushed on to the ruin of myself and family, I beg and conjure you to assist me by your pity; to secure to my brother, the means of safety that are yet left him, and to protect my wife and children. You need not doubt of my repairing to Rome, if you have

¹ The menaces of Cicero to put an end to his life, alarmed his family and friends; and they appeared to have written to him in the most persuasive and affecting manner, not to offer himself any violence. To their entreaties, in this respect, he here alludes; and he assures his friend, that he will bear under the evils which awaited him, however oppressive they might prove.—E.

² *Orig. Aut quod scripsi supra.*

have any hopes of my return; if not, come, if you can, to see me in Epirus, and allot me so much of your ground, as may serve for my grave. In the meanwhile, let me hear, by your slaves, as often and as early as you can. Dated the 16th of September.

EPISTLE XX.

I wish you joy of your new designation, and I most sincerely compliment you upon the honourable part which your uncle acted towards you; were it proper for a man, wretched like me, to use the word, I would say, that I rejoice at it. Unhappy man! yet how desirable might my life have been, had I not been abandoned by my own courage, my own resolution, and the friendship of the men I trusted. Recollection is painful; it adds to my dejection. But you, my friend, I know, will recollect what a life mine was; how dignified, how delightful. I conjure you, by your own fortune, to apply yourself, that I may recover mine; and that I may celebrate the anniversary of my return at your charm-

¹ Atticus had been lately adopted by his uncle, Quintus Cæcilius, and thus he assumed the name of Cæcilius Pomponianus; which was as much as to say, Cæcilius of the family of the Pomponii.

charming palace, in your company and that of my friends. For this event, which I fondly wish, and of which am led to entertain a distant hope, I am yet desirous to wait at your house in Epirus; though I conclude, from the letters sent me, that I am more conveniently situated where I am¹.

You are rightly informed, as to my house and the speech of Curio. If I am restored, I shall be restored, in general, to all my possessions; and of those I prefer none to my house. But I recommend nothing to you particularly; I entirely rely upon your affection and friendship. I am extremely pleased to hear that so great a fortune, as is fallen to you, has rid you of all encumbrances. I readily perceive of what advantage it is to my affairs, when you offer me your purse

¹ The translation, as it stood in the former edition, is without any meaning; and, indeed, the commentators appear to have understood the passage as little as our translator. The original is—*Ego huic spei et expectationi, quæ nobis proponitur, maxime tamen volui præstolari apud te in Epiro: sed ita ad me scribitur, ut putem esse commodius nos iisdem in locis esse.*—Cicero fondly wished for his return. Of this but a distant prospect was held up to his views by his friends: yet, however distant it was, he preferred going to Epirus, and there continue in waiting for it: for *præstolari* signifies to wait in expectation; and, in strict propriety, is applied to a person, who waits for admission before a porch or door; the word being taken from *σῦλος* or *σῦλος*, a column or statue.—E.

purse to be at my service; and desire that, in all cases, I will distinguish you as my friend, by calling upon you for assistance. I well know how great a share you have taken in the measures to restore me; and how very capable you are to execute them with ability, and without being solicited for that purpose. I will obey you, and acquit you of the suspicion you hint at; when you forbid me to imagine that you ever intended any measure, or omitted any office, in any respect, inconsistent with the sincerest friendship. My obligation in this, however, to you is the greater; as your affection for me seems to have been more generous and exalted, than mine towards you.

I beg you will write all you see, all you know, and all that is passing; and inspire all your friends with additional zeal in my service. The bill of Sestius¹ is too disgraceful and dangerous, for it ought to name me personally; and the mention of my effects ought to be more particular. I beg you would take notice of that. Dated at Thessalonica, the 4th of October.

EPISTLE

¹ He had been trusted by Cæsar with a draught of the bill, which he was to present in his tribuneship, for Cicero's restoration; but it was so crowded with restrictions and limitations, that Cicero, who received a copy of it from Atticus, disapproved of it; and would, it seems, rather have ventured being brought in upon the footing of a *privilegium*, than that he should be restored in such loose general terms.

EPISTLE XXI.

THE day on which I write this letter is the 30th, since I had one from you. As to myself, I had resumed the resolution, of which I before acquainted you, to go to Epirus; and to make that my chief residence till I should know my fate. I beg that you will write me, in the fullest manner, all that you can learn, of whatever nature it may be; and that you will, in my name, as you mention, send letters to all whom you think proper to apply to. Dated the 28th of October.

EPISTLE XXII.

THOUGH my brother Quintus and Piso have been very particular in their accounts of all that has passed, yet I could have wished that your business had not prevented you from sending me information, as usual, of all that is passing, and your own sentiments upon it. The civil behaviour of Plancius still detains me here, though I have made repeated attempts to set out for Epirus. That gentleman has a hope, which is very distant from my thoughts, that we may set out together; a circumstance which he imagines would do him a great deal of honour. But now that

that I hear soldiers are marching this way, I think it is high time to leave him. As soon as I take my leave, I will instantly acquaint you where I am.

I am somewhat encouraged to hope for the good offices of Pompey, from the services which Lentulus has done me, and which he has signified both in facts, promises, and writing; for you have often informed me, that Pompey was wholly under the direction of Lentulus. My brother informs me, that all hopes of gaining Metellus must be by your means. Use, my dearest friend, your utmost endeavours, that I may be once more at liberty to live with you and my friends; and write me all that passes. I am weighed down with grief, by the loss of all that I ever held dear; farewell.

If I had gone to Epirus, through Thessaly, I must have been a long time without receiving any intelligence. I, therefore, went by the way of Durazzo, because the people of that place sincerely are my friends; and I there finish this letter, which I had begun at Thessalonica. I will inform you when I set out from hence for your house. I beg you to write me most particularly of every thing that occurs, be what it will. Now is the time that must crown my success, or must finish my hopes. Dated from Durazzo, 26th of November.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXIII.

THREE of your letters came to my hands on the 27th of November. In one of them, dated the 25th of October, you encourage me to be in good spirits till the month of January; and this encouragement is founded upon the zeal of Lentulus, the affection of Metellus, and the general plan of Pompey. Your next letter I read was (a thing not usual with you,) without a date; but, indeed, it sufficiently intimates its own date. For after the promulgation¹ of the law, by the eight tribunes of the commons, you write, that you had sent off the letter that very day, meaning the 29th of October; and you inform me of all the services, which you imagine that promulgation has done to my interest. But if, even with the advantage of this promulgation, my cause should be desperate, I beg, by all your affection to me, that you regard my solicitude to be the effect of wretchedness, rather than of impertinence. However, if there is still any spark

¹ Ninnius, the tribune, and his seven colleagues, of their own accord, when it was not expected from them, presented another bill to the senate for the recalling of our orator, and the restoring him to all his honours; but there was no provision made in this for the reparation of his fortune.

spark of hope, I beg you will use your influence with the new magistrates, to espouse my cause.

For that bill of the former tribunes contained three articles; the first, which was not sufficiently definite, respected my restoration. Agreeably to this article, I am to be restored only to my former rank and dignity; a happiness, I must confess, to one in my situation. But you are no stranger to the other provisions that ought to have been made, and in what terms they should have been conceived. The other article was a matter of form, I mean a clause of impunity, for those who should, by the enactment of this, infringe other laws. As to the third article, I beg, my dearest friend, that you will inform yourself with what view, and by what person, it was inserted. You know that Clodius procured an act, which rendered it next to impossible, if not wholly so, either for the senate or the people to repeal his law. You will, however, observe that such acts, for perpetuating the validity of laws, are not always themselves deemed valid; for, indeed, if they were, it would become almost impracticable to repeal any law; for we can imagine no law will omit fortifying itself against a repeal. But the auxiliary act is, in fact, repealed along with the law to which it is attached. As this is a matter of fact, so the practice of it has been constant and unvariable; and our eight tribunes of the commons brought in

in this article. "If there is any thing in this bill, that by the laws or the decrees of the commons (that is, by the Clodian law,) is not permitted to be promulgated, repealed, or disregarded, either in whole or in part, without punishment to the person who shall make such attempts, this law has respect to nothing of that kind¹."

Now the penalty here taken notice of, does not affect those tribunes of the commons; for they were not bound by their own unanimous consent. There is, therefore, greater grounds to suspect them of some malicious intention, when they

¹ Orig. *Si quid in hac rogatione scriptum est, quod per leges, plebisve scita. Hoc est, quod per legem Clodiam promulgare, abrogare, derogare, obrogare S.F. sua non liceat, non licuerit; quod ve ei qui promulgavit, abrogavit, derogavit, obrogavit, ob eam rem pœnæ, multæ ve sit E.H.L.N.R.*

The reader is here to observe a difference between the *leges*, or the laws, and the *plebiscita*, or the decrees of the commons. The former were proposed by a prætor, a consul, or a dictator, to the two orders of patricians and plebeians. But it was sufficient for a *plebiscitum* (which in time came to be equally binding with a law upon the patricians, and both of them were called *rogationes* (to be proposed to the commons alone, by a tribune. The *abrogatio* was the repeal of the law, the *derogatio* was the repeal or alteration of it in part, the *obrogatio* was the reversing it, by making a law in direct contradiction to it. The initial letters S.F. are to be read *Sine Fraude*, without punishment; for that was the sense of the old Roman word *Fraus*. The initials E.H.L.N.R. are to be read *Ejus Hac Lege Nihilum Rogatur*.

they passed that which could with no propriety serve them, and was injurious to me; so that the new tribunes of the commons, if they were to be intimidated, should think themselves the more obliged to insert in their bills clauses of the same nature. Clodius has taken care to avail himself of this; for in an assembly of the people, on the 3d of November, he said, "That this clause ought to serve as a rule to the conduct of the succeeding tribunes of the people;" and yet you are sensible there is no clause of this kind in any other law; whereas, were it necessary, it would be inserted in all acts of repeal. I beg you will inform yourself how this came to escape Ninnius, and the other persons, who introduced it; and why the eight tribunes of the commons did not hesitate to propose a motion, in my behalf, in the senate-house. Whether they were of opinion that no regard was to be paid to that article: if so, why were they so cautious in repealing it, as to be afraid of it, when actually they had broken through a precaution that may be neglected, even by those who are bound by that law.

I am absolutely unwilling that the new tribunes of the people should propose such a clause; but in whatever shape they introduce their bill, provided it is effectual, I shall be satisfied with that clause which restores me to my country. I have already thought this letter too long;

long; I am even afraid that, before it comes to your hand, my condition will be desperate; and thus the pains I have taken will only serve to increase the anguish of my friends, and the satisfaction of my enemies. But if you still have any hopes, consult the law which Visellius¹ framed for Titus Fadius, for I think it a good model. I cannot say the same of that drawn up by our friend Sextius, though you seem to approve of it.

Your third letter is dated the 12th of November; there you lay before me, with great abilities and accuracy, all the circumstances respecting Crassus, Pompey, and others, that are likely to retard my return. I therefore entreat you, that, if you have any hope of success from the zeal and authority of patriots, or even from the concourse of the populace², endeavour, by a stre-

¹ He was the same with Culeo we mentioned before.

² The former translation represents Cicero as advising his friends to have recourse to arms, if likely to be successful, to effect the decree of his restoration. This is doing him great injustice, and is very wide of his meaning. There were leading men among the populace of Rome, who were sometimes hired by the magistrates to second their measures, and to give countenance to their motions. These, with their numerous dependents, attended in the forum and in the assemblies; and they are those whom Livy calls *turba forensis*, and Cicero *conciones conductæ*; and to the same venal crowd he alludes, by the clause *comparata multitudine*. See Adam's Antiq. p. 17.—E.

strenuous effort, to crush opposition¹. Follow this measure with spirit, and arouse the rest of my friends to join you. But if (as I see you hint, and I have always feared,) my hopes are at an end, I solemnly request you to love my brother Quintus, of whose miseries mine have been the cause. Suffer him not to sink into greater despondency, than is inconsistent with the interests of your sister's son. Protect, as far as you are able, my Cicero, my unhappy babe, to whom I can bequeath no other legacy, than the destruction and ignominy of his father's name. Sustain, by your obliging offices, my wife Terentia, the most distressed of women. As soon as I know the transactions of the first days of the election of the tribunes, I will set out for Epirus. I beg you will notice, in your next letters, what passes after their entrance upon their office. Dated the last of November.

EPISTLE

¹ *Des operam ut uno impetu perfringatur*—endeavour that at one effort the opposition may be broken. The nominative case to *perfringatur* is understood to be *Clodius*, the enemy of Cicero; or if, with *Manutius*, we read *perfringantur*, *Clodius* and his followers must be meant. Nothing is more common in all authors, than to omit a noun, when from the context, or the predominant train of the writer's ideas, it is obvious what noun is intended. There is, therefore, no necessity to substitute, with *Grævius*, the verb *perfungamur*; which, indeed, would convey a different meaning from that of our author.—E.

EPISTLE XXIV.

WHEN, in a former letter, you wrote me that the appointments for the consular provinces had been made with your approbation, though I was afraid of bad consequences from those appointments, yet still I was in hopes that you had reasons sufficiently weighty for your consent. But when I afterwards understood, both from what was told, and what was written to me, that you was highly blamed, I felt great uneasiness¹; because it seemed to extinguish the faint glimmering of hope that was still left us. For if the tri-

¹ There seems to have been a piece of secret management in this part of our author's history, which we are at a loss, at this day, to clear up; for Atticus thought it so improper to commit it to writing, that he took a journey to Cicero in person, to give him an account of his conduct on this occasion. The measure, however, that Cicero blames here is, at first sight, very unaccountable. Cicero's great dependance now was upon the conduct of the new tribunes of the people, eight of whom were heartily in his interests; and it was a great point for him that they should have it in their power to make terms with the consuls elect, upon the allotment of their provinces, which was entirely at the option of the tribunes. But the latter were deprived of an opportunity of making such terms by the forwardness of the senators, who to oblige *Lentulus* and *Metellus Nepos*, the consuls elect, had, contrary to all precedents, given them their choice of their appointments and provinces, before they entered upon the actual exercise of their functions, by which, at first sight, Cicero seemed to lose a capital advantage.

tribunes of the commons are made our enemies, what can we farther hope for? They surely cannot be expected to be my friends; those who have espoused my cause, act without discretion; and as, by my concession, they have lost all the weight which they might otherwise have had in this affair; especially, as they say, that it was my interest alone that made them wish for an influence in the consular appointments; not that they wanted to retard them, but that they might have made the consuls my friends; whereas, if the consuls should now oppose me, they can do it with a better check upon their conduct; but that they cannot befriend me, without the concurrence of the tribunes. You write me that, supposing I had refused my consent, the consuls would have gained their point with the people. But let me ask you, could they have prevailed with the people against the interposition of the tribunes? Upon the whole, I am afraid that we have forfeited the friendship of the tribunes; or if we have still their friendship, that the connection, between them and the consuls, so necessary for our interest, is broken.

I can see another great inconveniency in this, that we have forfeited, as I am very well informed, all the force of the important decree made by the senate, "that they would proceed
" to no other business before they had finished
" my

" my affair;" and what renders this the worse is the circumstance, that the measure¹ was not only in itself unnecessary, but unprecedented and unusual. Never, I believe, till now, were the appointments of the provinces, of designed consuls, regulated; so that, as they have receded from that resolution, which they adopted on my account, it is hard to say what decrees they may pass.

I am at a loss to account for the motives that induced my friends and agents to be for this measure. Few persons can be disposed openly to fly in the face of the obvious interests of two consuls. It was a point of great difficulty to stand out against Lentulus, who was amongst the best of my friends; or Metellus, who had, with great humanity, laid aside his resentment towards me. But I am very apprehensive that we cannot keep, in our interests, both the consuls and the tribunes. Write to me, as you have proposed, upon this matter, and how the whole of it stands; for though the truth may not be agreeable, yet I shall receive it from you with kindness. Dated December the 10th.

EPISTLE

¹ Of the consular appointments.

EPISTLE XXV.

AFTER your departure, I received your letter from Rome, by which I perceive that I must linger out my life under this load of wretchedness. Be not offended at what I say. But had there been the smallest hope of my preservation, you would not, loving me as you do, have left Rome¹, at this juncture. But lest I should be reproached with ingratitude, or with wishing all to be involved in my calamity, I will say no more. I beg of you that you will perform your promise in seeing me, wherever I may be, before January.

EPISTLE XXVI.

FROM your letters, and the nature of my situation I perceive that my case no longer admits of any hope. I beg that in all matters, in which my family, may want your assistance, you will not forsake them in their distress. I expect to see you as soon as you promise.

EPISTLE

¹ There is some reason for believing from this passage that this letter is misplaced by Editors.

EPISTLE XXVII.

I HAVE received letters from my brother Quintus with the Senate's decree concerning me¹. I have some thoughts of waiting till the law is passed; but if it should be delayed I will lay hold of the resolution² of the Senate, and resign

¹ I have, contrary to all editions of these Epistles, made this the last letter in this book, because the *Senatus consultum* mentioned here, could be no other than that *Senatus consultum* which imported, "that the consuls should send circular letters throughout all Italy to invite all the freemen, that were well affected to the commonwealth and desired its preservation, to repair immediately to Rome." It is true, the date which is affixed to this letter, viz. the 24th of December, does not agree with the day upon which the *Senatus consultum* passed, which was not till some months after. But then it is as true, that only one edition of those letters, that of *Victorinus*, gives any date at all to this letter.

² *Orig. Uter auctoritate Senatus.* There is one circumstance which has been neglected by most commentators and translators and which, if not attended to, will create inexpressible difficulties in reading our author's works, and indeed those of any other classic. The distinction I mean is that between a *Senatus consultum*, and the *Auctoritas Senatus*. The *Senatus consultum* was no other than a resolution agreed to by the house, without receiving any negative that could defeat its purpose. But in the senatorial language, *Auctoritas* was a very different thing from what we call authority in *English*. For it was a *Senatus consultum* rendered abortive and ineffectual, by the

sign my life rather than my country. I beg you will make haste to join me. Farewel.

the interposing negative of one or more tribunes. However, notwithstanding such a negative, the motion, or rather resolution, was regularly entered upon the registers or journals of the house, and thereupon was called the *Auctoritas Senatus*, or the registered sense of the senate. Now the *Auctoritas* mentioned here by our author, was that which was registered upon the 1st of January for his return.

CICERO'S

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK IV.

EPISTLE I.

As soon as I came to Rome, and found out a person by whom I could directly forward a letter to you, I thought it my first duty, as you were not in the city, to felicitate you on my return. For, to tell you the truth, I knew by experience that in giving me advice, you were neither more firm nor wiser than myself; and considering my past attachment to you, not over anxious about my welfare and preservation. But I knew at the same time that you, who, in the beginning of my misconduct, or rather phrenzy, were my partner and companion in it, and in all my imaginary fears felt, with bitter regret, my

Q 2

separation,

separation, and exerted all your endeavours, your zeal, your application and labour, to accompany my return to you. You will therefore easily believe me, when I tell you, that your presence, your smiles, your congratulation were the only blessings wanted to complete my joy and crown my triumph. Never, if once united to you, will I suffer you to leave me, and I shall think fortune, by restoring me, has been more kind than I deserve, unless I make myself amends for all the past loss I have suffered of your most agreeable company.

With regard to my situation, at present, I have regained my figure at the bar, my dignity in the Senate-house, and that friendship of the worthy, which always has been my ambition, and all in a greater degree¹ than I possessed before my banishment, and with less difficulty than I imagined. As to my private affairs, I meet with inexpressible opposition, and you know how they have been ruined, squandered, and plundered. I stand not so much in need of your purse, which

¹ It is no unusual thing in life, especially public life, for those who opposed a measure when the success of it was doubtful, to push it on extravagantly, when it is more than probable that it will be carried. Charles II. upon his return to England, could not imagine where the people were, who had kept him out so long. This was a very natural sentiment, and agreeable to what is several times expressed by our author upon the like occasion.

which I look upon to be the same as my own, as your counsels, in order to repair and settle the wrecks of my fortune. At present, though I suppose you have been informed of all, either by letters from your friends, or by common reports and messengers, yet I will give you a short account of what I imagine you are most desirous to know, under my own hand.

I left Durazzo on the 4th of August, being the day on which the decree for my return was published. On the 5th I came to Brundisium, where I met my Tulliola, who kept her birth-day with me, it being the same with the anniversary of the Brundisian Colony, and of the dedication of the temple of public welfare. The people had no sooner learnt this circumstance, than all Brundisium rang with shouts and congratulations. While I was at Brundisium, on the 8th of the same month, I understood, by letters from my brother Quintus, that the decree for repealing my banishment, had passed the Assembly of the Centuries, to the inexpressible satisfaction of all ranks and ages, and with an unexampled concourse from all Italy. Having received the highest civilities from all men of distinction at Brundisium, I set out from thence, and received, in my journey, the compliments of the deputies, who flocked from all quarters. When I drew near to Rome, there was not a person in that city,

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city, of whatever rank or of any notoriety¹, who did not come out to meet me, excepting those enemies who had gone so far to ruin me, that they were unable either to dissemble, or to deny, their rancour. When I came to the Capenian gate, the stairs of the temples were crowded with the lower ranks of people, who indicated their joy for my return by peals of applause; nor did they leave off following me with acclamations, till I reached the capitol, and wonderful it was, to behold the crowds which filled the forum, and the capitol itself. Next day, which was the 5th of September, I delivered my oration of thanks to the senate in the house. For two days there had been a great scarcity of provisions at Rome, and the mob, by the instigation of Clodius, had run first to the theatre, and then to the senate-house, crying out that it was through me the scarcity had happened². The senators were then

¹ The original is, *Ut nemo ullius ordinis homo nomenclatori notus fuerit*. The nomenclator was a very useful officer in Rome. His usefulness consisted in his knowing by sight, and being able to name, all the principal men of the state, and for this purpose he attended the candidates for public offices. See Adams's *Antiq.* p. 85.

² There is something very unaccountable in all the relations we have of Clodius and our author. If we are to believe the latter, there never was a measure so completely to the satisfaction of all ranks of mankind, as his return to Rome was, and yet

then deliberating upon this affair, and Pompey was called upon to take the care of it by the voice, not only of the commons, but of the men of property. This was what he himself wanted, and the mob called out upon me, by name, to make the motion. I made it, and laid down my opinion with great clearness, while all the other consulars, excepting Messala and Afranius, were absent, upon pretence that they could not deliver their opinion at once with safety and with freedom. The senate, upon my motion, came to a resolution, that Pompey should be solicited to take that commission upon himself, and that a bill should be brought in for that purpose. While this resolution was reading, at every mention of my name, there was a shout of that insipid, fantastic, applause, which is now in vogue; I then delivered a speech to the people, with the leave of all the magistrates, excepting one prætor and two tribunes of the commons. Next day there was a full senate, and all the consulars refused to Pompey nothing that he asked for. When he had obtained the fifteen deputies he demanded, he named me the first, and he declared, that in all his proceedings I should be his other self.

The

yet in less than thirty-six hours we find his capital enemy at the head of a party, which, without any visible, or at least reasonable provocation, puts him in danger of his life.

The consuls passed an act, which furnished Pompey for five years with complete authority respecting the supply of provisions all over the empire. Messius enacted another bill, which appointed him paymaster general of the fleet and army, and which gave him a greater command over the provinces than the governors have, to whom they are allotted. Our consular law appears to be moderate, when compared to this intolerable one of Messius. Pompey says that the first was obtained by his own desire, but the latter by the interposition of his friends. Those of the consular order, and especially Favonius, are enraged. For my part, I am silent, and the rather, because the pontiffs have not as yet given in their answer concerning my house. Should they be of opinion, that the consecration of it is not valid, I shall have a noble spot. The consuls, according to the resolution of the senate, will either make an estimate of the building that has been thrown down, or they will demolish what is raised, build a new one at their own expence, and make an estimate of all my other effects¹.

Such

¹ Cicero gives us no very advantageous idea of his firmness upon this occasion. It is extremely plain that he was so much disgusted with the conduct of the Roman patriots at this time, that, contrary to his private sentiments, he had left their party, and it was owing only to Pompey's moderation, that the power which Cicero had been so instrumental in giving him, was not fatal to his country. It is certain that all the men of consequence

Such is the state of my private affairs, which, compared with my prosperity, is but indifferent; if with my adversity, happy. You know that I am

quence or virtue thought it might prove so, and Cicero was of the same opinion himself. But our author's experience had taught him other things, than to rely any longer upon the merit of a showy conduct. He now attached himself to power; but, indeed, he had a great deal at stake, being no better than an illustrious beggar; and he was not sure whether he could be restored to his possessions or not. Clodius, to bar him from ever recovering his house in town, had not only demolished it, but had procured the ground on which it stood to be consecrated, by which it became sacrilege to make it revert to a private proprietor. But as some doubts arose concerning the validity of this consecration, the case was referred to the pontiffs.

The college of pontiffs in Rome, at this time, consisted of fifteen; and the exercise of their judgment in religious things was so extensive, that they entered upon many civil causes. They even had a coercive power of judgment, and could impose fines and punishments. But the reader is not to imagine, that this pontifical college, as to its institution, had any thing in common with the modern religious policy that prevails in Italy, and in Roman Catholic countries. It is true, the jurisdiction of civil and religious matters was separate; but the persons who exercised those jurisdictions were the same; and the Romans had no notion that there was any peculiarity of character required to constitute a pontiff. They thought that a person who filled the civil offices of his country with the greatest abilities, was the best fitted to discharge the religious ones. This maxim is the very reverse of the policy that has been since practised (and in no country more than England,) where the qualifications of a priest have often been his passport to the highest dignities in the state.

am extremely uneasy respecting some domestic concerns; and I have some family vexations, which I cannot trust to writing. I have a due regard and love for my brother Quintus, as being a most worthy, virtuous, and honest man. I expect and entreat that you will hasten to this place, in order that you may furnish me with your advice. I am now laying down a new plan of life; some persons¹ who befriended me in my exile, now that I am returned, begin secretly to hate, and openly to envy, me. I am extremely desirous to see you.

EPISTLE II.

IF I write to you more seldom than your other correspondents do, I beg that you will not attribute it to my remissness, or even to my hurry of business, which, though great, shall never interrupt the course of our affection and my duty. For now that I am come to Rome, I am more certain of a safe conveyance of my letters to you

¹ The truth is, it was not so much from personal regard that the wisest men of Rome befriended Cicero, as from a conviction that it was necessary to make his return a kind of a trial of strength, between the faction of Clodius and that of the senate; for both of them were equally factious at this time against the constitution of Rome.

you. This, therefore, is my second letter from this place.

In my former, I have acquainted you with the manner of my return, with my situation, and with all things as they stood; which, as I told you, "if compared with my prosperity, are but "indifferent; if with my adversity, happy." After that letter was dispatched, a terrible dispute ensued concerning my house. I spoke before the pontiffs on the last of September. My pleading was a high-finished piece. For if ever I distinguished myself in speaking, if ever I made a figure on other occasions, give me leave to say, that my grief, and the interest I had at stake, gave my words, at that time, a peculiar energy. Our young men, therefore, ought not to be without this speech; I will send it to you soon, though you may not desire it.

When the pontiffs had decreed, that if the person, who said he had consecrated my house, did it neither by the command of the people, nor by a decree of the commons, nor was nominated to that commission by the command of the people¹, nor by a decree of the commons, their opinion was, "that that part of the ground might
" be

¹ As the verdict of the pontiffs appears plainly to have been special, where was the absurdity of Clodius in laying hold of that speciality, and maintaining that the consecrator was properly authorised by the commons?

"be restored to me without sacrilege." I immediately received complimentary congratulations; for no one doubted but this decision put me again in possession of my house. Clodius then, having leave from his brother Appius, instantly mounted the tribunal, and spoke to the people. He told them, that the opinion of the pontiffs was in his favour, and that I was endeavouring to obtain possession by force. He exhorted them to follow him and his brother Appius, to defend their own liberty. Here, when even the lowest amongst the people were either confounded or diverted with the impudence of the fellow, I resolved not to approach the place, until the consuls, according to the resolution of the senate, had contracted with architects to rebuild the portico of Catulus.

On the 1st of October the senate was very full, all the pontiffs, who were senators, being summoned. Marcellinus, who is very much my friend, and whose opinion was first asked, demanded of them what was the result of their report. Then Marcus Lucullus, speaking the opinion of all his colleagues, said, "that the pontiffs were the judges of religious, but the senate of civil, affairs; that he, and his colleagues, had already come to a determination with regard to religion, and that the senate must do the same with regard to law." Every one of the other members, whose opinion was asked

asked in their several turns, spoke greatly in my favour. When it came to the turn of Clodius, he endeavoured to take up the whole remainder of their time; nor, indeed, would he ever have come to an end, had not the indignation, and the noise of the house, forced him at last to finish, after speaking almost three hours.

When the senate was come to a resolution, according to the sense of Marcellinus, with but one negative voice in the whole house, Serranus interposed. The two consuls immediately began to concert measures to remove this interposition; and when the men of greatest weight gave it as their opinion, that the resolution of the senate was to restore to me my house, to contract for rebuilding the portico of Catulus; to require all the magistrates to maintain what had been the opinion of the senate; and that, if the peace were broken, the Senate, would lay it at the door of the person, who had interposed, Serranus was alarmed, and Cornicinus had recourse to the farce which he had before practised, of throwing off his robe, and then casting himself at the feet of his son-in-law, who demanded that night to deliberate, but it was not granted him; for the house well remembered what had happened on the 1st of January; at last, however, when I consented to this request, it was granted him with difficulty.

Next day the senate passed the resolution, which

which I send to you. The consuls then treated about restoring the portico of Catulus, and undertakers were immediately found, who, to the great satisfaction of all the people, demolished that of Clodius. The consuls, after proper deliberation, estimated my house at two million serteces¹. But they undervalued all the rest of my estate; they allowed me only five hundred thousand serteces² for my house at Tusculum, and no more than two hundred and fifty thousand serteces for that of Formiæ, and not only men of quality, but even the people, find great fault with these estimates. You will ask me from what cause all this proceeded. Why really some people impute it to my moderation, for I neither refused to accept what was offered, nor did I make a strenuous effort to obtain more. But this was not the case, for moderation would rather have done me service than otherwise. But, my dearest friend, those persons to whom you are no stranger, those very persons, I say, who clipped my wings, are unwilling that they should grow again. Yet I am in hopes, that they are growing every day. I beg once more that you will immediately come to me. Your arrival, I am afraid, if you meet our friend Varro, will not be so soon as I could wish.

Having

¹ About 1650l. of our money.

² 4160l.

³ 2080l.

Having thus laid before you a statement of facts as they passed, I am now to acquaint you with the rest of my plan. I have accepted of Pompey's deputation, but upon such terms as that I may be at liberty to stand for the office of censor, if the ensuing consuls should proceed to an election of censors, or to execute a votive legation through almost all the temples, and consecrated groves in Italy. I have my own reasons for this. My main view is, that it shall be in my power, either to stand for the censorship or to leave Rome the beginning of the summer. In the meanwhile, I think it not amiss, if I give my company to such of my countrymen as have laid me under the greatest obligations.

You have now before you the plan of my public conduct. As to my private concerns, they are extremely embarrassed. You know how expensive the rebuilding of my house at Rome is, and what difficulties I encounter in repairing my house at Formiæ. Those, in short, are two works, which I can neither abandon nor accomplish. As to my house at Tusculum, I have advertised it for sale¹, but I cannot conveniently be without a seat in the neighbourhood of Rome. The event from which I gained nothing but disgrace, has quite exhausted the generosity of my friends.

¹ *Orig. Proscripsi.* This sort of *proscriptions* differed very little from our advertisements, especially those which are posted in the most public parts of the city.

friends. They express the same kindness for me, now that I am present, as you did when I was absent; and were their zeal and interest seconded by those who contributed most to my return, I might easily succeed in every thing; whereas now I am put to excessive embarrassment. I have other troubles, which I struggle with, and of a more delicate and private nature¹; but I still enjoy the affections of my brother and daughter. I am extremely impatient for your company.

EPISTLE III.

I AM quite sure that you long to know what is doing here, but more particularly to receive some account; not that what I write or tell you, can give you any more certain information as to facts that are publicly transacted; but my letters will

¹ As Cicero tells his friend, that he still enjoyed the affections of his brother and daughter, we may infer that he no longer enjoyed that of his wife. And the alienation of her affection formed those other *mystic* troubles, (*cætera mystica*) to which he alludes. This, however, if we may judge from circumstances, was an event, which gave him no great pain. While he was in exile, he doubtless felt real sorrow, and the letters, which he addressed to his friend, bespeak his unfeigned distress. There is, therefore, in them no unseasonable elegance, no ostentatious pedantry, not a word of Greek quotations, no boasted display of his superior eloquence. But that season is at length happily at an end; and he is at leisure and tranquil enough to cite Greek even when he speaks of the infidelity of his wife.—E.

will give you a clearer idea in what manner I regard those events, and what is the present state of my feelings, and my external situation.

On the 3rd of November, the workmen were driven from my building by armed men, and the portico of Catulus, which, according to the resolution of the senate, was repairing by the appointment of the consuls, and wanted little more than to be roofed, was demolished. The house of my brother Quintus, at first, was battered with stones flung from my building, and then fired with flaming brands, thrown in the presence of the people by the order of Clodius, to the great annoyance and grief, I will not say of our patriots, for I know of no patriots we have, but of all the inhabitants in general. As to Clodius himself, he bore down all before him, and after he had given vent to his fury, he breathed nothing but blood and vengeance against his enemies. He then went from street to street, openly encouraging slaves to hope for liberty.

Before this time, when he declined his trial, his cause was indeed evidently desperate; but he still pretended to have some plea in his favour. He could deny some charges; he could evade others; and the rest he might attempt to defend in point of law. But after his demolishing, burning, and plundering in this manner, he is abandoned by his followers; and it is with difficulty

fire, and my personal danger, and that it should that he still keeps in his interest the undertakers¹ Decimus, and Gellius. He has now no counselors but slaves, and he is sensible that his cause, should he ever come to a trial, would hardly be more desperate than it is at present, were he openly to massacre all those whom he hates.

It was from this conviction that he followed me with his ruffians on the 11th of November, and, as I was coming down the holy street, I was suddenly and unexpectedly beset with shouts, stones, bludgeons, and swords. To save myself, I retired to the court-yard of Tertius Damio, while my retinue easily prevented him from assailing me, and they could have killed Clodius himself. But I am tired of violent, and would be glad to try persuasive, means². When Clodius heard the people unanimously demanding not to bring him to a trial, but to drag him to execution, he renewed the horrid scenes of Catiline and Acidinus. For on the 12th of November he made so determined an attack to storm and burn down Milo's house upon mount Ger-
malus

¹ The officer called *designator*, was a funeral undertaker, *dominus funeris*. His office was to determine the order of the general procession, and to assign to each person his place. See Adams's *Antiq.* p. 476.—E.

² *Orig. Sed ego diæta curari incipio, chirurgiæ tædet.*

malus, that he openly headed a body of men, completely armed, with bucklers and naked swords, who continued the attack till night, while others endeavoured to burn it down with flaming brands. All this while, Clodius took post at the house of Publius Sylla, as the most convenient spot for carrying on the storm. Sometime after Quintus Flaccus sallied out from Milo's Annian house with a resolute body of men, and put to the sword the most distinguished of the Clodian faction. He aimed at Clodius himself, but he kept within doors.

November the 14th Sylla appeared in the senate; Clodius kept at home. Marcellinus distinguished himself in the general and keen resentment of the house. Metellus wasted the day in making speeches. In this he was assisted by Appius, and was indeed seconded by that very friend¹ whom you have, with so much truth, recommended in your letters for his firmness and virtue. Sestius spoke with passion; Clodius continued his threatenings against the city, if the assembly was not held for the election of his ediles. At last, Marcellinus presented a resolution in writing for making but one question of all my case; that it should comprehend whatever related to my house, to my losses by
fire,

¹ Probably Hortensius.

be determined before the assembly was held for the election; and Milo gave public notice that he would observe the heavens every day appointed for the election.

The harangues of Metellus were tumultuous, those of Appius were presumptuous, those of Clodius were furious, to the last degree. The result, however, of all, was a resolution to hold the assembly for the election on the 20th of November, and it would have been held, had not Milo made his declaration as to the auspices. In the middle of the night, Milo repaired to the place of election with a strong body of men; nor durst Clodius appear there, though he was at the head of a chosen troop of fugitive slaves. Milo remained on the field till noon, which gave infinite satisfaction to the public, and great glory to himself. In short, the opposition, made by these three confederate brothers¹ was desperate, but their strength was broken, and their fury treated with contempt. Metellus, however, demanded that the declaration should be made to him next day in the forum; that there was no necessity of coming in the night-time to the field of election, and that he himself would, by six in the morning, be present in the place of assembling. On the 21st of November Milo came before it was light to the spot where the assembly

¹ Viz. Publius Clodius and Appius Clodius, and Metellus Nepos, who was married to their sister.

bly was held. About day-break, Metellus was seen to run, like a thief, along by-roads, towards the field of election, but Milo pursued him, and overtook him between the groves, and there declared, that the auspices were exceptionable¹. Metellus was then obliged to leave the place, loaded by Quintus Flaccus, with bitter reproaches.

On the 22nd of the same month a fair was held, nor were the people harangued for two days. This day being the 24th, Milo was in possession of the field of election by three in the morning, when I wrote this. Our candidate and neighbour Marcellus snores so loud, that I hear him from the next house. I am told that the court-yard of Clodius is quite empty of all but a few tattered wretches, who are provided with neither clothes nor light. They complained that by my prudence alone Clodius was baffled in all his measures, little knowing what spirit and what abilities that hero possesses. His bravery surpasses credibility; but I give you only this brief account of his achievements. It is sufficient

¹ *Milo obnuntiat*. When the augur declared, that the auspices were unexceptionable, *omni vitio carere*, that is, that there was nothing to hinder the comitia from being held, he said *Silentium esse videtur*; but if not, he said *alio die*, on which account the comitia could not be held that day. This declaration of the augur was called *obnuntiatio*. Adams's Rom. Antiq. p. 88.—E.

sufficient to say, in short, that I am of opinion the elections will not be held, and that Milo certainly will impeach Clodius, if he does not beforehand kill him, which I am convinced he will do, if they should chance to meet¹. This I know to be his determined, his fixed, resolution, without being in the least discouraged by my fate. No, Milo has no envious, treacherous, companion for his counsellor; he puts no trust in a spiritless great man.

As to my own part, I have rather more spirits, than when I was at the height of my fortune. My private circumstances are indeed reduced; yet I have been obliged to the assistance of my friends for repaying to my brother Quintus the sums he lent me. I did this against his will, but I was afraid lest he should be utterly reduced. I know not, in your absence, how to adjust my plan of conduct, I therefore require your speedy presence.

EPISTLE IV.

I HAD a very agreeable visit from Cincius² on the 30th of January before day-break, for he acquainted me with your being in Italy, and that

¹ Cicero here guesses pretty exactly at what afterwards happened, for Clodius was actually killed by Milo in this manner.

² He was one of the agents of Atticus.

that he was sending off some slaves to meet you, and I was unwilling they should go without a letter from me. Not that I had any thing to write of importance, especially as you are so near at hand; but I was willing to intimate to you how extremely dear and desirable your arrival is to me. Fly therefore to me upon the wings of affection; that you may accept a proof of my reciprocal esteem. I can say no more till I meet you; I am hurried while I write; I expect that my house will be the first place at which you and your retinue will stop in Rome.

You will, when paying me the first visit, be entertained with the fine arrangement of my library by Tyrannio¹. The fragments, which I have collected, are more valuable than I imagined. I likewise beg in the meantime two workmen from your library, whom Tyrannio may employ as pasters, and in other capacities, and order them to bring along with them some fine vellum for labels, which you Greeks, I think call συλλαβον²; but this is just as you find it convenient.

¹ This gentleman was a Greek, and an excellent grammarian. He had been taken by Lucullus at the siege of Amisus, and had been tutor to the son of Quintus Cicero.

² Orig. *Etiam vellem mihi mittas de tuis librariolis duos aliquos, quibus Tyrannio utatur glutinatoribus, ad cætera administris: iisque imperes, ut sumant membranulam, ex qua indices fiant,*

venient. I wish you could so order matters, that when you come, you may make some stay in this place, and bring Pilia¹ along with you. This is but reasonable, and my daughter likewise wants to see her. Now I think of it, what a charming place you have purchased for your gladiators, who I hear are very expert in their exercises. If you had a mind to let them out, you might have made one half upon the other of what they cost you. But we shall talk of this afterwards. Make haste to come to me, and, as you love me, do not forget the pasters.

EPISTLE V.

Do you really say so?—Can you imagine there is a man in the world, whom I can wish, preferably to you, to read and approve of my writings?

fant, quos vos Græci, ut opinor, συλλαβες (indices) appellatis. Commentators have differed greatly both in the reading and the meaning of this passage. It is sufficient for me to observe, that the *volumina*, or volumes of the Romans were large rolls of parchment glewed to one another. Salmasius is of opinion, that the codices were pretty much of the same form with our books. Be this as it will, it is certain, that the workmen spoken of here, were employed in glewing together the sheets of parchment or vellum, and in making labels with proper ornaments and paintings, which were to be affixed to every volume, so that each book may be found as readily as we find them by titles on the back.

¹ This was the wife of Atticus.

ings? Then why, say you, did another see this composition first. The truth is, I was teased by the person to whom I sent it, and I had no duplicate. Well, would you know more, (for I have been long mincing what I must swallow) I own that I thought a recantation was mean and scandalous; but I must abandon the dictates of integrity, truth, and honour. Inconceivable is the sacrifice, which those men¹ wish to make of their faith, and which they would really make, if indeed they had any faith to sacrifice. I had felt, I had experienced, this, when they led me on, when they left me, and when they spurned me away; yet still I was determined to go along with them in public matters, while their conduct continued the same as before, and it

¹ The men here alluded to were Bibulus, Cato, and other patriots, who opposed the usurpation of Cæsar, and Pompey. Cicero, from motives of interest, left the popular party, and the cause of freedom, and sided with those who sought to enslave their country. By this step Cicero forfeited for ever his character, as a man of principle and honour; and his former friends, in the number of whom was Cato, appear from his own language in this place, to have treated him with the utmost indignation and contempt. In a long epistle, which he wrote to Lentulus, he endeavours to palliate, if not to exculpate his conduct; but the principles, as it has been justly observed, by which he attempts to justify himself, are such as will equally defend the most abandoned prostitution and desertion in political conduct. See Melmoth's Tran. vol. i. p. 197.—E.

it was with difficulty your admonitions restored me to my senses.

You will tell me, that you pointed out the path I was to pursue, that you conducted me to it, but never advised me to write in behalf of the usurpers. I speak it sincerely, my friend, when I tell you that my design in it was to rivet the new coalition, that I might by no means shift about to those who beheld me with envy, at a juncture when they ought to behold me with compassion. Yet, as I wrote you before, I have been very moderate on the subject. But I will improve the paper, if Cæsar is pleased with the composition, and if it grinds those who cannot brook my being in possession of the seat that belonged to Catulus, without considering that I bought it of Vettius. Those gentlemen, at the same time say, that I had more occasion to have sold one of my houses than to have built a new one. But what do you think? If at any time I gave my opinion on the same side with them in the senate, they were pleased that I contradicted the sentiments of Pompey. This is too much. But since I cannot have friendship from those who can do nothing, I must take care to have it from those who can. You tell me that it is a long time since you advised me to this. I know it, and acknowledge my stupidity in not following your advice. But it is now time for me to be my own friend, since I can by no means

means secure the friendship of my former coadjutors.

I take it very kind that you so often inspect my builders. I have given Crassipes the money I had laid aside for my travelling charges. Do you meet me in the gardens as soon as I shall alight. This is most convenient for you. Next day I may happen to visit you, but of this we will consider farther. Your workmen have greatly embellished my library by arranging and labelling my books. I beg you to thank them in my name.

EPISTLE VI.

BELIEVE me, I have a due sense of the death of Lentulus. In him we have lost an excellent patriot and a great man, a man, whose magnanimity was tempered by politeness. There is, however, one comfort left us, though a melancholy one, which should alleviate our grief at his death. I do not mention this in the sense that Saufeius and you, Epicureans, understand it; but I think that some favourable providence of the Gods rescued a patriot, like him, from the conflagration of his country. Let me ask you, can we (I speak of myself in particular) breathe upon viler terms than we do? As for you, though you are by nature adapted for public affairs,

faïrs, yet you have no particular connections with any party, and you take your chance with your neighbours. But for me, who, if I speak upon public affairs as I ought, am deemed a madman; if, as I must, a slave, and if I am silent, a wretch and a coward, how ought I to grieve? And even that grief becomes more stinging in that I cannot express it without incurring the charge of ingratitude.

Suppose then I should at once suspend my political career, and take shelter in the harbour of retirement. But I cannot adopt this resolution; for my element is political warfare. Shall I then be a follower, who refused to be a leader. Well, be it so, since that course seems to be most agreeable to your sentiments. Would to heaven I had always paid the same deference to them. I am to persevere in that course which I have adopted¹. That indeed, is what I am unable to do, and I cannot but commend Philoxenus, who preferred to go to prison than to dissemble his sentiments. While I am here, I do all I can to bring myself to another way of thinking, by condemning those maxims, and in this you will be of great use to me when we meet together.

I perceive that you frequently write to me,
but

¹ *Orig.* Σπαρται ἰλαχίς, ταύταν κοσμεῖ. A proverbial expression that we should be content with that station which is allotted to us.—E.

but to my inexpressible concern, I received all your letters at one and the same time. For I happened to read three of them beforehand, in which you seemed to have some hopes of Lentulus, for which reason, the fourth came upon me like a thunderbolt. But, as I said before, he is not miserable, though we are enslaved.

As to what you write me concerning my address to Hortensius, I am otherwise employed; but I will not forget what you recommended. But, indeed I was shocked when I first sat down to do it, lest, as I had stupidly borne with the excesses of a man who cannot be called my friend, I should as stupidly expose his injustice by my writing, while, at the same time, my real sentiments, which were visible in my actions, may become still more visible in my writing, and thus betraying some inconsistency. But I will consider farther of it.

I beg you will let me hear from you as often as possible. Obtain from Luceius a copy of the letter I sent, to beg him to write an account of my transactions. It is handsomely penned; press him to forward the work, and thank him for informing me, that he will undertake it. Go as occasion may require, and inspect my building. Do not forget my compliments, when you see Vestorius, for his conduct towards me has been very generous.

EPISTLE VII.

NOTHING could come more opportunely than your letter did, for allaying my concern about that excellent youth my nephew Quintus. Chærippus had been with me two hours before, with the most alarming accounts. As to what you write me concerning Apollonius, may the Gods confound that Græcian if he thinks that he can screen himself, as the Roman knights do, from the pursuit of his prior creditors. Terentius, has a right to do it; as to Metellus, there has not a citizen for these many years—but peace be to the dead. I will answer for the money he owed you. What are you afraid of, considering whom he has made his heir? Has he not made Clodius, and thus his last action was the only honest one in his life. I doubt, therefore, you will not be put to the trouble of locking up this sum in your strong chest; in time to come you will learn to be more cautious.

Pray remember what I recommended to you concerning my house, and to hire a guard for my workmen. My friends in Arpinum make a prodigious noise concerning my brother's country house. What will you have me say? I own it gives me pain; as for him he laughs at the talk of

of the public. I have nothing to say farther than to recommend to your care and affection our young nephew.

EPISTLE VIII.

I AM pleased with many passages in your letter, especially with your witticisms upon my frugal diet. As to the reduction of my debts by my frugality, you are not to felicitate me, since you are to count no one happy before his death¹.

I find nothing built for you upon your grounds here. There is something in the town that may suit you, as it lies contiguous to my house; but there

¹ This is a very obscure passage, partly from its brevity, and still more so from not knowing what were the words of Atticus to which Cicero alludes. But the purpose and spirit of it seems to be this. Cicero, in order to reduce his expences, and pay the heavy debts in which his political misfortunes had plunged him, lived in a homely, countrified way, his entertainment being *tyrotarichus*, a Greek word signifying *salted curds*, (*τυροταριχος*.) His friend, smiling at this specimen of his frugality, and knowing his extravagances in other respects, especially in his library and buildings, sarcastically observes that his favourite coarse dish would no doubt reduce his debts into very moderate demands (*raudusculum*, the diminutive of *raudo*, which among the old Romans signified *money*), and he would be a happy exception to the maxim of Solon, *That no one was to be pronounced happy before his death*, *μηπω, μιναν ειπης, πριν τελευσαντ' ιδης*, This verse is preserved only by Stobæus, and ascribed by him to Sophocles.—E.

there is some doubt whether it is to be sold. You are to know that Antium, with regard to Rome, is as your Buthrotum is to Corcyra. Nothing can be more retired, nothing more serene, nothing more pleasurable. Even our best beloved place of birth loses its charms, when compared with Antium. But my seat here, charming as it is, received new life from the arrangement of my books by Tyrannio, who had much assistance in his work from your servants, Dionysius and Menophilus. Nothing could make a handsomer appearance than your shelves did, after they had labelled all my books. It is prodigious. Write me concerning the gladiators, I mean, if they have behaved well; if otherwise, say nothing about them.

Apenas had but just left me, when I received your letter. But what do you say that that law will not be moved for? I beg you will speak out, for I can scarcely hear your voice; let me know the truth, as soon as you can with convenience to yourself. It happens conveniently for me, that the public diversions are continued a day longer, for I shall pass here another joyful day with Dionysius. I entirely agree with your sentiments concerning Trebonius.

As to Domitius, one egg is not indeed more like another¹, than his case is to mine in all its circum-

¹ Orig. Συκα μὴ τῆν Δημήτραν σῦκος ἢ δὲ ἐν οὕτῳ ὁμοίον γίγσθην. A proverb, literally, one fig is not by Ceres more like another fig.

circumstances." Both of us have been betrayed by the same men; neither of us expected it, and neither of us found in them one grain of honour. In one respect we differ, that he deserves what he has met with. As for his fate, I know not if it is better than mine. For what can be more mortifying than that the man who seemed, from the moment he was born, to be destined for the consulship, never should enter upon that office, especially as he is the only candidate, or at least has no more than one competitor. But if it be true, as I know not whether it is or not, that in the consular calendar he stands as far from that office as ever, what can be more wretched than his situation. what, I say, can be more desperate, excepting the state of the public itself, which is now irrecoverable¹.

You gave me the first accounts I received concerning Natta; I always hated that fellow. What do you mean by inquiring after my poem?

Suppose

¹ The original of this paragraph, which the reader may consult, is inexpressibly intricate. I have translated it from the best readings, as I think Cicero meant it. It is, however, proper for the reader to know that this Domitius Ænobarbus stood for the consulship, and would infallibly have carried it, had not Pompey and Crassus prevailed with Cato to have the election postponed, and by that means qualified themselves to be candidates, and were chosen.

Suppose it were to be published—Tell me—Would you suffer it? But to proceed in answer to your letter. I received many civilities from Fabius Luscus; nor did I ever hold him in disrespect, for he had a good share of quickness, modesty, and decency. I thought he had been gone from Rome, because I had not seen him for a long time; but I understood from Gavius of Firmum, that the city was his constant residence. Why, you will tell me, should you be startled with so trifling an incident? The truth is, he brought me a great deal of confidential intelligence concerning the Firmian Brothers. I know not what cause has alienated him, if indeed any such cause exists.

I will, as you advise me, conduct myself in public matters, with a proper circumspection, and steer the middle course. But this requires more abilities than I possess. I must, as usual, be assisted by you. I wish you would sound Fabius, if you have any access to him, and sift that messmate of yours, and send me daily intelligence of that and all other matters. Write to me, though all you have to say is, that you have nothing to write. I wish you well.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IX.

A REPORT prevails at Puzzoli, that Ptolemy¹ has regained his throne. Inform me, if you have any certainty of this. I am here feasted; you think, I suppose, upon the delicacies of Puzzoli² and the lake of Lucrinus, No; upon the library of Faustus. I have even my sensual, as well as intellectual, entertainments. But, indeed, books alone give me support and refreshment, so insipid and tasteless are all other amusements and pleasures become to me, through the wretched situation of my country; and I had rather fill the little bench in your library, under the bust of Aristotle, than fill the highest seat of government³; nay, I had rather take a turn at your house,

¹ Ptolemy Auletes was the father of the famous Cleopatra. His story is well known from our author's other Epistles, and that after being driven from his throne, he was restored by Gabinius, at the head of a Roman army, in express contradiction to the Sibylline verses, whilst our author, in vain endeavoured to procure that commission for his friend Lentulus.

² This was a sea-town near Naples and the Lucrine Lake, which lay in its neighbourhood, and is now a nasty marsh, famous for shell-fish, especially oysters.

³ *Orig. Sella Curulis.* This was a kind of elbow-chair, of a particular form, ornamented with ivory, and appropriated to the use of the consuls, prætors, and the great Ædiles, who for that reason were called *Curule Magistrates.*

house, and in your company, than walk with the man, whom, I foresee, I shall be obliged to follow¹. But let fortune, or, if there is a providence, let providence, look to that walk.

I beg you will look after, as often as you can, the building of my gallery, my stove, and every thing that has been designed by Cyrus, and urge Philotimus to forward the workmen, that I may not be quite behind hand with you in matters, that are to your own taste. Pompey came to his house at Cumæ yesterday, being the 21st of April, and immediately sent one to present me with his compliments. Having finished my letter this morning, I am now setting out to pay him a visit.

EPISTLE X.

I SHOULD be glad to know if there is any ground for a report we have here, that the tribunes, by pretending to observe the auspices, prevent the enrolment of the people, and what the behaviour and sentiments of the people are, with

¹ This seems to be the sense of Cicero. But there is, in the original an allusion of no great importance with regard to a visit, which Cicero intended to pay to Pompey the person here spoken of.

with regard to the censorship¹? I have been here for some time with Pompey. We have conversed much about public affairs. If we may believe him (for I cannot speak of him without this restriction) he was dissatisfied with himself; he looked with contempt on the government of Syria, with indifference on that of Spain.—If we may believe him, (for still I think that is the characteristic which we must affix to him, as Phocylides did a peculiar mark to his own works) he is very much obliged to you for arranging the statues in his amphitheatre. With regard to me, he seemed, indeed, to pour out his soul in tenderness and confidence. He even came to Cumæ from his own house to see me. He appeared

¹ The censorial authority, if virtuously exercised in the reformation of manners, and the degradation of senators, noblemen, and knights, who were unworthy of their stations, might have still saved the constitution of Rome. But yet I cannot help being of opinion that their power, which was discretionary, and could be circumscribed only by their own virtue and judgment, was very liable to abuse in that degenerated state of the republic, when our author wrote. It was, perhaps, not without very plausible reasons, that the tribunes of Cæsar's faction, repressed their authority, which if properly exercised, might have been an unsurmountable bar to his ambition. The enrolment here spoken of ought, by the laws of Rome, to have been performed every five years, and was a very useful piece of policy. For the names, ages, number of children, and the value of the estates of all citizens being enrolled, the government always had the means of making a pretty exact estimate of the strength of the state.

peared not a little displeased at Messala's¹ standing for the consulship. I wish you would inform me what you know concerning that fact.

I am obliged to you for the assurance that you will recommend the embellishment of my actions to Luceius, and that you frequently look after my builders. My brother Quintus writes me word, that he has his dear Cicero along with him; he will see you about the 7th of May. I left Cumæ yesterday, being the 27th of April; I lodged all night at Naples with Lætus, and I write this early on the 20th in the morning, on my journey to my house at Pompeia.

EPISTLE XI.

I WAS delighted with your letters, which I received the last day of last month. Pray write me the remainder of that story, for I am impatient to know it. There is another matter which I beg you to examine; you may do it by means of Demetrius². Pompey told me, that he had made

¹ Pompey opposed him because he befriended Scaurus, Pompey's antagonist.

² This was the famous slave and freedman of Pompey, who had amassed so much money in the war against Mithridates, that after building one of the most magnificent amphitheatres in Rome, and laying out gardens at an immense expence, he died worth about 500,000*l.* of our money.

made an appointment with Crassus, at his seat at Alba, the 28th of this month, from whence they were to set out together for Rome to settle accounts with the farmers of the revenue. I asked him, whether they would engage in that business, while the gladiators were exhibiting. He replied, that it would be finished before that exhibition commenced. If you know, either at present, or when Pompey comes to Rome, what there is in this matter, I beg that you will inform me. I am here devouring books with Dionysius who sends his compliments to you and all your friends, and whom I regard as a very extraordinary man. Nothing gives pleasure equal to extensive knowledge. As, therefore, I am a person who thirsts for information, write me all that passed upon the first and second days of the month; how the censors behaved, what is become of the solicitation of Appius, of his brother Clodius, and of Apuleius the effeminate idol of the populace¹. In short, write me what you are yourself employed in. For to say the truth, I am not so much pleased with the accounts of fresh occurrences as with your letters. I have carried nobody with me but Dionysius, and yet, even though you are not here, I am not afraid that I shall want materials for conversation. I am entertained with an agreeable employ-

¹ He was a seditious tribune under Marius.

employment. Pray give my book to Luceius. I send you the treatise of Demetrius Magnes¹, that you may have an immediate opportunity of returning me an answer by the bearer.

EPISTLE XII.

EGNATIUS² is at Rome, but I had a very serious discourse with him at Antium concerning the affair of Halimetus. He gave me fresh assurances that he would act in good earnest with Aquileius. If you please therefore, you will give Egnatius a meeting. I hardly think that I can succeed for Macro; for there is a sale at Larinum, which will last for two days. I hope you will excuse my failure, though I perceive you have a great regard for Macro; but as you love me, I absolutely insist that you and Pilia sup with me the 2d of next month. I am thinking of supping on the 1st in the gardens of my son-in-law Crasipes, whom I will visit, though he lies out of my road,

¹ The subject of this book, was a treatise concerning unanimity amongst fellow citizens (*περί ὁμονοίας*), and some commentators have thought that it was written by the freedman of Pompey.

² He was a Roman knight, and a great friend to our author.

road, because I intend to elude the resolution of the senate¹. After supper I will go to my house in the town, that I may be early next morning with Milo; I will see you there, and remind you of my invitation. All here send their compliments to you.

EPISTLE XIII.

I PERCEIVE that you know of my arrival at Tusculanum, the 15th of November, where Dionysius favoured me with his company. I intend, or rather I am obliged, to be at Rome by the 14th of next month, when Milo's nuptials are to be celebrated²; not to mention that there is some expectation that the popular assemblies will, at that time, be held³. I am not sorry that I was absent from the senate-house, as I hear the de-
bates

¹ *Orig. Facio fraudem S. C.* If a Senator was in Rome, and did not attend the service of the house the first day of the month, he was fined by a standing order of the house; but Cicero eluded this fine by being in the neighbourhood, though not within the walls of Rome.

² He married the dictator Sylla's daughter.

³ Those elections were generally held in the month of July; but the meeting was adjourned this year to the end of November.

bates were violent and tumultuous¹; for I must either have spoken against my sentiments, or have failed in my duty. But I beg you will write, as exactly as possible, an account of all those matters, and of the present state of the commonwealth, and with what spirit the consuls bear this commotion. I feel an anxious desire² to hear every thing; and, to tell you the truth, every thing alarms me.

I understand, that after our countryman Crassus³ assumed the imperial robe, he left Rome with

¹ One of the most terrible effects of the triumvirate between Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, was the two latter obtaining, by their interest, the prolongation of Cæsar's government of Gaul for five years; while Pompey, by Cæsar's interest, obtained the government of Spain, and Crassus that of Syria.

² Orig. *ὀξύνους*. I am keenly thirsty to hear.

³ Crassus was both ambitious and avaricious; and to gratify the latter passion, he had obtained the government of Syria, that he might make war against the Parthians, by which he expected immense treasures. As nothing makes a man more odious, as well as contemptible, than avarice does, there was a kind of a conspiracy amongst all ranks of men against this expedition; and the auspices which were taken, according to custom, previous to his departure, being found unfavourable, the tribune Attius, after pronouncing a form of imprecation against him, if he departed, which was thought by the people to carry along with it infallible damnation, would even have stopped him by force, had not Crassus escaped in the tumult out of Rome. We need not, therefore, have recourse to any supernatural interposition, that enforced this imprecation to the

with less pomp than Lucius Paulus, though his equal in age and dignity. He is, indeed, a base man. I have bestowed great pains upon my treatise, concerning an orator, having often revised and carefully corrected it. You are at liberty to copy it out. I again entreat you to be very distinct in informing me of the present state of public affairs, that I may not come to Rome quite a stranger.

EPISTLE XIV.

OUR friend Vestorius writes me word that you did not leave Rome before the 10th of May, which was later than you intended, on account of your indisposition. It will give me sincere pleasure to hear that you are recovered. In the meanwhile, I beg that you will send a written order to your domestics, that I may have admittance to your library, in the same manner, as if you were present. I have occasion for several books, but more particularly for those of Varro¹. For there are some passages in his books, which

the destruction of Crassus and his army; because, in fact, it carried along with it a real and a physical cause, by the effects it produced upon the spirits, both of his men and officers.

¹ He was at this time lieutenant to Cæsar in his government of Gaul.

which I shall make use of in the treatises I am now composing, and which I am in hopes will give you pleasure.

If you have any news concerning my brother Quintus, or of Cæsar, or of the elections; or if any new changes are likely to take place in the commonwealth (for I know how quick and sagacious you are in tracing these matters¹) pray, let me have them in writing. Though you have nothing of importance to write, yet write me somewhat, for I never thought a letter of yours, either unseasonable or uninteresting. Above all things, I beg that you will visit me, the first opportunity, after you have settled agreeably to your wishes, your affairs, and your journey. Present my compliments to Dionysius. Farewel.

EPISTLE

¹ The original is, *Soles enim tu hæc festine odorari*, literally, you are used to smell out these things with swiftness. Some commentators propose to read *festive* instead of *festine*, as more elegant and appropriate. The proposed emendation, however, is frigid and impertinent; and the propriety of the common reading will appear, when it is observed that the language is borrowed from a *dog* that is quick in smelling and pursuing the game. The same sagacity is ascribed by Minerva to Ulysses *κυριος λαλαινης ιως τις ευγινος βρασις*.

EPISTLE XV.

I AM glad to hear of the good fortune of Eutychides, who, to his own name, has that of Titus Cæcilius now added, in the same manner as Dionysius takes the name of Marcus from me, and that of Pomponius from you. It will give me sensible pleasure, if Eutychides knew that he is obliged for his liberty to your kindness for me, that I was no stranger to the sympathy he shewed in my trouble, and that I still have a proper sense of it. I suppose you are under the necessity of going to Asia, for you never, without the most urgent occasion, would so long banish yourself from all that is dear to you in friendship and in life. But a judgment may be formed of your tenderness and affection for your friends, by the quickness of your return. Yet I am apprehensive that the Rhetorician Clodius¹ may, by the charms of his conversation induce you to stay, together with Pituanus², who is, I hear, a very learned man, and though late in life, is now studying the Greek learning. But if you would be deemed a man of your word

¹ He was a famous professor of rhetoric, a native of Sicily, and taught both in Latin and Greek.

² He seems to have been of a noble family in Rome.

word, return to us at the time you have appointed. When these gentlemen shall meet with a safe passage to Rome, you may have their company there.

You write, that you long to have a letter from me; I have sent you one which contains a great number of particulars, all of them written in the form of a journal, but I conjecture you did not stay long enough in Epirus to receive it; for the manner in which I write my letters, at least those I address to you, is generally such, that I dare not trust them with any bearer, but one who I am sure will put them into your own hand. Now as to the affairs of Rome. On the 9th of July, Sufenas¹ and Cato were acquitted and Procilius was condemned. From this we may learn, that our very upright judges² pay no regard to bribery and violence, nor to the interval between the expiration and the election of magistrates, and the treasonable violations of the whole system of government. We surely ought not to sanction the murder of a man within his own house; yet this question was not carried without

¹ Those three persons had been tribunes of the people two years before, and were now impeached for undue practices to favour the election of Pompey and Crassus, two of them were acquitted, but the third, Procilius, having been guilty of an assassination was cast.

² Orig. *τρισεπισημοι*, *thrice areopagites*, i. e. very upright judges, ironically for very corrupt judges.—E.

without a division; for, out of fifty judges, twenty-two were for acquitting the criminal. It must be owned, that Publius Clodius, who appeared for the prosecution, made in the conclusion of his speech a strong impression upon the minds of the judges. Hortensius spoke in his usual manner. As for me, I did not open my lips; for my little girl, who is now unwell, was afraid of my throwing out somewhat to exasperate Clodius.

When these trials were over, the inhabitants of Reate¹ carried me to their country, which is another Tempe for beauty, to plead their cause against those of Interamni² before a consul and ten commissaries. The case was, that Interamni had cut a passage through a mountain to widen the discharge which Marcus Curius had given to the lake Velinus into the Nar, by which the plain of Rosia³ is drained of its humidity. I lived

¹ This was the capital of the Sabines. It is at present called Rieti, and lies in the dukedom of Spoleto.

² At present Terani or Terni, and was situated upon a kind of Island at the conflux of a cut from the lake Velinus and the Nar. Cicero sufficiently explains the nature of this cause. But it is proper to observe, that this cut was made about 240 years before Christ, by Marcus Curius Dentatus, after he had conquered the Sabines.

³ This country still keeps its name Rosia, or the Dewy, from the perpetual dews that fell upon it from the exhalations of the neighbouring lakes and rivers.

lived some time with Accius¹, who conveyed me from his own house to the Seven Fountains². On the 9th of June, I returned to Rome to attend the affair of Fonteius. I then went to the theatre, where I was received with great and uninterrupted applause. But that, you say, is matter of indifference, and foreign in me to mention. I next saw Antiphon³ play. He had been set at liberty before he came upon the stage, and in a word, he carried away the prize of acting, and yet, to speak it among ourselves, he appeared to me to possess neither voice nor energy, and is indeed a sluggish actor. He, however, excelled Astyanax in the *Andromache*, but in his other characters he is without his equal. You will perhaps ask me concerning Arbuscula⁴, and I answer that she gave me great satisfaction. The diversions, were magnificent and highly applauded.

¹ He was a Roman senator.

² This was one of the oldest villages in all Italy, and lay in the country of the Reatini near the lake Velinus.

³ Most of the Roman actors were originally slaves, a condition which cannot be said to be despicable, because it was from them that Rome learned all her arts and politeness. But when an actor excelled in his profession, his master generally made him free, in compliment to the people, who often demanded their freedom. After this all the profits of their acting were his own property, and some of them died immensely rich, after being treated on a footing with the greatest noblemen of Rome.

⁴ A famous comedian and courtesan.

plauded. The hunting is put off to another time.

Suffer me now to conduct you to the field of election. This glows with the pursuits of ambition. Of this I give the following proof. The interest for the use of money rose on the 15th of July from four to eight *per cent.* extraordinary¹. That perhaps you are not sorry to learn; though, as a man and as a citizen, it ought to give you concern. The whole interest of Cæsar supports Memmius², and they have joined Domitius³ with him, in standing for the consulship; but upon what terms I dare not commit to writing. Pompey roars, complains and declares for Scaurus⁴, but it is questionable, whether his attachment

¹ *Orig. Fœnus ex triente Idib. Quint. factum erat bessibus.* It would require a whole dissertation to explain this expression. It is sufficient to say, that the common interest amongst the Romans was 12 *per cent.* in a year, one *per cent.* being paid on the 13th or 15th of every month. This was called *Unciarum fœnus*; the third part of this was four, which was called the *triens*, and two thirds of it, which was eight, was called the *besses usuræ*. The interest Cicero speaks of here is therefore an additional interest, exclusive of the 12 *per cent.* which was the common interest.

² He had been formerly the enemy of Cæsar.

³ This was Domitius Calvinus.

⁴ This Scaurus was the brother of Æmilia, Pompey's second wife, and had married Mutia, who had children by Pompey.

tachment is sincere or affected. None of the candidates is distinguished by superior excellence; for money brings them all to a level. Messala droops, not that he is without either spirit or friends; but he is opposed by the coalition of the consuls and Pompey. I am of opinion that the election for the consuls will be adjourned¹.

The candidates for the tribuneship have decreed to be determined by Cato, as to their pretences, each of them having deposited in his hands five hundred thousand sesterces to be forfeited by the person whom Cato shall find to be in the wrong, and to be divided amongst the other candidates. I wrote the above account, the day before the elections were supposed to be held; but I wrote to you also on the 28th of July, and if the election shall be held, I will send you a full detail of it by the same messenger, if he is not already set out. If they are fair and open, as it is thought they will be, Cato will carry with him more weight than all our courts of justice.

I pleaded for Messius upon his return from his legateship, which Appius had given him under Cæsar; Servilius summoned him to appear. He had in his favour the Pomptinian, the Velinian, and the Mæcian tribes. The contest is fierce.

¹ This happened accordingly.

fierce. We have however, been as successful as might be expected. I next undertake the defence of Drusus, and then of Scaurus¹. I shall have the honour of pleading before an illustrious bench, and perhaps before the consuls elect; and if Scaurus is not one of them, it will go very hard with him in his trial. I imagine, by letters from my brother Quintus, that he is now in Britain². I am extremely uneasy till I hear from him. There is one thing, at least, I have gained; from clear and repeated intimations I learn that I am upon the most affectionate and amicable terms with Cæsar. I beg that you will make my compliments to Dionysius, and earnestly entreat him to come hither as soon as possible, to instruct my son Cicero, and even his father likewise.

EPISTLE XVI.

I CANNOT send you a better proof that I am hurried with business, than this letter being written by my amanuensis. I do not accuse you of remissness in your correspondence; but several letters

¹ Drusus was impeached of collusion with a person whom he had accused, and Scaurus of oppressing the inhabitants of Sardinia.

² He served under Cæsar in his expeditions to Britain.

letters I have received from you, served, by their date, only to inform me of the place of your residence. Sometimes, indeed, they intimated that you was in health; and I read two of them on that subject with great pleasure, which were dated from your house at Buthrotum, almost at the same time. It gave me great joy to understand, that your voyage had been favourable; but this interchange of letters was more agreeable from its quickness than its information. That which I received from your host Marcus Paccius, was indeed weighty and full of matter; I, therefore, now sit down to answer it. In the first place I convinced Paccius, both by words and deed, of the efficacy of your recommendation with me; and, therefore, though I did not know him before, he is now one of my most intimate friends.

But to proceed, if I possibly can do it in a proper place, I will introduce Varro into my dialogues. But you know the nature of them. In the oratorial dialogues, which you extol so highly, it is impossible for any of the speakers to mention any orator, excepting those they were acquainted with, and had heard. I was sensible of this difficulty in my dialogue concerning a commonwealth, in which the speakers were Africanus, Philus, Lælius, and Manilius. To these I added the two youths, Quintus Tubero and Publius Rutilius; and the two sons-in-law of Lælius,

Lælius, Scævola, and Fannius. I was, therefore, thinking (because, in all my compositions, I generally make use of a preface for every book, the method which Aristotle follows, in what he calls his popular works,) to address Varro, without being guilty of any impropriety. Of this method I understand you approved; I only wish that I may finish what I have begun. You are sensible how great and how weighty an undertaking it is, and how much it requires, what I can least spare, I mean leisure.

You wish that I had suffered Scævola to remain as a speaker, in those dialogues you so much commend; but I did not exclude him without good reason. In this I imitated the conduct of our divine Plato. When Socrates had arrived at Pyræus, Cephalus, a wealthy and facetious old man, is present, and partakes of all the conversation that first passes. But when he had spoken a reasonable time, he tells the company, that he intended to go to a sacrifice; nor does he again return. By this, I suppose, Plato thought it would be out of character, had he detained a man of his advanced years, all the time that long conversation lasted. I presume I had much greater reason for using the same precaution, with regard to Scævola; you remember how aged and how infirm he was, and his high employments in the state, rendered it not quite so decent for him to remain so many days

days at the country-seat of Crassus. We are, likewise, to consider, that the conversation of the first book, suits very well with the studies of Scævola; the other books, you know, are filled with terms of art. I, therefore, thought that a man, so sprightly and aged as Scævola was, could with no propriety sit during so long and so grave a conversation.

I will take care of the affair you mention, concerning my daughter. For Aurelian's intimations, as you write, leave no farther room to doubt concerning that estate; and I shall also, by that means, humour my Tullia. I do what services I can to Vestorius, because I know that they oblige you; and I wish that he may know the same. But you know his temper; anxious as we are to please him, he is hardly satisfied. As to what you mention concerning Cato, you know that he has been acquitted from the charge of breaking the Junian Licinian law; and I pronounce, that he will be the same with regard to the Fusian law; which will give no less satisfaction to his accusers, than to his defenders. He is, however, again come into favour with Milo and myself.

Lucretius has accused Drusus, and the jury were chosen¹, and challenged on the 3d of July.

I can

¹ In Rome, the trials were before a jury, who gave their verdict, but did not fix the punishment, which was left to the prætor,

I can give you no good hopes concerning Proci-
lius; you know how capricious and uncertain are
his judges. Hirrus stands well with Domitius.
The decree of *quicumque posthac*, which was made
by the consuls concerning the provinces, is by
no means to my liking; because I understand
that Caesar is very much displeased with the de-
claration which Memmius made.

Our friend Messala, with his competitor Do-
mitius, has been so liberal towards the people,
that nothing can stand fairer, than they both do,
for being consuls. But the senate has decreed,
that a tacit process¹ should be drawn up against
them, before the time of election. This conduct
has greatly alarmed the candidates; for each of
them had a copy of the resolution. But some of
the judges, amongst them Opimius Antius, have
called in the tribunes of the commons, to pro-
test against their being tried, without the com-
mand of the people; and thus the measure is
dropped. The senate came to a resolution for
adjourning the time of elections, until the bill
for

prætor, or the lord-chief-justice; and what is still more re-
markable in this analogy, the parties might challenge any of
the jurors. A Roman jury, however, was determined by the
majority of those who were empannelled.

¹ *Orig. Judicium tacitum.* So called from its not taking ef-
fect against the candidates till after nomination; and if, during
the time they stood, they had been guilty of any undue prac-
tices, the process then went on.

for the tacit process should pass. But when the day for bringing in the bill came, the tribune Terentius imposed his negative upon it; upon this the consuls, who were but lukewarm in the affair, have carried the whole matter before the senate. In this they acted indiscreetly¹, and I could not help telling them so. What, say you, will you never be quiet? Forgive me, if, on the present occasion, I am unable to be at rest. Sure nothing was ever so ridiculous. The senate had come to a resolution, that the election should not be held before the bill passed; and if any negative was put upon it, that the matter, from the very beginning, should come before them afresh. The matter was carried on with coolness; they who managed it had no objection to the negative. The thing was brought round again to the senate; and they concluded, that to proceed forthwith to the election of the consuls, will facilitate the passing of the bill.

Scaurus, who some days ago was acquitted, in consequence of a very eloquent speech which I delivered in his defence, has bestowed favours on several tribes of the people at his own house, upon Scævola declaring for the auspices, and actually observing them every day to the last of September, when I had written thus far. But not-

¹ *Hic Abdera dices.* The people of Abdera were remarkable for their stupidity. Hence the proverb, To act like the Abderitæ, means to act with extreme folly.—E.

notwithstanding his profusion, which was very great, yet his success fell short of those who had got the start of him in their applications. I could wish to see your face while you are reading this, for the longer such doings last, the better for you: but the senate is to meet this first day of October (for the day begins now to break,) and nobody will there tell their minds freely, besides Antius¹ and Favonius, for Cato is indisposed. For my part, I will answer for myself; but I promise nothing absolutely.

I suppose you want to know more concerning these trials: both Drusus and Scaurus are acquitted². It is thought that three candidates will be impeached; Domitius by Meminius³, Messala by Quintus Pompeius Rufus⁴, and Scaurus by Triarius⁵, or by Lucius Cæsar⁶. You ask me what I can say in their defence? May I die if I know; at least in all the three books concerning eloquence, with which you are so much charmed,

¹ He was surnamed Restio; and being somewhat of Cato's severe disposition, he had, while prætor the year before, proposed a sumptuary law, which did not pass.

² *Drusus Scaurus non fecisse videntur.* Alluding to the modest manner in which the Roman jurors gave their verdict.

³ He was tribune of the commons, and afterwards brought impeachments against Gabinius and Rabirius.

⁴ He was designed tribune.

⁵ He had been questor some years before.

⁶ His father had been consul in the year of Rome, 690.

charmed, I do not find one topic that concerns them.

In order to form a just opinion of things, you must have a complete representation of them¹. Well, then, you ask me how did I behave? I answer, with firmness and freedom. And how, say you, did our great man behave? He behaved with a politeness suited to my dignity, and therefore gave me satisfaction². But, say you, how came Gabinius then to be acquitted? By downright, barefaced, mummery; by the wonderful stupidity of the accusers, I mean Lucius Lentulus, the son of Lucius³, who was loudly accused by the public of having betrayed the cause he undertook, by the great struggle made by Pompey, and by the prostitution of the judges. Yet, after all, out of seventy judges, thirty-two gave their voices against him. But he is far from being absolved, for he is soon to be tried upon other impeachments.

You will again ask me, how I bear all this? Extremely well, indeed; I never in my life was
so

¹ *Nunc ut opinionem habeas rerum, ferendum est.* This is certainly corrupted. The critics have proposed various emendations; but it seems not very easy, and not very material, to ascertain the true reading.—E.

² Cicero had prosecuted Gabinius with great inveteracy, for the part he took in driving him to exile.

³ He had an hereditary enmity against Gabinius, who had carried the consulship against his father, who hated Pompey.

so well pleased with myself. We have now lost, my friend, not only the spirit and vigour, but even the complexion and form of old Rome. Our constitution has no allurements, it has no charms for me. What! say you, does that give you pleasure? How can it do otherwise, when I reflect what a glorious figure this state made but a few years ago under my government? I can feel no pain when I think how ungratefully I have been repaid. They, who took it amiss that I had but some degree of power, have now the mortification to see power itself monopolized by one man. This is but one circumstance of many, that gives me consolation.

Yet still I abandon not my post of honour, and I follow the bent which nature has given my genius, I mean, my favourite books and occupations. I soften the toils of the bar, by the embellishments of eloquence. I am charmed with my house, I am charmed with my rural retirement: I reflect, not upon the height, from which I am fallen, but the station from whence I rose. Give me but the company of my brother, and of you my friend; let ambition sink or swim for me. With you I can philosophize. There my soul delighteth to dwell, insensible to all the pride of heart that it formerly contained. Yes! my private and domestic concerns now give me joy. You will admire my wonderful tranquillity, but the continuance of it depends,
indeed

indeed in a great measure, upon your return: for none alive has feelings, as you have, so congenial with my own.

But I proceed to other things. The tide of government verges towards an interregnum; some people suspect, and a great many talk of, a dictatorship; and this gave no small assistance to Gabinius with his timorous judges. The consular candidates are all impeached for corrupt practices; Gabinius is amongst the number; for though Torquatus opposed him to no purpose, Publius Sylla impeached him, not doubting that he would keep out of the way. But all of them will be acquitted, and henceforth no man will be condemned, who is not a downright murderer. Yet it is said the public is too severe in this respect, and this gives encouragement to informers. Marcus Fulvius Nobilior is condemned, but many others of your fine gentlemen do not even make their appearance.

I have to notice one incident more of a singular nature; about an hour after Gabinius was acquitted, some other judges offended at his acquittal, condemned under the Papian law¹ Antiochus Gabinius, a freedman and officer of Gabinius, a pupil of one Sopolis a painter; upon this the condemned person immediately cried out,
"I

¹ This law related to the denizens of Rome, and regulated the privileges of foreigners there.

"I was indeed well aware, that Mars is an associate of Venus¹."

Pontinius² has fixed upon the 2d of November for celebrating his triumph. He is opposed by the prætors, Cato and Servilius, and by Quintus Mucius, the tribune of the people. For they pretend that the bill for his triumph is not yet passed, and indeed it must be allowed, that it passed in a manner very informal. The consul Appius, however, will be on the side of Pontinius; though Cato avers that, while he is alive Pontinius shall not obtain his triumph. But this threatening, like many others of the same kind made by him, I believe, will not be effected. Appius thinks of going to Cilicia upon his own expence, having obtained no legal appointments as a governor.

Having

¹ Orig. ἢ σ' οὐδ' Ἀφρὸς ἀμὰ Πάφιν. I know thee Mars, that thou art always with Venus. The commentators acknowledge, that they do not perceive the aptitude of this quotation, which is taken from some Greek poet now lost. But, on this occasion, their ingenuousness is more to be admired than their ingenuity. The pertinence of the cited verse consists in a *pun*, which, it must be confessed, is far more happy than many found in the writings of Cicero. The officer of Gabinius was condemned by the *lex papia*. To this law he wished to attach the idea of cruelty and murder; and, therefore, cites the verse in question—I know that MARS, i. e. WAR, or slaughter, is connected with Papias, the author of the law, though the poet meant the Paphian goddess.—E.

² He had been prætor under Cicero's consulship, and had subdued the Allobroges.

Having thus answered the letter you sent me by Paccius, I am to inform you farther, that my brother's letters give me high assurances of Cæsar's friendship, and his information is confirmed by very affectionate letters from Cæsar himself. We are impatient for the event of the Britannic expedition. All we know for certain is, that the island is fortified with amazing rocks; that there is not a grain of silver in the whole island, nor the least hope of plunder but from the slaves they may capture; and I do not suppose that you may expect, from amongst them, any who are proficient in literature or in music.

Paulus¹ has almost finished the roof of his colonade² in the middle of the forum; but the pillars are the same. He is, however, building a new one most wonderfully magnificent. In short, nothing can be more pleasing, nothing more showy to the people than the monument is. We therefore the friends of Cæsar, I mean (though you should burst with envy) myself and Oppius, have expended sixty millions of sesterces upon that monument, of which you are so very fond, that we might widen its area, and extend it as far as the portico of the Temple of Liberty. We could not engage with the private proprietors for less. But we shall make it a
most

¹ This was Æmilius Paulus.

² This was a building of the nature of our Royal Exchange, and appropriated to pretty much the same uses.

most stupendous work. For we are about to raise in the Campus Martius marble colonades to cover the tribes when they assemble, and they are to be enclosed within a magnificent gallery; the contents of the whole area will occupy a mile. But this is not all. For to this work is to be added a public hall. What benefit, you will say, can this edifice confer on me? The state of things gives me none to hope. I will add no more of public matters, for I suppose you have no curiosity as to the Lustrum, or the trials which are carrying on by the Coctian law¹.

Were I now to reproach you, it is no more than what you deserve. For you wrote in the letter, which I received from the hands of Caius Decimus, and which was dated from Burthrotum that you believed you was set out for Asia. For my part I did not think the difference, whether you did your business by agents or in person, was considerable enough, for your being so often and so long absent. But had not your design been fixed, I could have wished to have treated with yourself; surely I might have had some success. But now I will check the reproaches I intended you. I wish to heaven that this may hasten your return. I write you the more seldom, because I am not sure where you are, or where you are to be. I have entrusted
ted

¹ It is uncertain what this law was.

ted this person, whom I know nothing about, with this letter, because he said he was to see you. I beg that you will specify to me the time when you set out for Asia, and when I may expect you, and tell me what you have done concerning Eutychides.

EPISTLE XVII.

How welcome were your letters, how delightful your arrival! How punctual to your promise, how blameless in your friendship! May success attend your pleasant voyage! Greatly indeed did I fear its issue, as well remembering the hardships you encountered when, leaving us, you passed into Asia¹. But if I mistake not, we shall see you sooner than you mention in your letter. You supposed, I believe, that your ladies were by this time in Apulia. But as they are not, you can have no business to detain you there. Some days you must allow to our friend Vestorius, and that time you will employ in recovering your taste, for, what I may call, the Attic purity

¹ *Orig. deggus*, coverings made of the skin of wild beasts—shaggy—frightful; here therefore they mean the horrible dangers of the sea.—E.

rity of Latin. Fly to me, my friend, come, behold the charms of my ideal republic, and compare it with what now actually passes in Rome.

If I mistake not, I informed you that money was publicly distributed, tribe by tribe, and in the same place, before the time of election, by which means Gabinius was acquitted, and he bids fair to live yet in credit. You ask me, but I know not what to write, concerning Messala. Never did I see two candidates, so well matched. You know Messala's interest, and Triarius has impeached Scaurus. Let me tell you, the public feel no great predilection for him; and yet the people cherish favourable remembrance of his Ædileship¹ and the country tribes² are not a little swayed by his father's memory. The difference in interest between the two other Plebeian candidates is, that Domitius will be strong in friends, but will not be excessively popular by his public exhibitions: the troops of Cæsar will support the interest of Memmius, and, through the

¹ He had spent an immense estate in the public exhibitions during his Ædileship, and if we may believe Pliny, the ruins or remains of his shows were valued at above 500,000l.

² These were the most creditable tribe that composed the assemblies of the people, the town tribes being composed of a set of vermin. The memory of Marius was dear to the country tribes, and the father of this Scaurus was next to Marius the greatest general of that party.

the influence of Pompey, he will have the Cisalpine Gauls¹. If all this influence is not sufficient for his purpose, it is thought that means will be found to put off the election till the nearer approach of Cæsar, especially as Cato is now acquitted from the charge of having done the same thing before².

On the 24th of October, I received letters from my brother, and from Cæsar, dated the 26th of September, upon finishing their campaign in Britain, at the close of which they received hostages, but no plunder, though a contribution was imposed³, and when their letters were dated they were re-embarking their troops. Quintus Pilius⁴ was by that time set out for Cæsar. If
you

¹ Pompeius Strabo, the father of the great Pompey, who was now for Memmius, had obtained to the people of this province the privileges of Romans.

² *Viz.* When Domitius Ænobarbus stood, and lost it by the means of Pompey and Crassus, who prevailed with Cato to put off the election of consuls, and thereby gained time to qualify themselves legally.

³ *Orig. Confecta Britannia, obsidibus acceptis, nulla præda, imperata tamen pecunia.* Monsieur Mongault translates this passage. *Les Barbares ont été vaincus, ils ont donné des otages et payé les sommes qu'on leur a imposées.* I know not whether the reader will think the sense in which I translate them to suit better with Cicero's words, and Cæsar's account of this matter.

⁴ He probably was brother to Pilia, the wife of Atticus, and was this year questor.

you love me, my friend, if you love your relations, if you think that I am to be believed, if you even have common sense, if you wish for the enjoyment of the good things of this life, let me persuade you to come hither, and to remain near me. I cannot enjoy myself without you. I am uneasy, in the absence of even Dionysius, what then must I be in yours? My boy joins with me in our most earnest entreaties, that you will return as soon as your affairs will permit. The last letters I had from you were dated from Ephesus the 9th of August.

EPISTLE XVIII.

YOU will, I suppose, infer that I have forgotten my habits and engagement. Being uncertain, in respect to the rout you would take, and the places in which you would make any stay, I neither trusted my letters to Epirus, to Athens, to Asia, or to any person, but to the messenger who was to deliver them into your hands. For my letters are not of that indifferent nature, as not to occasion me disappointment were they to fall into other hands. They are written upon topics so private and sacred in their nature, that I seldom or ever trust them even to my secretaries.

Our consuls are branded with infamy, because the candidate C. Memmius has read in the se-

senate-house a written agreement made by him and his competitor Domitius with the consuls; by which they engaged to give to the consuls a hundred thousand sesterces if they themselves were made consuls, unless they produce three augurs, who shall bear witness that they were present, when the law passed through the wards, which never did pass; and two consulars who shall affirm, that they were present, when the deed for appointing the consular provinces was engrossed in the senate; when nothing is more certain than that no senate was then held.

This engagement was not verbal, but written, and supported by proper securities¹, Memmius upon

¹ *Orig. Non verbis, sed nominibus et prescriptionibus multorum tabulis.* This seems to have been an infamous transaction. It was of great importance for the consuls, who were going out, that a law should pass through the people, assembled by the Curiae, upon a bill sent from the senate, for adjudging to them their several governments. The two candidates, Memmius and Domitius, undertook, under the penalty here expressed, to procure false evidences, that such a law had passed the Curiae; but at the same time the two acting consuls on the other hand, agreed that this obligation should be void, unless the two candidates should succeed to the consulship by their interest. There is something which to an Englishman appears extremely absurd in this whole transaction, and it can be accounted for only by the prodigious degeneracy of the Roman constitution at that juncture. Here the Roman people are to be persuaded that they had, in a body, or in a general wardmote (for that is the true sense of the words *comitia*

upon Pompey's motion, produced these papers. Appius acted in true conformity to his character, without

comitia curiata) passed a law, which they never did, and the senate, that they had passed a bill, which never had been moved for, and, at a time, when no senate sat. The juggle was to be performed in the following manner. Every one of the ancient tribes, which were three in all, was composed of ten wards, and had an augur, who served as an interpreter of the will of heaven, and, without his assistance, they could not proceed. Now, though the power of those augurs was very great, yet is it absurd to think that those candidates could conceive a hope of success, by bribing those three augurs, unless the wardmotes had generally been so irregular and tumultuous and so overawed, that only a few, and those of the most powerful party, ventured to assist them. The testimony, therefore of the augurs, as it always was very sacred, under such circumstances, was very material. In modern constitutions the presumed notoriety of a measure is often the best evidence of its having passed, and we know that a simple minute entered in a book, even in the highest tribunals in Britain, is all the evidence that remains of the most important resolutions having passed; and, if I mistake not, even the famous pragmatic sanction has no other. As the candidates therefore were not under the necessity of producing any engrossed records, signed and sealed, this imposition seems not so impracticable as it appears to be at first sight. It is true, that there appears to be greater difficulty in the imposition they intended to put upon the senate; but we are to consider that the same thing may be said of the senate, as of the wardmotes. We have already seen that Caesar, or indeed any other great man, could intimidate all who were not thoroughly in his party, from assembling in the senate-house, and we have many proofs in our author's letters that it became a common practice amongst the leading men of Rome to publish resolutions, which they had engrossed at home.

without any diminution of his usual confidence¹: But his colleague² shrunk and fell to the ground. As to Memmius, having against the consent of Calvinus, torn the deeds, he stood appalled, and now seeks with more earnestness to bring about a dictatorship, to promote an interregnum, and universal disorder.

Behold now, the calmness, the hilarity of my mind, and my contempt of the province of Cilicia³. It is true, I have reserved one flattering picture from the wrecks of my fortune; I mean the happy intimacy I have formed with Cæsar. Good God! with what respect, with what dignity, with what kindness, does he treat my brother, and your friend Quintus! I could not do more

as the acts of the senate, and to prefix to them the names of the senators who spoke for them, and were supposed to be present at their passing. Cicero tells us that he sometimes received letters of thanks from the eastern princes for decrees, which he had carried through in their favour, though no such decrees had ever passed, and though he had never before heard either the names of the princes or their concerns.

¹ His family was distinguished by a peculiar ferocity of manners.

² Lucius Domitius, who was his colleague, affected great severity of manners, and great friendship for Cato, and was therefore a good deal disconcerted.

³ Orig. *Selucianæ provinciæ*. So called, because Seleucus had built a great many towns in it, and of which Appius had obtained the government in prejudice of our author, upon the expiration of his consulship.

more for him, were I myself commander in chief. He writes me that Cæsar has obligingly offered him his choice of winter quarters, for the legion he commands. Are you not in love with that great man; can you find his equal amongst the other parties?

But have not I informed you, that I was to be legate under Pompey, and to set out the 13th of January? This, I thought, served my purpose for many respects. Need I add any more? The rest I will impart when present with you, that you may come sooner from curiosity. Present to Dionysius my sincerest wishes. For him I have not only kept, but have built, an apartment. In short, his arrival will greatly enhance the pleasure I shall have in yours. As you love me, I expect that you and your retinue will fix your quarters at my house, the very day of your arrival.

CICERO'S

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK V.

EPISTLE I.

WHEN we last parted ¹, well did I discern your feelings, and I myself can best testify the regret which

¹ Cicero, from the date of the last letter, which was the 18th of September, under the consulship of Lucius Domitius Ænobarbus, and Appius Clodius Pulcher, to the date of this letter, which seems to have been written in May, under the consulship of Marcus Marcellus, and Servius Sulpicius, including a space of upwards of two years and a half, appears to have had no correspondence, by writing, with Atticus. It is probable that they lived, during that period, (which was a very busy one, in the Roman government) at Rome, till Cicero being one of those consulars who had been rewarded with no government after going out of his office, obtained that of Cilicia to which we are to understand he is now upon his journey.

which I experience; you have therefore the more reason for guarding against all new decrees that may prolong our separation beyond one year. You have settled that affair with Annius Saturninus with great judgment. As to bail, I entreat you to put it in, as you are now at Rome; but some of the purchases¹, such as those of the Memmian

¹ *Orig. Et sunt aliquot satisfactiones secundum Mancipium. Cujatius, 10 observ. cap. 4. says, that a Satisfactio secundum Mancipium was a Repromissio nuda, or a bare promise, either verbal, or in writing, which passed from the seller to the purchaser. This opinion of that great lawyer is strongly confirmed by a passage in Varro, Lib. 5. de lingua latina. Consuetudo enim erat cum reus parum esset idoneus in certis rebus, ut pro se alterum daret, a quo caveri postea lege captum est ab his qui prædia venderent, vadesque darent, ab eo scribi captum in lege Mancipiorum; vadem ne posceret, nec dabitur. That is, "it was formerly the custom, when the party accused was, in certain cases, an insufficient bail of himself, to bring another who was bail for him. Hence it was, that the same precaution began afterwards to be taken of those who sold estates, and who gave sureties, and after that it came to be part of the law of fees, that a man should neither demand nor take a surety." I shall not trouble the reader with any more quotations in favour of the sense I have given to this expression. It is plain, that in Rome, as in England, many things crept into the civil, from the criminal law. There was formerly, in both constitutions so great a tenderness towards the personal liberty of the subject, on account of matters of property, that many proceedings in their courts of law seem to be unaccountable to a person who is not acquainted with the ancient constitutions. The expression Satisfactio secundum Mancipium is a proof of what I say. For a Satisfactio is, in fact, the giving the security of a third person*

Memmian and Attilian estates require only an authentic title. You have managed with Oppius¹ just to my mind, especially by your engaging for the hundred thousand sesterces. I am even willing to borrow money at interest for discharging that debt, rather than wait to the last day for the payment of my own.

I now proceed to what you say in the cross-lines of your letter, I mean the advice concerning your sister. The matter stands thus. Upon my coming down to Arpinum, when my brother had paid me a visit, we had, in the first place, a great deal of conversation concerning you; and then we came to talk of those things respecting your sister, which had passed between you and me at Tusculanum. Never did I see any creature

person between two parties. This was no easy matter to do in affairs of property at the time our author wrote, when we consider the quick shiftings of property through the many prescriptions of Sylla and Marius and other revolutions. It appears therefore, that in certain cases (perhaps in that of proscription, or according to the title deeds) a simple promise took place of this security, though the term *Satisfactio* remained still the same. The estates here mentioned were sold by Cicero for discharging his debts.

¹ He was an agent of Cæsar, from whom Cicero borrowed this money.

² *Orig. Quæ quidem ego utique vel versura facta solvi volo; ne extrema exactio nostrorum nominum expectetur. Or the sense of the passage may be: I will borrow the money for instantly discharging Cæsar's debt, rather than suffer him to wait till it is due.*

creature so gentle and good humoured as my brother then was with regard to her; nor could I discover by him, that he thought he had any just cause to be offended at her conduct. This was all that passed that day. On the succeeding we left Arpinum. My brother had particular reasons for remaining at Arce¹; I proceeded to Aquinum, but we dined together at Arce, in a house well known to you. As soon as we arrived, my Pomponia, says my brother, with great mildness, if you will invite the ladies, I will engage the gentlemen. I could imagine nothing more tender than my brother then appeared in his expressions, his manner, and his look. I suppose, said she in our hearing, I am only a guest here, being I believe, piqued because Statius² had gone on before us to bespeak dinner. You see, replied Quintus to me, what I suffer every day.—And of what consequence you will say, is an affair so trifling? I tell you, it was of such

¹ This village still remains under the same name, and was so called from its elevated situation *Arx a citidal*.

² It is wonderful to consider our author's great sensibility in every thing that concerned his relations. He seems not to enjoy himself but in the happiness of his brother, who, according to the best accounts, was not of a very amiable character in any other respect, than his being a good officer in the field, and having a reciprocal affection for our author. This Statius, who is here spoken of, very probably had all the insolence of a favourite domestic, as he was, to Quintus; and perhaps the lady had better reason than our author knew of for her sullen behaviour.

such magnitude as to shock me; so foolish were her words and so furious her looks. But I have hitherto concealed my uneasiness.

All the company, but herself, sat down to dinner; and Quintus served her from the table, but she refused to eat of what he sent. In short, never did I see any thing more good humoured than my brother, or more provoking than your sister, not to mention a great many other incidents, which I assure you, at that time, disgusted me more than they seemed to do my brother. I set out from thence to Aquinum, while my brother remained at Arce. Next morning, he came to see me at Aquinum, and told me, that she refused to sleep with him that night, and that he had left her in the same ill humour I had seen her in. I shall only add, that in my opinion she appeared that day destitute of every amiable disposition¹? I have been perhaps more minute than I needed upon this subject, to put you in mind that it is now come to your turn to instruct and admonish².

You

¹ *Orig. Humanitate.* The meaning of this word is only to be determined by the occasion on which it is used. Sometimes it signifies good-breeding or politeness, sometimes humanity, and it is taken in a variety of other senses.

² From this passage it appears, that Atticus had been pretty severe upon the behaviour of our author's brother towards his wife.

You have now nothing to do but to fulfil all my commissions before you come away; write me an account of every thing; quicken Pontinius¹, and let me know when you set out. You may by all that is sacred depend upon it, there is nothing I regard, there is nothing I love, on earth, beyond yourself. I took at Minturnæ, a most affectionate leave of Torquatus². He is a man of great worth. I beg you will, when you talk with him, let him know that I mentioned him to you.

EPISTLE II.

AT the time of my writing this letter, May 10th I set out from Pompeianum, to pass the rest of the day with Pontius at Tribuli³. I determined then to proceed in longer stages⁴, and that without farther delay. I had the pleasure of meeting with our friend Hortensius at Cumæ. When, at his own request, I charged him with my commissions in general, I recommended it to him in a more particular manner, to use all his influence to prevent the period appointed for my government

¹ Cicero had chosen him for one of his lieutenants in his government.

² He had been prætor the year before.

³ This was a little town of Campania, and still keeps the same name.

⁴ *Orig. Justa Itinera.*

government from being farther deferred. I beg that you will again remind him of this, and let him know from me how kindly I took both his visit and the assurances he gave me of doing me service in this, and in whatever else lay in his power. I have likewise recommended the same thing to our friend Furnius, who, I foresee, will next year be a tribune of the commons.

Cumæ, from the great resort of company, presents to us a miniature of Rome. In the meanwhile, our friend Rufio¹, knowing that Vestorius observed his motions, has fairly undermined him by not coming to wait upon me. What, is it really so? Hortensius, great and infirm as he is, took a long journey, with many others to visit you, and Rufio not come? I assure you he did not. You have not seen him then, continue you. How could I avoid it, when I passed by the market of Puteoli, where I suppose he had some business, and where I saw him? I afterwards took my leave of him, as I met him returning from his country-seat, and he asked my commands. Can any one think this man is ungrateful? Is it not even commendable in him that

¹ His true name was Caius Sempronius Rufus. What is here said of him is ironical. He had a difference with this Vestorius, which was referred to our author's arbitration. But Rufio, conscious that his cause was none of the best, did all he could that it should not come to a hearing.

that he has not put himself to trouble for obtaining a hearing.

But I return to my other business. You are not to imagine that I have any consideration to comfort me under the load of misery I am to undergo, but the hope that it will not outlast the year. Many who form a judgment of me, from the practice of others, do not believe me in earnest in this declaration. But I desire you, who know my sincerity, to use your utmost endeavours when the time comes—When you shall return from Epirus, I request that you will write me concerning the state of public affairs, if you anticipate any event of importance. For we are not yet sufficiently informed here, in what manner Cæsar treats the resolution¹ of the senate; and there was a report that the towns beyond the Po were ordered each to create four magistrates². If this should prove true, I fear great commotions. But I shall learn somewhat of Pompey.

EPISTLE

¹ A motion had been made, and passed in the senate, for recalling Cæsar, but it was quashed by some of the tribunes. The motion, however, was registered.

² This was a scheme of Cæsar to put them upon the footing of the municipal towns of Italy, where the persons who had passed as magistrates could vote in the assemblies of the people of Rome, and could even stand for public offices.

EPISTLE III.

ON the 10th of May I came to Pontius at Trebuli, where I received two letters from you dated three days before. I had sent you a packet by Philotimus from Pompeia, and really I have nothing material to impart at present. Let me have all the public news, for I see all the towns in alarm; but many of the reports are groundless. Indulge me with your thoughts respecting the present and future situation of things. I know not what letters you want me to answer; for I had hitherto none, excepting two which I received both at the same time at Trebuli; the one containing the edict of Publius Licinius¹, and dated the 4th of May, the other being an answer to what I wrote you from Minturnæ. I much fear lest the letters, which did not arrive, and which you want me to answer, contained matters of consequence.

My conduct towards Lentulus shall evince the regard

¹ Every governor of a province and every prætor, who was to judge of civil matters at Rome, upon entering their offices, published a short system of the rules and laws that were to regulate their conduct, which was called an Edictum or Edict.

regard I have for your recommendation¹. I feel a cordial esteem for Dionysius. Your friend Nicanor distinguishes himself by his attention to me. I have no more to write, and it is now daylight. I intended to reach Beneventum this day. I hope by my assiduity and uprightness to justify your good opinion in the administration of my province. Dated the 11th of May, from the house of Pontius at Trebuli.

EPISTLE IV.

I CAME to Beneventum on the 11th of May, and there I received the letter, which, I understand from your last, you had previously dispatched, and which I answered the day I received it, by Pontius from Trebuli. It is true, I received two of yours at Beneventum, one of them was delivered by Funisulanus early in the morning, the other by Tullius my clerk. I am very much obliged to you for the attention you have paid to that very serious affair² which I recommended to

¹ *Orig. Apua Lentulum ponam te in gratiam.* Our author frequently makes use of this phrase, and in the same sense, and it signifies, I will do honour to your recommendation of Lentulus.

² The whole of this epistle is both obscure and ambiguous. Not to mention, that scarce two copies or manuscripts agree with one another as to the expressions themselves. We have not

to your notice; but I am discouraged by your leaving the place. I feel disposed to favour the other person, not that I am satisfied with him, but because so few other suitors have applied. As to the gentleman whom you recommend as no improper match, I am afraid my daughter will not approve of him, and it will be difficult by any application, on the part of your friends, to ascertain her sentiments. I indeed will yield my consent; but you will be absent, and my presence is also precluded. Something indeed could be done, if either of us could attend; and by the intercession of Servilius, the approbation of Servius might be obtained. But as things stand, I do not see how the scheme can be effected were it ever so eligible.

Now, as to your letter which I received from Tullius, you have acted the part of a friend to me in your applications to Marcellus. Therefore if the senate come to any resolution, let me know it. For a contribution must be levied¹ for me

not the same advantage that Atticus had, in understanding all the little hints and innuendos of his friend. I have made out the meaning in the best manner I could; but I am not sure of being always in the right. The matter which Cicero alludes to here, seems to be the marriage of his daughter, who had been repudiated by Crassipes.

¹ *Orig. Mihi enim attribui oportebit, item Bibulo.* The word *attribui* signifies in this place to appropriate, and was the senatorial

me and also for Bibulus. But I dare say the senate have already adopted their resolution on that subject, especially as it is so important to the public. You have done right with regard to Torquatus. As to the affair with Maso and Ligus, it will be time enough to speak of it when they arrive. With regard to Chærippus¹, you refused your assent and shall I, honoured as I am with the government of a province, heed such a man? But it may be prudent to comply with him, lest he injure me with the senate. Some of whom in consequence may on the motion in my favour, call for the previous question², or demand a premature division, as is the case

senatorial term when any extraordinary military money was granted for particular purposes. *Attributa pecunia*, says Varro, *dicebatur quæ assignata erat*,—*id quod attributum erat æs militare dicebatur*. *De ling. Lat. Lib. 4*. The case stood with Cicero as follows: He likewise applied for leave to raise recruits in Italy, for the two legions he was to command; but in this he was opposed by the consul Sulpicius. But he was in hopes that Marcellus would comply.

¹ It is impossible, at this distance of time, to recover this and many other pieces of our author's private history.

² *Orig. Consule, aut numera*. I think I have hit the true meaning of Cicero in this passage, perplexed as it is. For Monsieur Mongault in his translation, seems to have given it up for desperate. We learn by a passage in Festus Pompeius, that the same custom prevailed with the senate of Rome, as with that of Britain. Many things passed without a division, but it was in the power of any senator to oblige the chair to divide the house,

case on many other occasions. It was fortunate, that he disclosed to Scrofa¹ his intention.

You are right as to Pontius; for if he should be at Brundisium before the 1st of June, I need not press my lieutenants Annius and Tullius so much. I approve of the matter suggested to you by Socinius, provided the exception does not seem to affect my friends, who have served me. But I will think farther of it; upon the whole the affair meets my approbation. I will take care you shall know how I settle my journey, and what Pompey is to do with regard to the five deputies², as soon as I have conversed with him on the subject.

You

house, and then the question went according to the majority. Any member might likewise insist upon telling the number of members, because there could be no house without a certain number. *Numera Senatum*, says Festus, *ait quivis senator consuli, cum impedimento vult esse quo minus faciat senatus consultum: postulatque ut aut res, quæ adferuntur, dividantur: aut simul consulantur, aut si tot non sunt senatores, quo numero liceat præscribi S. C. expectentur*. Thus, *consule*, was the term, senators used when they moved for a division, and *numera* when they applied to the chair to tell the house.

¹ He was a particular friend of Atticus.

² *Viz.* Who were to be under him in his government. As this was a post of honour, some peculiar advantages were annexed to it. It appears to me as if Pompey had the naming of those deputies, in consequence of the Messian law, which our author tells us in the first epistle of the last book, gave him more power over the provinces than the governors of them had.

You have acted quite right in engaging to Oppius for the payment of the hundred thousand sertes and as you have Philotimus with you, I beg you would fulfil your engagement and close the account; and, that I may have no farther solicitude on this subject, I beg, as you love me, that you will do it before you leave Rome; for you will thereby relieve me of a great burden. Now I have answered every particular of yours. I have however to remind you, that you are in want of paper¹. This deficiency it is my interest to supply, as the scarcity of that article occasions the brevity of your letters. Well, I will allow you two hundred sertes for the expence of paper. And yet my crowding this page as I do, is no great indication that I am myself too profuse of this commodity, while so many facts and rumours are flying about, to afford matter for writing. If you have any certain accounts of Cæsar, let me know them by a letter, and write me fully on every thing else by Pontinius.

EPISTLE

¹ The raillery of our author here arises from his friends complaining, that he could not write any more, because his paper failed him.

EPISTLE V.

I HAVE really nothing to write to you; for I know of nothing to recommend to your care, for every thing has been done; neither can I give you any fresh information. There is, in fact, nothing new, neither am I in a humour to detail trifles; I am oppressed with various cares. All I can tell you is, that while I write this, I prepare to set out for Venusium¹ in the morning of the 15th of May, on which day some business will probably be done in the senate. Write me therefore an account, not only of all that is done, but of all that is said; and I shall receive your letter at Brundisium. For I am there resolved to wait for Pontinius, till the day you mention. I will write you an account of the conversation I am to have with Pompey at Tarentum upon the state of public affairs; in the meanwhile, I desire to know to what precise time I can address my letters directly to yourself, that is, how long you are to be at Rome, so that I may be either sure of the person to whom I send them, or that they may not miscarry. But before you leave, pay the hundred thousand

¹ This town lay between Apulia and Lucania, and is famous for being the birth-place of Horace,

thousand serteces. This I wish you to regard as one of my most important concerns. I shall then be able to pursue, with your concurrence, the measure which your advice has suggested¹.

EPISTLE VI.

I ARRIVED on the 18th of May at Tarentum, and as I had resolved to wait there for Pontinius, I thought it advisable to spend the interval of his arrival with Pompey; and this I did the more cheerfully, as I saw that he would take this kindly of me. For he invited me to be with him every day in his house, and I accepted his invitation with pleasure, because I shall receive from him long and authentic accounts of public affairs; and, at the same time, I shall be furnished with his advice as to my conduct in the government.

But I begin to shorten my letters to you, as I know not whether you are at Rome or not. Notwithstanding this, I will continue writing, rather than that you should not receive letters from me, while there is a possibility of your receiving them. At present, however, I have neither any commission nor any news to send you.

¹ He means his connections with Cæsar, from whom he had borrowed that money.

you. I have no commands but those, which I have already signified, and which I hope you will execute as you promise. When I have any news I will let you know. One thing, however I must insist upon while I think you are at Rome, I mean my affair with Cæsar, which I beg you will finish before you come away. I earnestly wait for your letters, chiefly that I may learn the time of your departure.

EPISTLE VII.

MY letters, or rather my daily accounts to you, become every day shorter, because I am more and more inclined to think you are gone to Epirus. You must know, however, that I have taken care of what you recommended to me. Pompey insists upon assigning me the number of præfects above mentioned¹. But not² that they shall be idle, or that they shall preside in courts of justice. On the 20th of May,

¹ They were five, and are mentioned in a former letter.

² The text is mutilated, and restored only by conjecture. The original is *vacationes, judicariam caussam*. It seems Cicero insisted upon his lieutenants serving in the field, the exemptions from which services were called *vacationes*; nor would he suffer them to preside in courts of justice.

May, I set out for Brundisium, after spending three days with Pompey at his house. I left him one of the most excellent patriots¹ in the world, and in the greatest readiness to defend his country from all the impending calamities we so much dread. I shall wait for your letters to inform me both of what you are doing, and where you reside.

EPISTLE VIII.

I HAVE been detained for twelve days at Brundisium by an indisposition of which, as it was not attended by a fever, I am now recovered, and by the expectation of Pontinius, of whom I have not yet heard one syllable: but I have been some time waiting for a passage. If you are at Rome when this reaches you (which I scarcely think you are) I most earnestly beg your attention to what follows.

I received letters from Rome informing me, that my friend Milo complains of my having injured him in suffering Philotimus to become one of the purchasers of his effects². I was induced

¹ This I believe to be ironical, for it is impossible to be imagined, after what our author has said upon Pompey's character before, that he is in earnest here.

² This is a very black part of our author's story, notwithstanding all he says here to excuse it. We have already seen from

induced to agree to this from the opinion of Caius Duronius, whom I know to have the greatest affection for Milo, and to answer the favourable character you had given him. Now, the result of our consultation upon this subject, was as follows. His property should be purchased by us, in the first place, least a spiteful, unconcerned purchaser should rob Milo of a large number of slaves he had carried with him; in the next place, that the proper provision, which he intended to make for his wife, might be secured; and we had it likewise in contemplation, that if any thing could be saved for him, we could save it with the greatest ease. Now, I desire you to examine the whole affair; for things by report are often exaggerated. But, if Milo really complains; if he writes to his friends on this head, and if his wife is of the same opinion, Philotimus shall not, against Milo's consent, continue

from our author himself, under what infinite obligations he was to Milo, whom he treats as the greatest man, the firmest patriot, and the best friend that Rome or the world beheld. But this excellent person being, for the murder of Clodius, condemned to banishment, and his estate being confiscated, this Philotimus, who was Cicero's creature and dependent, with his master's privacy, and by his command, buys Milo's effects, though none but the most infamous and mercenary amongst the Romans ever were concerned in such bargains. In short, notwithstanding what he says here, Cicero, as appears from several of his letters, had a share in the spoil, the goods being sold greatly under value.

continue in possession of his effects, but restore them, according to the agreement made between us. I had no such object in view as is ascribed to me. You may speak with Duronius¹, for I have already written to Camillus and Lamia, and the more so, because I was not absolutely sure of your being at Rome. In fine, determine things in that manner, which shall appear most likely to promote my honour, my reputation, and my interest.

EPISTLE IX.

ON the 15th of June, I arrived at Actium², after we had feasted like Bacchanalians at Corcyra and Sybotæ³ upon the provisions, which you presented, and which were spread before us by Areus⁴, and my friend Eutychides, in the most hearty, hospitable, manner. As our voyage was very uncomfortable, and as I saw that we must have had great difficulty in doubling the point of

¹ Duronius, Camillus, Lamia. These were private attendants of our author and Atticus.

² This was the promontory of Epirus, so famous from the defeat of Anthony by Octavius, afterwards Augustus Cæsar.

³ This was a port in Epirus, opposite to the isle of Corcyra.

⁴ Areus and Eutychides were freedmen of Atticus.

of Leucate¹, we chose to go from Actium by land; but I thought it beneath my dignity to approach Patræ in little boats, and without my equipages.

As you have taken every opportunity of giving me your advice on that head, so it is my daily study to inculcate upon my dependents what I am determined to practise myself, I mean my fulfilling this extraordinary department² of government, with the utmost impartiality and self-denial. I hope that the Parthians will remain quiet, and that fortune will be on my side. Towards attaining these ends, I will perform my part. Let me know, I beg of you, what you are doing; tell me the several stages of your intended removals, in what situation you left my affairs at Rome, and above all things, in what manner you have settled my debts with Oppius. All this you may do within the compass of a single

¹ Leucate was the extremity of a promontory of Epirus, which was joined to the main land by the Isthmus of Corinth, which was so very narrow, that the Corinthians in the infancy of their navigation, and, when their vessels were very small, used to carry them over it by land to prevent doubling the cape of Leucate, and they even cut a canal through it, but it seems afterwards to have been filled up: So late as our author's time, navigation was so imperfect, that mariners durst not venture to lose sight of land, which put them to infinite labour in doubling capes.

² He got his government out of common course, since he ought to have had it immediately upon going out of his consulship.

single letter, which you are to forward so as to come to my hands.

One thing, however, I recommend to you in a more special manner, (the affair you write is not likely to be discussed during your absence, but, when you return, will be made a subject of discussion) to make interest with all our friends, and especially Hortensius, that my year may remain upon the usual footing, without any new alteration. So earnest am I in this request, that I am in some doubt, whether I should not desire you strenuously to resist its being intercalated¹; but I presume not to impose upon you the whole of this burden. Endeavour at least to obtain the whole annual term. My dearest and most delightful boy sends you his compliments. You know I have always had an affection for Dionysius; but it increases daily, and, indeed, one principal cause is, that he regards you, and loses no opportunity of mentioning your name.

EPISTLE

¹ It was in the power of the pontiffs occasionally to intercalate, or throw in an additional number of days into any year, by which means they often served their friends by prolonging the terms of their government, and sometimes they prevented their enemies by the same means. This practice became so much a job among the great men of Rome, and introduced such confusion into all public dates and times of payment, as made it afterwards necessary for Cæsar to reform the calendar.

EPISTLE X.

AFTER reaching Athens on the 25th of June, I waited four days for Pontinius, without hearing any certainty of his arrival. I was, believe me, wholly engrossed by you; and though the thought of you is habitual to my mind, the vestiges of your residence here awakened more lively recollection of you in my mind. Indeed I can speak of nothing but you; but as you may wish to hear something of me, I give you the following particulars. Hitherto neither I, nor any of my retinue, have been of any expence to the public or to individuals; my subjects are so much convinced that this conduct tends to raise my glory, that we have taken none of the appointments allowed by the Julian law, nor any thing from our hosts. Thus far it is extremely well, and my self-denial was no sooner observed, that it became the general subject of applause and conversation amongst the Greeks. I mean to pursue the same conduct upon this head, because I know it will give you pleasure; and if I thus persevere to the end, I shall then merit and obtain your praise.

In other respects, I cannot help often condemning myself for not finding out some means or other to get rid of this employment, an employment by no means in unison with my habits,
and

and which realizes to me the truth of the Greek proverb, "Every man in his way."—What, say you, is all this for; you are not yet entered upon your office.—I am little acquainted with it, and I imagine the worst is yet to come. I endeavour (and I flatter myself with success) to assume a smiling face; but I am wrung to the bottom of my soul: Many things are said with anger, with insolence, with folly in various ways, with arrogance; and if such things are not openly expressed, they are meant every day. I write you no particulars; not from any desire to conceal them, but from my inability to express them. You will therefore admire my self-command, and the great improvement I have made in the discipline of patience, if I live to return, and acquaint you with the particulars.

So much for these matters—and yet I sat down with no professed purpose of writing to you upon business, because I cannot form a conjecture either of what you are doing, or where you are; nor indeed, was I ever so long ignorant of my own affairs, or how my accounts have been settled with Cæsar and with Milo. I am so far from seeing any person to converse with, that I do not hear, even a rumour concerning public matters at Rome; you will therefore greatly oblige me, if you will take the pains to give me all the information you can on points which you think to be interesting to me. What have I farther

ther to add? Nothing, indeed, but that I am extremely delighted with Athens. The city itself, its splendour, the affection of the inhabitants for you, a certain kindness they have for me, give me pleasure. But above all, I am delighted with the academic philosophy, which, if in any one, is completely embodied¹ in my host Aristus². For I gave up your, or rather my, friend Zeno, to my brother Quintus, but as we were next neighbours, we passed whole days with one another. Let me know, as soon as you can, what you intend, how you proceed, and, above all, when you design to return to Rome.

EPISTLE XI.

WHAT! Write so often to Rome and not a line for you! Believe me that hereafter, provided I can secure a direct conveyance, I will hazard the miscarriage of a letter rather than not write to you at all. I conjure you, by all that you

¹ *Orig. ανω κατω.* This is a proverb, and may mean a thing turned up side down; or, from top to bottom—the whole entirely. In the last sense it is used in this place.—E.

² He was mentioned in other works of our author, and he was of the academy, for the tenets of which the reader may consult our author's philosophical works.

you hold dear in life, while you are at Rome, to take as much care as possibly you can, that my provincial government be not prolonged. My impatience, to revisit Rome, is as inexpressible, as are my vexations under the stupidity of all I meet with here.

Marcellus has treated a magistrate of Comum¹
most

¹ The case was this, Cæsar, during his consulship, procured a denization-bill to pass, entitling those who had served as magistrates in the colony he had established at Comum to the *Jus Latii*, by which they became Roman citizens. Marcellus, out of disrespect to Cæsar, laid hold of an opportunity of whipping a magistrate of Comum, which was a punishment incompatible with the privileges of a Roman citizen. But before Cæsar had obtained this privilege for his colony at Comum, Strabo Pompeius, the father of the great Pompey, had obtained the *Jus Latii* for all the towns on the other side of the Po. There seems however here to be some inconsistency, not cleared up either by Monsieur Mongault, or any of the commentators. For if the colonies, beyond the Po, had the *Jus Latii* from Strabo Pompeius, why should Cæsar pass a bill in favour of that of Comum, which lay beyond the Po? We can clear this up no other way, than by attending to what is said by Asconius, in his commentary upon one of the fragments of our author's oration against Piso. There he tells us, that Strabo Pompeius gave the *Jus Latii* only to the ancient colonists beyond the Po. *Pompeius enim, says Asconius, non novis colonis eas constituit, sed veteribus incolis manentibus jus dedit.* But even this does not quite solve the difficulty I have started, because, supposing this magistrate of Comum to have been a late colonist, why should Pompey be displeased for not treating him as a Roman citizen? We must therefore conclude, that the hatred of Marcellus, against Cæsar, was so great, that he ordered this person to be whipt

most scandalously. But supposing that he had borne no magistracy in that town, yet still he lived beyond the Po; so that our common friend¹, I imagine, will be as much disgusted as Cæsar himself can be, with this insult. But let Marcellus look to that. It appeared to me likewise, that Pompey (according as you write to what Varro had said) would most certainly go to Spain. This resolution, by no means, met with my approbation. I easily made Theophanes² sensible, that Pompey could not do better than remain where he was. That Græcian, therefore, will do all he can to detain him, and indeed I know that Pompey has a great deference for his opinion. I wrote this letter on the 6th of July, the day on which I left Athens, after staying there for ten days. I there met with Pontinius and Cnæus Volusius, together with my questor, so that none was absent of all I expected, excepting your friend Tullius. I had flat-bottomed boats from Rhodes, with some barges of Mitylenæ and other galleys for my conveyance and convoy. Nothing is heard of the Parthians; Heaven

whipt without making any inquiries, whether he was an old or a late colonist. Even this circumstance was enough to affront Pompey, and much more if he was found to be an old colonist.

¹ Meaning Pompey.

² He was a learned Greek of Mitylenæ, and had great credit with Pompey, whose life he wrote.

Heaven grant that in other respects we may prosper.

I have hitherto passed through Greece highly admired; nor have I the smallest cause of complaint against any of my dependents, who behave as if they were perfectly sensible of my character, my circumstances, and the terms on which they attend me. In short they do credit to my reputation. As to the future part of their conduct, it will be in conformity with the present, if there be any truth in the proverb, "Like master like man." For I am resolved they shall never see any thing in my conduct, that may give them any encouragement to deviate from their duty. But if my example be not sufficient for this, I will have recourse to more severe measures. Hitherto I have recommended myself by gentleness, which, I hope, has not been altogether unsuccessful. But all my attendants say, that my patience cannot extend beyond the year. I therefore beg you, my friend, to use all your interest to prevent the risk of my being disgraced by a prolongation of that term.

I now return to your order; excuse me for not having mentioned to you my prefects¹. You may
name

¹ I am not quite satisfied with Monsieur Mongault's translation of this passage which he reads as follows. *In perfectis excusatio; iis quos voles, deserto. Non ero tam περσιπας (unimi suspensi et dubii) quam in Apuleio fui*, which he translates, *Il faut*

name in their commission whom you please; for I shall not hesitate so much in that affair, as I have done with regard to Apuleius. I love Xeno as well as you love him, and I am convinced he is sensible of it. I have honoured your recommendation of Patro, and others of his sect¹. This, believe me, I have done from a regard to your worth. For Patro told me that you had written him three times informing him, that the concern, which I took in his welfare, arose merely from esteem for his learning, a circumstance which he regarded with gratitude. But when
Patro

faut que vous m'excusiez si je n'ai point fait Apuleius préfet; je serai moins difficile pour tout autre & vous pouvez me donner qui il vous plaira. The reading, in the original it is true, is irretrievable, but I think Monsieur Mongault has taken too great liberty, even with the translation in his own reading. I have regarded his reading, but I have given it a turn in the translation, which I think does less violence than his does to the original, and is more defensible in point of propriety.

¹ *Orig. Reliquos barones.* I shall not here trouble my reader with any of the many learned expositions of this word, farther than it relates to our author's meaning here. It appears pretty plainly to have been of celtic original, and to have signified a man of weight. But as is the common case of conquered countries, the Romans sometimes gave this title a contemptible turn, as if it signified a heavy man. Notwithstanding this, the word seems to have been in such general use over all Europe, that it still retained with it a certain dignity, as appears by other parts of our author's works. In this place, however, he certainly means the followers of Epicurus at Athens, and his application of it to them is equivocal and pleasant enough. I have translated it in that equivocal sense.

Patro had applied to me to solicit your Areopagus for a repeal of a decree¹, made under the prætor Polycharmus, Xeno, and afterwards Patro himself, thought it much more advisable for me to write to Memmius, who went to Mitylenæ, the day before I came to Athens, to persuade him to inform his friends by letters, that he would not oppose the repeal; for Xeno was sensible that it never could have been obtained from the Areopagus, against the consent of Memmius. Now Memmius himself had laid aside the thoughts of building, but still he was displeased with Patro. I was therefore at great pains in writing him the letter, of which I have sent you a copy.

I beg that you will express my condolence² with

¹ *Orig. ὑπομνηματισμὸς decretum.* The case was this, Memmius, who had been banished from Rome, and who resided at Athens, had obtained leave from the Areopagus, or the magistracy of that city, to build a house upon the ground, on which the house of Epicurus had stood, and where its ruins were still to be seen. The Epicureans took this amiss, and made use of the interest of Atticus with our author, to engage the latter to obtain a repeal of this order of the Areopagus, which indeed was pretty arbitrary, as Epicurus had left his house and gardens to the future professors of his sect. This, as appears from our author's letter to Memmius, Ep. Fam. Lib. 13. Ep. 1. was strongly urged by Patro, who seems to have been chief of the Epicureans at Athens.

² This seems to have been a private story, and is hardly worth the pains commentators have bestowed upon it. It is possible

with Pilia. I will tell you the affair, but you need not disclose it to her. I received a packet in which was a letter from her; I seized, opened, and read it, and indeed it was written with great sensibility. If at Brundisium you received letters, without any from me, it must have been at a time when I was indisposed, for I will not desire you to accept of the common apology¹. Let me know every thing, and especially how you are in health.

EPISTLE XII.

A VOYAGE is a dreadful thing, even in the month of July. After six days sail we arrived at Delos² from Athens. On the 6th of July, the wind was unfavourable, and we came from Pyræus,

possible Cicero might break this letter up by mistake. My only difficulty is, why he should desire her husband to condole with her in his name, and at the same time conceal the cause of that condolence.

¹ The original is *νομῶδες excusatio*, which means the excuse generally made by men of business, that *they had no leisure* — that their time was engaged; for *νομῶδες* signifies *præfectorius*, or one that is occupied in public affairs. This at least is the explanation approved of by Olivet, and appears, it must be allowed, the most satisfactory.—E.

² This was an island, the chief of those which are called the Cyclades in the Archipelago.

cus¹ to Zoster², where we were weather bound all the next day. On the 8th we had a pleasant voyage to Ceos, from whence we reached Gyarus³ driven before a brisk gale, which carried us, sooner than we wished for, to Syrus⁴, and from thence to Delos. You are no stranger to the flat-bottomed boats of Rhodes, and how ill fitted they are to bear a swell of sea. I was therefore in no hurry to proceed, or to move from Delos, without signs of a prosperous wind.

I wrote you from Gyarus concerning Messala⁵ the moment that I heard of his affair, together with my opinion which I also sent to Hortensius. I expressed to him my unfeigned sympathy; but I impatiently wait for the account of the public opinion concerning the trial of his nephew, and the state of the commonwealth. I expect you to write like a consummate statesman, because I know you are reading my political works along with our friend Thallumetus: if so, I shall know from you not only present, but future, events;
for

¹ Pyræus was a port of Athens.

² A promontory of Attica.

³ These were two islands in the Ægean sea.

⁴ This was another of the Cyclades.

⁵ He had been tried for undue practices in coming to the consulship, and, though he had been once acquitted, he was found guilty upon a second trial, and sent into banishment, notwithstanding all that his uncle Hortensius, the famous orator could do to save him.

for even your client, the very grave Helenius, could instruct me as to the former. I expect that before this comes to your hand, that the consuls will be chosen, and that you will be able to form a judgment concerning Cæsar, Pompey, and even the courts of judicature.

As you love me, I beg you will finish my affairs, since you are to remain at Rome. I entreat that you will take care of the brick aquæduct which I neglected to mention in answer to yours. In respect to the water, I wish you to oblige me with your usual alacrity. From what occurs to myself, as well as from what you suggest, I conceive this a great convenience; you will therefore take care that somewhat may be done. I shall only add my request that you assist Philip, if he has solicited your assistance in his affair. When I am settled, I will write you more fully. At present I am surrounded by the sea.

EPISTLE XIII.

ON the 22nd of June, 560 days after the battle of Bovilla¹, I came to Ephesus, after a safe and pleasant voyage, though somewhat slow on account

¹ This was the recounter in which Clodius was killed by Milo, and from which our author affects to date as being a remarkable Epochæ for himself and his country.

count of the heaviness of the Rhodian flat-bottomed boats. You have, no doubt, heard, with other things respecting me, of the deputies, the private gentlemen, the multitudes of people, who came to meet me at Samos¹, and in still greater crowd at Ephesus. You must know, however, that our farmers of the public received me as if I had been the governor of the province, and the Greeks, with the same satisfaction as they would have done the prætor of Ephesus. From which you will conclude with certainty, that my conduct for these many years has been acceptable to both parties. But I am in hopes to practise those principles which I have learned from you, and keep well with all; and this will be the more easy for me, as my province has already finished its contract with the farmers.—Here I must end; for Sestius, the bearer of this, while I am at supper, tells me he is to set out this very night.

I have taken care of all your little affairs at Ephesus; and I have strongly recommended Philogenes and Sejus to the favour of Thermus², though, before my arrival, he was most liberal of his

¹ This island lay opposite to Ephesus, which was a Roman government, and it had been long a maxim preached up by Cicero, that a wise Roman patriot would behave in such a manner as to reconcile, to himself, the affections of all ranks of men.

² He had, during that and the preceding year, been governor of Asia, after serving as prætor in Rome.

his promises to all your dependants; and I have likewise recommended to him Xeno of Apollonis. In short, he has absolutely promised to do all you can desire; I have likewise settled with Philogenes the account of that money I borrowed from you.

So much for these matters. I return to the affairs of the city. By all you hold dear, as you are to remain at Rome, I conjure you to make it a strong, and an indispensable, preliminary, that my commission be not protracted beyond the year, and, that too, not intercalated. You are then to advert to my other concerns recommended to you, particularly that domestic business¹ which you know I have so much at heart, and my transactions with Cæsar, whose friendship I courted, by your advice, without repenting as yet of that connection. And if you have any notion how desirous, how anxious I am to be informed of all public, and even of all private events, you will send me a minute and faithful account of them. Above all things, let me know the state of the trials past, present, and to come². Inform me concerning the water I wrote about, whether it has been minded, or what Philip is doing in that matter.

EPISTLE

¹ Probably the marriage of his daughter.

² *Orig. In primis ecquid judiciorum status aut factorum, aut futurorum etiam laboret.* Meaning the trials of undue practices amongst candidates for public offices, encouraged, and set foot by Pompey the year before.

EPISTLE XIV.

UNTIL such time as I shall settle in some place, you are not to expect that my letters will either be very long, or always written with my own hand; but they shall be both the one and the other, as soon as I have leisure. I have just finished a most sultry, dusty, stage. Yesterday I wrote you from Ephesus, and this comes from Tralles. I expect to reach my province by the 1st of August, from which day, if you love me, you are to reckon the annual term of my government. In the meanwhile, it luckily happens to me, in the first place, that the Parthians are quiet, that the contract of my province is finished with the farmers, that Appius¹ had quelled the mutiny of the soldiers, and that they are paid up to the 15th of July. We were received in Asia with prodigious satisfaction, for our journey cost not a farthing even to the meanest inhabitant. I am in hopes that all my dependants have done honour to my character; I am not however without alarming apprehensions, and yet I hope for the best. All my retinue are now arrived, excepting your friend Tullius, I intended going directly to the army, that I might employ

¹ He was Cicero's predecessor in the government of Cilicia.

employ the remainder of the summer in military, and the winter in civil, duties.

As you know me to be as anxious about the public as you are yourself, I beg you will write me every thing as it is, and is likely to be. You cannot oblige me more, unless by finishing what I gave you in commission, and especially that domestic concern, which you know lies nearest to my heart. This note, which I have written in the midst of bustle, I conclude with haste. Hereafter I will write you more particularly.

EPISTLE XV.

ON the last of July I came to Laodicea, and from that day you are to reckon¹ the year of my government. Nothing could be more agreeable or welcome than my arrival in this place, and yet you cannot imagine how sick I already am of this employment. Here my genius, to which
you

¹ *Orig. Ex hoc die clavum anni movebis.* This expression has an allusion to one manner of reckoning years amongst the Romans, that of moving a nail, which had the year before been driven into the gate of the temple of Minerva, and driving it afresh into another place of the gate, and thus the number of holes served as a reckoning from the number of years. Laodicea being the first town of his province to which Cicero arrived, he desires that the term of his government may be fixed from the day on which he entered that town.

you are no stranger, has not scope enough for its operations, nor can my studies here display their beautiful effects. Since it is not a very desirable thing for me to determine causes at Laodicea, while Plotius¹ decides at Rome, and while a certain friend of ours is at the head of a great army, I have the command of two nominal, weak, legions. But these are not the matters that I regret. I regret the loss of my conspicuous

¹ The whole of this passage displays excessive weakness. The Plotius, here spoken of, seems to have been the same who was this year prætor at Rome, and our author perhaps had no great opinion of his abilities compared to his own. As to the general, hinted at here, it is not so easy to say who he was, some commentators think he means Cassius, but that will not agree with his circumstances, for he was then at the head of a very inconsiderable number collected from the ruins of the army of Crassus. Monsieur Mongault thinks he means Cæsar, but I cannot be of that opinion. It is true, he sometimes affects to call Cæsar his friend, but the friend, here mentioned, is certainly a person who commanded a great army, and of whom our author had a hearty contempt. This therefore agrees better with Pompey, whom he frequently affects to call his friend, whom he greatly despised, and who was at the head of the army at Rome, in the same manner as Plotius was at the head of the law. Add to this, that the word *noster* points out a common friend to Atticus as well as our author, which when we consider our author's manner is scarcely applicable to Cæsar, though it is highly so to Pompey. The passage brought by Monsieur Mongault, in favour of his own opinion, seems to make against himself, and to strengthen my conjecture in this. *Itaque Cæsaris amici*, says he in a former epistle, Lib. 4. Ep. 16. *Me dico et Oppium, dirumparis licet.*

cuous station, of the forum of Rome, of my family, and of you my friend. I will however do the best I can to bear with all, provided it be but for a year, but all beyond that will be death to me. If you remain at Rome, such a prolongation, however, may be guarded against.

You ask me what I do here? I live in such a manner as to incur great expences. So much am I pleased with my plan of conduct, and so scrupulously do I abstain from all pecuniary advantages, as you have prescribed, that I am in danger of borrowing money to pay the sum you lent me; I do not again lay open the wounds of Appius, but they are too evident to be concealed. On this 3rd of August, at the time of writing these letters, I set out from Laodicea for the camp at Licaonia¹, from whence I resolve to march to Taurus², and then, with colours displayed, I will endeavour to demand your slave from Mærogenes³.

I look like an ox under a pack-saddle⁴, and the drudgery of this government is evidently little adapted

¹ This was a province of Asia Minor.

² A mountain lying between Cilicia and Capadocia.

³ This is a private piece of raillery, scarce recoverable at this time. It seems this Mægeranes was a Parthian, who had entertained a fugitive slave belonging to Atticus.

⁴ This was a proverbial expression; the original is *Clitellæ bovi sunt impositæ, plane non est nostrum onus.*

adapted for me! I will, however, bear my load, but, as you love me, let it not be beyond the year. Attend at the time at Rome: rouse the whole senate in my favour: you cannot imagine how uneasy I am at being so long without news from home. Therefore, as I have often desired you by my letters, take care to acquaint me with every thing, especially what concerns the public. I cannot write any more, as my letter, from the length of the road, is likely to miscarry. The bearer however, Caius Andronicus is my friend and familiar acquaintance¹. As to you, there are frequent opportunities to convey letters to me. You can often forward them by means of the receivers of the *pasture-tax*, or, in the packets of the farmers bound to our ports.

EPISTLE XVI.

THOUGH the packets of the farmers of the revenue set out while I was upon my journey on the public road, and even in haste, yet have I snatched this short time, lest you should think me unmindful of what you recommended to me. I therefore sat down upon the very road, to write you

¹ The original is here very uncertain; I read, *plura scribam tarde reddituro? Sed dabam familiari homini, ac domestico, Caio Andronica Puteolano.*

you a short account of matters, which require a long explanation. Be it known to you, that on the last day of July, I arrived at this oppressed and irrecoverably ruined, province, where I was most impatiently expected. I remained three days at Laodicea, three at Apamea, and three at Synnade¹, and in all those places nothing was heard but the inability of the people to pay their poll and capitation-taxes², the selling of all their own possessions, the sighs and the cries of the oppressed, which indicate the government of a brute rather than of a man. The inhabitants are tired of life. Their misery, however, receives some alleviation, that they have been at no expence from me, my deputies, my questor, nor any of my retinue. You must know that I refused to accept, not only of pay and other perquisites allowed by the Julian law, but even of wood; nor put I any man to farther expence than that of furnishing me with four beds and a lodging; nay in many places I was without a lodging, and generally passed the night in a tent. Incredible therefore was the crowd to meet me from the country, the towns, and all the houses round. Even my arrival, indeed, seems to give them new life.

¹ These were three towns of Phrygia Accassiana.

² Orig. *Audivimus nihil aliud, nisi imperata ἐπιτάγῃα (exactionem capitum) solvere non posse, πῶς (possessiones) omnium venditas.*

life. Could you but hear how they extol the justice, the disinterestedness, and the clemency of your friend, and how greatly he has surpassed their fondest expectations!—

As soon as my predecessor heard of my arrival, he retired as far as Tarsus, the remotest part of all the province, where he still exercises his judicial capacity. We hear not a word concerning the Parthians; and yet some people, who came from those parts, mention that a party of our cavalry has been cut off by those barbarians. Bibulus has not as yet so much as thought of repairing to his government; because, as some say, he intends to remain the longer in it. I am now two days journey from the camp, to which I am posting.

EPISTLE XVII.

I RECEIVED from Rome a packet without any letter from you. This is an omission which I cannot impute to you, but to Philotimus, I mean, if you had your health and were at Rome. I dictated this epistle as I sat in my chaise, on my journey to the camp, which I can reach in two days. Some days hence I shall have bearers, to whom I can with safety entrust my letters. I have therefore reserved what I have to say for them. With regard to myself (though I could wish

wish that you heard it rather from another) so disinterested is my conduct in the province, that I have not taken a farthing from any man. No more have my legates, tribunes and prefects; so punctual are they to my orders, and so zealous of my glory. Lepta¹ behaves wonderfully well to me. But I am now in haste; a few days hence, I will write you every thing.

The younger Dejotarus, who has received the title of king from the senate, has carried my nephew, and my son, with him, into his kingdom, which I thought the most convenient residence for the boys while I was in the field. Sestius² has informed me by letters of his conversation with you about the domestic concern, which lies nearest my heart, and of your opinion on this subject. As you love me, attend to that matter, and tell me what can be done in it, and what you think of it. He writes me likewise, that Hortensius has talked somewhat about prolonging the time of my government. But Hortensius himself told me when he saw me at Cumæ, he would most strenuously endeavour, that my government should be but of one year's standing. If you love me, secure to me this point. My reluctance to be absent from you is inexpressible;

¹ He served in the capacity of chief engineer in Cicero's army.

² See page 206, note 3.

sible; and by my speedily finishing my commission, I am in hopes that the glorious character I bear for justice and disinterestedness, will become the more illustrious. This was the case with Scævola, who governed Asia for no more than nine months.

When our friend Appius understood that I was approaching, he removed from Laodicea as far as Tarsus, where he acts in a judicial capacity, though I am in the province, an affront which I am far from resenting; for I am sufficiently employed in healing the wounds which this government has received, and which I endeavour to do, as little as I possibly can, to his discredit. But I desire you will let our friend Brutus¹ know, that Appius has not behaved handsomely in retiring, upon my approach, to the other extremity of the province.

EPISTLE XVIII.

How earnestly do I wish you to be at Rome, if you are not there; for I know nothing for certain, but I received your letters dated the 19th of July, informing me, that you was to set out for Epirus about the 1st of August. But be that as it will, whether this finds you in Rome or Epirus, you must know that the Parthians under the command

¹ He was son-in-law to Appius.

command of Pacorus, the son of their king Orodes¹, have passed the Euphrates with almost their whole army. We have yet had no accounts of Bibulus, being in Syria, and Cassius continues shut up with all his army in the town of Antioch. I am now in Cappadocia, near Mount Taurus, at the town of Cybistra with my army, and the enemy is in Cyrrhestica, which is the nearest part of Syria to my province.

I have sent the senate an account of all these matters; but, if you are at Rome, you will peruse my letter beforehand, and consider whether it is proper to be presented. You are to think for me upon a great many other points, nay upon all; the main one is, that no means be taken in the time of deliberation² to increase the business, or to prolong the term, of my government. The truth is, situated as I am, my army weak, and my allies few, especially those who are faithful to us, the winter will prove my greatest safety. If, before the time, they should not attack my province, I am only afraid lest the senate's apprehensions

¹ This was the prince who defeated Crassus the year before.

² *Inter cæsa et porrecta*. Not as Manutius supposes, the time of Cicero's departure, but the time of deliberation in the senate, whether he was permitted to return, agreeably to his wishes, or compelled to continue in it another year. For the figure is borrowed from those entrails, which, when cut and stretched out, determined, whether the sacrifice was to be carried on, which was the case: if auspicious, or again repeated which was done, if inauspicious.—E.

apprehensions from the internal state of affairs may then be so great, that they will not suffer Pompey to leave them¹. But if they send another towards the spring, without prolonging my term, I shall be indifferent.

You must know then (whether you be at Rome, or absent, or returning to it, is not material) my present situation is as follows. I have adopted those measures, which appeared to me the most advantageous, and hence entertain hopes of success. I rely upon my forces; my camp is strong, and convenient for forage; it lies on the very frontiers of Cilicia, and all our posts can be easily changed. My army is indeed small, but I flatter myself, entirely well affected to me, and when Desotarus arrives with all his forces, their numbers will be then doubled. No general ever had the same advantages with regard to the good dispositions of my allies; so greatly are they charmed by my affability and moderation. I am now putting arms into the hands of our Roman citizens, and raising magazines of provisions, from the country, in the fortified places of my government. Thus I am prepared to fight, if a fair opportunity presents, or to act upon the defensive, if I choose it.

You have no reason, therefore, to be discouraged, for well do I know you, and I can see you

¹ He was designed to have the chief command against the Parthians.

you melt with tenderness, as plainly as if you were before my eyes. But I beg you to do all that lies in your power to be at Rome in the month of January, if nothing should be done by the senate in my business till the 1st of that month. Never can I suffer any prejudice while you are present. The consuls are my friends, the tribune Furnius is my friend; but still I must rely, in that delicate conjuncture, upon your assiduity, experience and interest. It is, however, unnecessary to use many words with you.

My two Ciceros are with Dejotarus, but if there should be occasion, they can be conveyed to Rhodes. If you are at Rome, be as punctual, as usual, in your correspondence; but if you are in Epirus send some of your domestics express to me, that you may know my situation, and that I may know what you are doing, and what you intend to do. I am more assiduous about the affair of Brutus¹ than he would himself be, were he here in person. But I am now to give up my guardianship, and to have no farther concern with my pupil, so perplexed and disordered are his affairs. I shall, notwithstanding, act so as to please you, which is doing more than please

sing

¹ This relates to money that was due to Brutus from Ariobarzanes, the young king of Cappadocia, whose father having been murdered, Cicero, by order of the senate, acted as a kind of tutor for the son.

sing him; I shall act, however, I hope, to the satisfaction of both.

EPISTLE XIX.

I HAD just sealed the letter, which I suppose you have received by this time, all written with my own hand, and giving an account of whatever concerns me, when all of a sudden a courier from Appius on the 21st September, brought me your letter in forty seven days from Rome. What a length of time, and yet he pretended to come with haste. From the tenor of it I make no doubt, that after waiting for Pompey's return from Ariminum, you are now set out for Epirus, and I can easily imagine the concern you hint at, which must be as great to you in Epirus as it is to me here. I have written to Philotimus that he should not demand of Messala the debt of Attelicus. I am glad that the fame of my progress has reached you, and shall be still more so, when you are acquainted with all the circumstances. I share in the pleasure which you take in your little daughter at Rome, and though I never saw her, yet I have conceived an affection for her, and I believe her to be so amiable, that she deserves it. You will I suppose,

pose, now, renounce Patro and his sect¹. I am extremely glad, that you are pleased with the measure I have taken during my campaign respecting the Tarentine squadron². As to what you write me of your being pleased with the repulse of a person³ who presumed to enter the lists with the uncle of your sister's son, it is to me a fresh proof of your great affection. You therefore did right to let me know it, that I may partake in your joy, for it never could have come into my mind. This perhaps, you may not credit. Do as you please. It is however true; for there is a great difference between indignation and envy.

EPISTLE

¹ This Patro was of the Epicurean school, one of whose maxims was, *οὐ φυσικὸν εἶναι τὴν εὐφροσύνην πρὸς τὰ τέκνα*, that the love of children is not implanted by nature in the breasts of their parents. Cicero, on perceiving the great affection of his friend towards his daughter, rallies him on his former opinion, and now supposes him convinced of its falsehood by the dictates of his own bosom.—E.

² They were of light horsemen which served in the Roman armies and had their name from Tarentum, where their order was first instituted. Every one of them had two horses, one of which he rode, and another he led; and they were so expert in riding, that they could vault from the back of one upon the other.

³ This was Hirrus, who had opposed Cicero when he stood for the augurship, and who had been lately disappointed of the Ædileship.

EPISTLE XX.

ON the morning of the 17th of December, Pindenissa¹ surrendered to me, being the forty-seventh day after the commencement of the siege. What untowared place is Pindenissa, for till now I never heard the name,—How can I explain it? Can I render the obscure country of Cilicia so well known to you as is² Ætolia or Macedonia? You must know, at present, however, that I could undertake no such actions as have been performed there, with such an army as I command here. I will therefore give you a summary account of the whole; for so you give me leave to write in your last letters.

You know in what manner I arrived at Ephesus; you even congratulated me upon the honours which that day crouded upon me, and which indeed gave me the greatest pleasure. The towns through which I passed, after leaving Ephesus, received me with high admiration; and
on

¹ This was the capital of that part of Cilicia which was unsubdued by the Romans.

² Monsieur Mongault, with all his accuracy, seems not perfectly to have attended to Cicero's meaning in this passage. For the *tanta negotia* is evidently put in opposition to the great actions performed by Atticus's favourite Greeks upon those two celebrated theatres of war, Ætoli and Macedon, with which Atticus was so well acquainted.

on the last of July, I arrived at Laodicea, where I staid for two days in great splendour; and the assurances of my favour eradicated the injuries which they received from my predecessor. I afterwards passed five days at Apamea, three at Synnada, five at Philomelum, and ten at Iconium; and my administration, during this time, was conducted with unexampled equity, clemency, and dignity.

From Iconium I went, on the 26th of August, to my army, and, four days after, I reviewed it near that place. Some disagreeable news arriving concerning the Parthians, I decamped from thence towards Cilicia, through that part of Cappadocia which borders upon Cilicia, with a view of making Artavasdes the Armenian, and the Parthians themselves, sensible that they were precluded out from all access to Cappadocia. After being encamped for five days at Cybistra in Cappadocia, I had certain intelligence that the Parthians were at a great distance from the frontiers of Cappadocia, and that they rather menaced Cilicia itself. I therefore immediately marched for Cilicia, through the defiles of mount Taurus. On the 5th of October I reached Tarsus, from whence I marched towards mount Amanus, the ridge of which pours its streams into Syria, and on the other into Cilicia. The mountain was filled with our eternal enemies, of whom we killed a great number on the 13th of October. By
ordering

ordering Pontinius to advance against them in the night, and by my attacking them in the morning, I took and burnt their camp though strongly fortified. I then received the triumphant name of Imperator.

For a few days, I possessed the very camp which Alexander, a far more accomplished general than either of us, occupied against Darius, near the river Issus. After staying there for five days, and plundering and ravaging mount Amanus, I moved my quarters. For there are beings which, though empty phantoms, appearing in the field of battle, spread *fear* and consternation¹. These effects were felt by the enemy; and the

¹ These imaginary beings were called *πανικ πανες* and hence the confusion and horrors, which they were supposed to occasion; *πανικα panics*. They were thought to appear under those empty forms, which the Epicureans stiled *species, simulacra σμια, ειδωλα*; and for this reason Cicero designates them *τα κενα*, i. e. *ειδωλα empty forms*. The original term, as Bocchart has observed, is Hebrew (*pun*) and signifies to terrify. Plutarch (*περι Ισιδου ιδ*) joins these supposed spectres with the *satyrs*, and represents them as frequenting, in an especial manner, the land of Egypt.—E.

Monsieur Mongault translates the whole passage *Car vous sçavez qu'à la guerre il faut craindre les surprises, & ne pas trop tenter la fortune*. But I cannot, for my life, conceive why Cicero should be apprehensive of those panics and terrors seizing his own army. I have therefore applied them to that of the Parthians, and indeed the natural connection of the sense directs me so to do, and likewise destroys, in a great measure, a charge

the fame of my march gave great spirits to Cassius, who was shut up in Antioch, and terrified the Parthians so much, that they retreated from the town, and Cassius followed them with great slaughter. In their flight Osaces, one of their generals, a man of great authority among them, received a wound, of which he died in three days. This raised my reputation in Syria, and in the meantime Bibulus arrived. He wanted, I suppose, to be on the same footing with me, as to the empty title of Imperator, and he therefore set out in quest of cheaply purchased laurels¹ upon the same mount Amanus. But he lost all his first battalion, with the centurion of the first company, one of the best officers of his rank, Asinius Dento, with other officers of the same corps,

charge brought by Monsieur Mongault against our author's veracity, in ascribing to his own march the defeat of the Parthians. For, as I have translated the words this charge vanishes, and he says no more to his friend than that the effects of panics and terrors are very strong in armies, which might be the reason why the Parthians, hearing of his great successes, had raised the siege. And indeed to speak candidly, a general of much greater experience and less vanity than our author possessed, might have fallen, in like circumstances, into the like mistake, if it was a mistake; for I neither see any absurdity in supposing the Parthians to have been alarmed with his march nor any vanity in his believing that they were, as we cannot suppose him, when he wrote this letter, to have been informed of the truth of this affair, and of the stratagem which Dion tells us Cassius made use of on this occasion.

¹ Orig. *Laureolam in mustaceo quærere*.

corps, together with Sextus Lucilius, a colonel in his army, son to Titus Gavius Sæpio, a man of rank and fortune. This, must be owned, was an event much to be deprecated in respect both to the occasion and its consequences.

I then invested, with a trench and a ditch, Pindenissa, the strongest of the towns yet unsubdued in Cilicia. The inhabitants had been, from time immemorial, in arms against us. They were hardy and desperate, and provided with every thing necessary to make a vigorous defence. By the help of a very large mound, covered galleries, a lofty tower, a large train of engines, a number of archers, and laborious arrangements. I carried my point without any considerable loss, though I had many wounded. You may be sure this success heightened the joys of our triumphal feast especially as I withheld, from the soldiers, none of the booty but the horses. The slaves were sold upon the 19th of December, and, while I write this upon the bench of justice, the money for them already amounts to twelve million sertes¹. I then gave the command of my army to my brother Quintus, with orders that they should take up their winter quarters in the worst affected part of the province, while I retired to Laodicea. So much for these matters, but let me return to what preceded them.

As

¹ One hundred thousand pounds.

As to your earnest request, and what I regard more than all things, your anxious endeavours that I should give satisfaction to our fluent Cynic¹, may I die, if any thing could be done more becoming, in this respect; yet I do not call my conduct, self-denial, because self-denial is a virtue that implies the mortification of our appetites. I never in the whole course of my life experienced so lively a pleasure as was afforded me by this instance of integrity. The glory attending such virtue, gives me less delight than the virtue itself. Believe me my joy was so great, that it inspired me with higher ideas of myself, for I had not else known, that I was capable of such exalted deeds.

I am

¹ Orig. *Ut etiam ligurino momum (reprehensori) satisfaciam*. Monsieur Mongault, in his note upon this passage, is inclined to think that Cicero had Hortensius in his eye, and other commentators think that he had Cato. I cannot believe that he had either. It is true, the epithet Ligurinus agrees very well with Hortensius, who knew all the quirks of speaking, as the term Momus does with Cato, who always made use of very free language. But nothing can be more distant than the character of Momus is from that of Hortensius, whom our author is perpetually blaming for disguising his hatred towards him, and nothing can suit worse than Ligurinus with the character of Cato, who was the mirror of plain dealing. I have therefore given the expression a general turn and a different sense. *Ligurire* signifies to lick, and is a metaphor taken from the liquorishness of the chops of a dog when any thing is in his view that he cannot come at. Upon the whole, I should like the reading *Ligurentem momum*, if I could find it authorized by any manuscript.

I am justly raised in my own estimation; surely nothing can be more noble. These splendid achievements are heightened by the glory, that by me Ariobarzanes lives and reigns. For by the way I preserved that prince on his throne by my conduct and authority; and his traitors found me not only incorruptible but inaccessible. Meanwhile I have not exacted a straw from Cappadocia, and I hope that, through the whole year of my government, I shall not put my province to the expence of a single farthing. I have retrieved the debt, due to Brutus, as far as I could, after he thought it was hopeless; I love him as much you love him, I was going to say, as much as I love you.

Now I have told you every thing, and I am preparing to dispatch my public letters for Rome. They will be more copious and satisfactory than they would have been, had I dispatched them from mount Amanus. But you are not to be in Rome at that time. It is, however, most material for you to be there by the 1st of March; for I am afraid that, if Cæsar stands out when the government comes to be debated, my term may be prolonged. • But if you are upon the spot I shall fear nothing. And now with regard to the affairs of Rome, with which I have at last, after a long suspense, been made acquainted by your most agreeable letters, which I received the 28th of December, and which, your freedman Philo-
genes,

genes, took great pains to transmit by a tedious and unsafe conveyance; for as to those which, you say, you delivered to the slaves of Lenius, I have not received them. I am pleased with what you write me about Cæsar, and the senate's resolution concerning him. If he answers your hopes in submitting to it, I shall be under no apprehensions. I am not very sorry that Lejus is consumed in the conflagration raised about Ple-torius. I long to know the reason why Lucceius has appeared so keen against Quintus Cassius, and what has been done in that matter. When I shall come to Laodicea, I intend to order a manly gown for your nephew Quintus, and to take him under my particular tuition; for Dejo-terus, whose service is of great use to me, writes that he is to meet me at Laodicea with the two Ciceros.

Meanwhile, I am impatient for your letters from Epirus, to give me an account not only how you employ, but how you amuse, yourself. Nicanor is useful to me, and I treat him with liberality. I am now thinking of sending him to Rome with my public letters, that they may be conveyed with more security, and that he may impart to you satisfactory account of me, and bring me in return the same from you. I kindly accept the compliments which you so often write me from Alexis. But why does he, as being a secretary, not send me the same under his own hand, as my Alexis

does to you. This verifies the proverb, *A musician without his instrument*¹. But enough of this subject. Farewel, and take care of informing me when you think of returning to Rome. Again and again I wish you well. When I was at Ephesus, I most earnestly recommended your interests, and your friends, to Thermus (who I understand has a great affection for you) and I am now doing the same by letters. I wrote to you before concerning the house of Pammenes, and I again beg that you will take care, that the boy may not by any means be deprived of what by our kindness he possesses. This we shall both of us deem honourable. Upon me, moreover, it will confer the greatest obligation.

EPISTLE XVIII.

THAT you arrived safely in Epirus, and that too, as you write me, after a pleasant voyage, gives me great pleasure; but that you cannot, at a time so critical to me, be at Rome gives me sensible

¹ *Orig. Pheidi queritur xexas (Cornu)*. I have translated this phrase very differently from Monsieur Mongault, who translates it, *Je fais chercher un cor pour Pheis*, without making any remark upon it, though I think it a very difficult passage. Pheius or Phamius was a name for any musician. I am therefore inclined to think that the sentence is proverbial. We shall have occasion again to mention this Pheius.

sensible uneasiness. In this, however, I feel comfort, that you will not spend the winter there with satisfaction, or that you will abide there from inclination.

The letters, of which you inquire the meaning from me, written by Caius Cassius, brother to your friend Quintus Cassius, were more modest, compared with those which he afterwards wrote, and in which he says he has finished the Parthian war. It is true, that, before the arrival of Bibulus, they retreated from Antioch, though not to my advantage. At present, however, they winter in Cyrrhestica, and the most warlike preparation is made against them. For the son of Orodes, king of the Parthians, is now in our province, and Dejotarus, whose son has espoused the daughter of Artavasdes, from whom he has perhaps his intelligence, seems positive, that by the beginning of summer, he will pass the Euphrates with all his forces. These triumphant letters of Cassius were read in the senate, on the same day, viz. the 7th of October, with mine, and were full of so many alarms. Our friend Axius¹ informs me, that my letters made a great impression upon the assembly, while they paid little regard to his. The letters of

¹ He was a Roman senator, and corresponded with Cicero by letters.

of Bibulus had not then been received, but I am well assured they will be full of dismay.

The consequences, of all these things I fear will be that, while Pompey is detained at Rome, from apprehension of public commotions, the senate will refuse to ratify any of the demands of Cæsar and, while this difficulty is unravelling, the senate will be against my leaving this government before my successor shall arrive; as judging it improper that deputies alone should govern these great provinces, while we are upon the eve of some mighty revolution. I tremble when I reflect on this, lest they should decree a prolongation of my government in such terms, as that none dare put a negative upon it; and my apprehensions of this are increased, by reflecting that you, whose counsel, popularity, and zeal, could serve me in many respects, are now absent from Rome. You will tell me, that I afflict myself with unnecessary torments. I wish they were unnecessary. But these are torments I cannot avoid; every thing alarms me. The closing paragraph however of the letter, you wrote me from Burthrotum, immediately on your going ashore, charms me. *To your immediate return, as far as I see and hope, there will be no impediment.* I wish you could have expressed not your *hope* but your *conviction*, that I may return. I received, at Iconium, however, in a reasonable time after their date, which was on the day of Lentulus's

Lentulus's triumph, the letters you sent by the couriers of the farmers of the revenue, written in the same undecided strain, first telling me there would be no impediment to my return, and then adding that, "if there should be any, you would come to me in person." Your doubts torture me.

From what I have written, you may conclude what letters I have received; for I did not receive the packet given, as you inform me, to Hermo, the freedman of the centurion Camula. You had often informed me of letters which you delivered to the slaves of Lenius. I perceive they were dated so far back as the 22nd of September, nor did I receive them till the 11th of February, when Lenius put them into my hands, upon my arrival at Laodicea. Lenius shall feel the benefit of your recommendation. At present I can only treat him with civility; but I shall be able hereafter to do him some more substantial kindness.

These letters bring nothing new, except one particular, respecting the panthers of Cybira. You was in the right to acquaint Marcus Octavius¹, that you did not think I would comply.

¹ He was Ædile this year, and his colleague Cælius being intimate with Cicero, had pressed him to send him some panthers for the public shows out of Cilicia, which was famous for those savage beasts. But our author, who at first affected a great delicacy, refused to harass the people of his government in catching those animals.

ply. But, for the future, assert positively that I shall not comply, where you have reason to suspect that compliance is doubtful. Hitherto, I have been firm to my own resolution and to your advice; and, as you will find, have surpassed all my predecessors in disinterestedness, in justice, affability, and clemency. Nothing can exceed the admiration of the people, at their being put to no expence under my administration, on account either of my government or officers, with the exception alone of my deputy Lucius Tullius. Him, indeed, though he is moderate in other respects, I must except, when I say, that not a farthing has been expended. For he has exacted the appointments allowed by the Julian law for his travelling expences, but this only once in the twenty-four hours, since he does not, as other officers have done, exact them from every village he stops at. None else of my train has made any demand. This stain on my government I owe to our friend Quintus Titinius¹

Upon finishing the campaign, I made my brother Quintus commissary general of my army in their winter quarters, and over all Cilicia. I dispatched Quintus Volusius, son-in-law to your friend Tiberius, a man, in a high degree faithful and disinterested, into Cyprus, that he might remain there for some days, lest the few
Roman

¹ And yet several times before he intimates, as if Tullius had been recommended to him by Atticus.

Roman citizens, who trade there, should complain, that they had no court of justice to resort to; for the Cyprians are not compelled to leave their own island. I set out for Asia, on the 5th of January, from Tarsus. You can hardly imagine how greatly I was admired by all the cities of Cilicia, and especially by the inhabitants of Tarsus. But after I passed Mount Taurus, the expectation of the Asiatics, who inhabited the boundaries of my government, was surprising. For, in the six months of my administration, they had not once received a letter from me, nor had I sent them so much as one guest; while the same period was made by those before me a season of profit. For the rich cities paid heavy fines to exempt them from soldiers going into winter quarters amongst them. I speak rather under, than above, the truth, when I say that the island of Cyprus itself paid yearly two hundred Attic talents¹ but, under my government, no exaction is demanded from it. For all these instances of kindness, which astonish the inhabitants, I accept only verbal compliments; for I prohibit all statues, temples, and trophies. In all other respects, I give no trouble to these cities, though perhaps I do to you, by thus proclaiming my own praises. But if you love me, you will bear with me. I am thus impertinent, in compliance with your wishes.

You

¹ 25,000l.

You must know then that I passed through Asia, in such a manner, that the famine, which then raged in that part of my province, where the harvest had failed, though the most calamitous of all evils, was in respect to me a desirable event. For, wherever I travelled I prevailed, not by compulsion, not by judiciary measures, not by reproaches, but by my authority and advice alone, upon the Greeks and the Roman citizens, who had in stores magazines of corn, to promise large quantities to the people of the province.

On the 13th of February, I opened my judicial proceedings for Cibyra and Apamea at Laodicea; on the 15th of March, I will open those for Synnada, Pamphilia and Isauria. Then I will expect from Phemius the note of praise¹. I propose,

¹ *Orig. Tum Phemio despiciam κερως (Cornu) Aonium.* Notwithstanding all the pains Monsieur Mongault, and the commentators have taken to explain and justify this passage, as meant of a particular person and thing. I am still convinced that the whole of it is an allegory, and that the expression itself is either proverbial, or, which I rather incline to believe, taken from some poet, who, known to Cicero and Atticus, is lost to us. We cannot consistently either with the rules of common sense, or with Cicero's manner, conceive the smallest meaning that can be in his thrusting it in as he does without the least connection with the matters either before or after it, if this Phemius was really a musical slave, for whom Atticus wanted an instrument out of Cilicia. At the same time, nothing is more common with our author, than a kind of preventive railery upon his own vanity, which he generally introduces when he

pose, about the 15th of May, to set out for Cilicia, there to remain all June, without interruption (I hope) from the Parthians. If matters fall out, as I wish them, I shall spend the month of July, in returning to Rome through my province; for I entered upon my government at Laodicea, in the consulate of Sulpicius, and Marcellus, on the 31st of July, and I propose to leave it on the 29th of the same month. But I will first endeavour to prevail (though it will be against his inclination and mine) with my brother Quintus, that he continue to act as my first lieutenant. I cannot otherwise acquit myself as a man of honour, especially as I cannot persuade Pontinius, who is the only proper person, to stay here any longer; for he is hurried to Rome by Postumius, and perhaps too by Postumia. This is the plan of my conduct; you shall next know the concerns of Brutus.

That friend of your's is intimate with two persons, who have demands upon the Salaminians; M. Scaptius and P. Matinius, in the isle of Cyprus, and he recommended their interests to me in the most earnest manner. I knew nothing of Matinius, but Scaptius came to me in the camp, where

he is recounting, as in this place, some of his own meritorious actions. Add to this, that Phemius having been celebrated by Homer as a musician, his name became common to signify a fine performer. *Quid juvet, says Ovid, ab surdas si cantet Phemius aures?*

where I promised, from regard to Brutus, that I would see him paid by the Salaminians. After returning me thanks, he solicited from me a lieutenantancy, I replied that I would bestow no such commission upon a usurer. My determination in this respect you know I imparted to you; and when Pompey himself asked me for one, he was satisfied with my reasons for refusing it; not to mention that I did the same to Torquatus, your friend M. Lenius, and many others. I told him if he wanted the place on account of his debt, I would engage to see him paid. He thanked me, and then departed.

My predecessor Appius had given to this Scaptius the lieutenantancy of Salamis, and likewise the command of some squadrons of horse, to keep the Salaminians in order. Finding that he had oppressed them, I commanded the cavalry to evacuate the isle of Cyprus, to the great disappointment of Scaptius. In short, that I might discharge my engagements to him, I ordered the Salaminians, when they came, and with them Scaptius, to me at Tarsus, to discharge the debt. They complained much of the exorbitance of their bargain, and much of the oppressions of Scaptius; but I refused to hear them. I then exhorted and even entreated them, by all the services I had done their city, to finish the affair, and, at last I acquainted them I would force them to do it. Upon this, so far from refusing

sing to comply, they assured me, they would pay it with the money which they saved from me; because I had, in a manner, made them a present of so much money, by refusing to accept the usual perquisites given to their governor; and that their savings, from their public expence, exceeded the sum due to Scaptius. I thanked them; Scaptius was satisfied and received his payment.

Meanwhile, in the edict I published as the rule of my government, I had fixed twelve in the hundred as the legal interest, and the creditor to be at liberty to add it at the end of the year to his principal sum¹. But Scaptius demanded by virtue of his bonds, forty-eight in the hundred. You do not mean, said I, that I am to go against the rule laid down by my own edict. Upon this, he produced a resolution of the senate, under the consulate of Lentulus and Philip, declaring "that an action might be held at law, "upon the validity of his bond, before any future "governor of Cilicia." This was giving that city

¹ *Interim cum ego in edicto tralaticio centesimas me observaturum haberem, cum anatocismi anniversario; ille ex syngrapha postulabat quaternas.* I have not taken the same liberties that Monsieur Mongault has done in translating the account of this transaction, but I hope my translation is equally intelligible; nor (to say the truth) do I think he has perfectly well understood it. As to the terms made use of, the reader must apply to lexicons and antiquaries; for it would take a great deal of writing to explain them here.

city a mortal blow, and therefore at first it struck me with horror.

Upon farther inquiry, I find that two resolutions passed the senate, under the same consuls, and upon the same subject. For, when the Salaminians wanted to borrow the money at Rome, and found themselves precluded from doing it by the Gabinian law, those friends of Brutus, relying on the strength of his interest, offered to advance the money at 48 per cent. provided they had an indemnification from the senate. Brutus, upon this, had interest enough to carry a resolution through the senate, importing "that the clause of 48 per cent. should be of "no prejudice, either to the Salaminians or to "the lenders." But the usurers, having paid the money, afterwards reflected with themselves, that this resolution could do them no service, as it amounted to no more than a bare indemnification from the penalties of the Gabinian law, which forbad that any action should lie in a court of justice, upon such a bond. Another resolution then passed, importing "That the said bond should be as valid as others." But the validity of the bond was not contested as to the payment of the principal and legal interest. After, therefore, I had explained my sense of the thing Scaptius took me aside, and told me that he consented to all I said, but that the Salaminians thought they owed him two hundred talents and that

that he was willing, though in reality they did not owe him quite so much, to accept of that sum. He then entreated me to advance them up to the two hundred talents. Very well, replied I; and then sending Scaptius away, I ordered the Salaminians to appear. Pray, gentlemen, said I, how much does this debt amount to? They told me to no more than a hundred and six talents. When I had acquainted Scaptius of this, he roared. Such noise, said I, will be of no use to you, compare your accounts together. Upon this they sat down, the accounts were made up, both of them tallied. The Salaminians made a tender of the money, and pressed Scaptius to take it. He called me aside again, and begged that I would leave the matter as I found it. The fellow importuned me so hard, that I consented, to the great discontent of the Salaminians, whom I refused to suffer to deposit the money in a temple¹.

All who were present exclaimed that this behaviour was most impudent in Scaptius, who was not contented with 12 per cent. and interest upon interest, while others said that his folly was equal to his impudence. I could not be of that opinion; because he used to lend money to any sure hand, at 12 per cent. But when the security was doubtful,

¹ A deposition of money in a temple put a stop to its bearing any interest while it lay there.

ful, at 48. This is a true state of my conduct, and if Brutus, does not approve of it, he is not worthy of our friendship. But I know it will be approved of by his uncle Cato, especially as I suppose a resolution has just now passed the senate, since your departure from Rome, in this matter of the creditors, that twelve in the hundred should be the constant and the legal interest. If I am not mistaken in your talent at calculation, you are perfectly sensible what a wide difference there is between this and the demand of Scaptius¹.

By the way Lucceius complains to me in a letter, that there is great danger lest those decrees of the senate should be attended by a general bankruptcy. He puts me in mind of the mischief Caius Julius did formerly, by prolonging the term of

¹ *Orig. Hoc quid intersit, si tuos digitos novi, certe habes subductum.* Monsieur Mongault has, I think, mistaken the sense of this passage. He translates it, *Vous voyez bien, vous qui savez compter de combien ce que j'accorde a Scaptius monte plus haut.* Now I cannot see any difference between the legal interest settled by the senate, and that offered to Scaptius by Cicero, excepting that Cicero allowed him the Anatocismus; but I apprehend that the Anatocismus was legal in all cases, and Cicero certainly thought it to be so by his own edict, otherwise the creditor must have suffered considerably, even to the amount of his whole sum in about eight years. The expression therefore *quid intersit*, necessarily and naturally refers to the difference between the exorbitant demand of Scaptius, and the legal interest settled by the senate.

of payment but for a short time¹. Never did the republic run a greater risk than it did at that time. But to return to the subject. Place my excuse in the best light to Brutus, if that can be called an excuse, which can be contradicted with no colour of truth, especially as I have left the whole affair and the proceedings in the same state I found them. I have nothing farther to say but to my private affairs. As to the main one of all, I am of the same sentiments with you. Let us close with the son of Posthumia; because Pontidia's son trifles with us. But I wish you were upon

¹ *Orig. Quid olim mali, Caius Julius fecerit, cum dieculam duxerit.* The obscurity of this expression has given rise to a prodigious number of conjectures. It does not appear plain to me that the decrees here blamed by Lucceius relate to the decree for settling the interest; I am strongly inclined to believe that he means the decrees obtained by Scaptius to authorize his exorbitant interest, and which indeed tended to a general bankruptcy; whereas the decree for regulating interest seems to have been calculated to prevent it. As to the fact mentioned here concerning Cæsar, we know nothing of it; nor has either Monsieur Mongault, or any of the commentators pretended to ascertain what it was. I cannot, however, help observing, that most probably it related to some part of Cæsar's conduct, at the time of Catiline's conspiracy. For we find that at that time the Roman knights, who were the monied men of Rome, were terribly exasperated at his behaviour, and that Cicero, in a great number of places, hints that the republic of Rome, at that time, was upon the eve of a general bankruptcy. But for the sake of perspicuity, we must here observe, that our author calls the *senatus consultum*, for settling the interest, as well as those blamed by Lucceius, by the term of *Decreta*.

upon the spot. You are to expect no letters for some months from my brother Quintus, because Mount Taurus is impassable, on account of the snows, before June. I forward Thermus, as you desire I should, with repeated letters. King Dejotarus assures me, that Publius Valerius possesses nothing, and that he is maintained by him. As soon as you know whether this year is to be intercalated at Rome, or not. Let me know precisely the day on which the ceremonies of *Bona Dea* are to be performed. I do not expect to hear from you quite so often as when you were at Rome; but still let me hear as often as you can.

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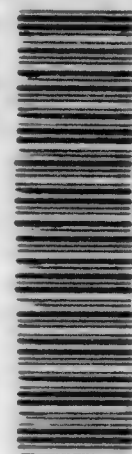
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CICERO'S
EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

WITH NOTES,

HISTORICAL, EXPLANATORY, AND CRITICAL.

TRANSLATED

BY WILLIAM GUTHRIE, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Quæ, qui legat, non multum desideret historiam contextam eorum temporum.
Nep. Vit. Attici.

LONDON:

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1806:

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Gift
Dr. JAMES PECH
June 7, 1913

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK VI.

EPISTLE I.

ON the 17th of February I received your letter at Laodicea; and read it with raptures, as replete with affection, love, benevolence, friendship, and zeal. Take therefore my answer in your own method, without my following the plan I generally lay down. You tell me that my last letters, dated the 22nd of September, are come to your hands; and you want to know what letters I have received from you? Almost all you mention, excepting those which you say you delivered to the slaves of Lentulus, at Equotuticum and Brundusium. Your labour, as you seem to apprehend, is not lost; but his produced

VOL. II.

B

a noble

a noble effect, if your intention was to give me pleasure; for never in my life, did I receive more. I greatly rejoice that, contrary to my expectation, you approve of my reserve towards Appius, and the freedom I took in respect to Brutus.

For Appius, on his journey, wrote me two or three querulous letters, because I had repealed some of his acts. This is just as if a patient should be delivered over from one physician to another, and the first be displeased with the latter, for altering the regimen he had laid down for his recovery. Thus, the regimen of Appius consisted in evacuations; he exhausted as much as he could, the veins and the strength of the province, and delivered her over to me when she was expiring; and now it is with pain that he sees her again restored to life and vigour. His resentment, however, is tempered with expressions of gratitude; for in all my measures, I did not interfere with his conduct; so that, in fact, the man is only angry, because my government differed from his. And nothing surely can be more different. Under his administration, the province was quite exhausted by exactions and losses. Under mine, not a farthing was raised, in any way public or private. Need I mention his prefects, his attendants, his lieutenants, his oppressions, his lusts, and his contumelious abuses. At present, indeed, there cannot be, even in a family, better œconomy, greater regularity,

rity, or more moderation than appears in every part of my province. The construction put upon this reform of abuses by some of Appius's friends, is ridiculous; for they say that I pursue this meritorious conduct as a satire upon him, and that the virtue of my government is not owing to a regard for my own character, but to my spite of his. If Appius, however, as the letter of Brutus, which I sent to you, intimated, should return me his thanks, I shall be very well pleased, and yet, when I write this letter, which I do before day-break, I am thinking of repealing a great many of his wicked acts and statutes.

As to Brutus, for whom at your recommendation, I conceived a regard bordering on affection. But—no—I will check myself lest I disoblige you.—For I assure you that I never in my life felt a more sincere wish than to comply with the solicitation of your friend, nor took greater pains to accomplish his purpose. Though he gave me a memorial of all his commissions, and which contained only the matters which had before passed between you and me, yet I attended to every particular.

In the first place, I pressed Ariobarzanes, to pay Brutus the money, which he promised to do. While that prince was with me, the affair wore a very favourable aspect; and he afterwards began to be pressed by a multitude of Pompey's agents. Pompey for many other reasons, especially as

being expected to command against the Parthians, has greater influence with him than any other person in the world. Notwithstanding that, Pompey is now obliged to receive in payment every month thirty-three Attic talents, which is not indeed the interest of the principal lent, and that too out of the taxes. But our friend Cnæus meekly puts up with this. He goes without principal, and he does not get even the whole of his interest. His majesty neither does, nor can pay any body else, for he is a king without either treasure or taxes to support him. He puts his country, after the manner of Appius, under contribution, and yet all is insufficient for discharging the interest of his debt to Pompey. It is true, two or three of his friends are rich men, but neither you nor I can be more tenacious of our property than they are of theirs. Notwithstanding all this, I am incessantly soliciting, teasing, exhorting, and reproaching the prince by letters. Dejotarus has even informed me, that he sent an embassy to Ariobarzanes concerning his transactions with Brutus, but that all the answer he received was, that he had no money; and in my conscience I believe never was there a kingdom more drained, or a king more needy¹. I am therefore thinking

¹ The poverty of the kings of Cappadocia seems to have become proverbial about this time. Horace takes notice of it: *Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum Rex.*

thinking of either resigning my guardianship, or, as Scævola¹ did in the case of Glabrio, stopping the payment of both principal and interest.

And yet I have bestowed the lieutenancy, which, in compliment to me, you gave to Brutus upon Marcus Scaptius² and Lucius Gavius, who were his agents in Cappadocia, for they no longer traded in money within my province. Now you may remember we agreed, that he might have what lieutenancy he pleased, provided he did not dispose of one to a money-broker. In consequence of this, I presented him two commissions besides; but the persons, for whom he asked them, have left the province.

Now concerning the Salaminians; that affair I perceive has surprised you as well as me, for he never

¹ This seems to have been a piece of private history, Scævola probably was tutor to a young gentleman, whose affairs were so circumstanced, that he was obliged to suspend the payment of the debts upon his estate.

² *Orig. Nec enim in provincia mea negotiabantur.* According to the obvious meaning of these words Cicero falls into a direct contradiction, which has not been observed by Monsieur Mongault, or any of the commentators. Here he tells us expressly, that he gave Scaptius one of these commissions, because he discontinued his trade within his province, and yet we find him in the same, quarrel with Brutus for refusing this commission to Scaptius, because he was a money-broker. But in fact there were two of that name, and both of them friends to Brutus. One of them was an agent in Cappadocia, the other a money-broker in Cyprus.

never told me that money was owing to him. So far from it, I have a memorandum of his writing, in which he has these words, "The people of Salamis owe money to Marcus Scaptius and Publius Matinius my friends." He recommends them to me, he gives his reason for doing it, and says, in order to instigate me, that he was engaged¹ for them in a great sum of money. The settlement was that the Salaminians should pay at the rate of twelve in the hundred, the interest being added to the principal every six years. But Scaptius insisted upon forty-eight in the hundred. I could not gratify him in this without being in danger of forfeiting the esteem, even of you, my dearest friend. For I should have violated the rule of my own government, and absolutely ruined a city which claims the patronage of Cato² and of Brutus himself, and has been distinguished by marks of my kindness.

At

¹ This probably was the money which Scaptius had borrowed at Rome for the Salaminians.

² Cato had reduced Cyprus into the form of a province, when the Romans took it from king Ptolemy, and he had been attended in his expedition thither by his nephew Brutus, for which reason both of them declared themselves the patrons of that island. Upon the whole, it is more than probable, that some of the circumstances of this loan have not come to our knowledge, otherwise we can scarcely reconcile the conduct of Brutus, to that noble inflexible character, for which he is so remarkable in history.

At this very time, Scaptius throws before me a letter from Brutus, informing me that the thing was a concern of his own, though Brutus never told so much, either to you or me, and likewise desiring me to bestow the lieutenancy upon Scaptius. Now, you know, that when I empowered you to make that offer to Brutus, I excepted all money-brokers, and he, of all mankind, ought to be excluded. For he was lieutenant to Appius, and commanded some squadrons of horse, with whom he shut up in their senate-house, the senate of Salamis, until five of the senators were starved to death. I had therefore no sooner set foot within my province, and was met by the Cyprian deputies at Ephesus, than I dispatched letters, ordering those squadrons of horse to leave the island, without delay; and for that reason, I suppose Scaptius sent Brutus some unjust charges against me. I am, however, determined upon what to do. If Brutus shall think that I ought to determine for forty-eight in the hundred, after laying it down as a rule in my edict, and enforcing it by my judgment, in every part of the province, to the satisfaction even of the most unprincipled usurers, that no more than twelve in the hundred should be taken; if he shall take it amiss that I refused a lieutenancy to a money-broker, after refusing the same to my friend Torquatus, who solicited it for Lælius, and to Pompey himself, who asked it for Sextius Statius,

Staius, while both of them were satisfied with my reasons; if he shall resent my ordering the squadrons to evacuate the island; I shall indeed be sorry for his offence, but shall be more sorry to find Brutus not to answer the character I had conceived of him.

Scaptius himself must at least acknowledge that it was in his option, while I was upon the bench, to have received his money. I will add another thing, and I do not know whether you will not think I have gone too far in it. All the interest ought to have stopt, even the interest, which my decree allowed from the time the Salaminians offered to deposit the money, and yet I prevailed with the Salaminians not to insist upon this. They have at my request dispensed with the rigid letter of the law towards him; but what will be the consequence to them, should Paulus¹ succeed me in this government? All this I have done entirely to oblige Brutus, who has written very handsomely to you concerning me; but his letters to me, even when he solicits a favour, are written in haughty, insolent and distant terms. But I beg that you would write to him concerning the things I have mentioned, and let me know how he takes them.

I thought

¹ He means Æmilius Paulus, whose brother Lepidus had in marriage the sister of Brutus, and was therefore likely to be partial in his favour.

I thought I had sufficiently explained all these particulars in my former letters; but, to say the truth, I was determined to make you sensible how well I had treasured up what you imparted to me more than once, I mean, that if I gained nothing by my government but the friendship of Brutus, I was amply rewarded. In this I will not contradict you, but still I believe you will agree with me, that his friendship would be too dearly purchased by the loss of my honour. Supposing, therefore, that my decree had compelled Scaptius to be immediately paid, on what terms I will refer to you, a reference which I would not make even to the judgment of Cato: yet do not imagine, that I have discarded your maxims. No, I have treasured them up in my soul. With tears you recommended to me the care of my honour. Did ever a letter, come from your hand in which you did not repeat the same recommendation? Let him, who is so disposed, be displeased with me; I will bear him with patience. Justice and honour shall ever be on my side: and my six treatises upon government, which I am glad you so much approve of, are new pledges of my integrity.

With the historical incident respecting Cnæus Flavius, the son of Marcus¹ you express yourself dissatisfied.

¹ This probably relates to a passage in Cicero's book of government. This Flavius lived about the year 448. The matter is farther explained in his character of an orator. See page 85 of the translation.

dissatisfied. But you are to consider, that he is not to be placed before the *decemviri*, because he was *Curule Ædile*, an institution many years later than the *decemviri*. Where then, you will say, was the utility of publishing the calendar? Before that time, the calendar was a matter so mysterious, that people were obliged to apply to a few lawyers, who were in the secret, to know the days of pleading. Now, many authors tell us that Cnæus Flavius, a scribe, published the calendar, and digested the public records. I inform you of this, lest you should imagine that I, or rather Africanus (for he is my author) is mistaken. I see you have noticed the mention I made of the action of a certain player, and you make a wicked application of it; but I wrote without meaning ill.

The letters of Philotimus inform you of my being saluted Imperator. But I suppose, now that you are in Epirus, you have received two letters of mine, containing my whole history, one dated from Pendenisum, upon its being taken, the other from Laodicea, and both of them were delivered to your own servants. I sent two public letters by different couriers to Rome, upon the same subject, not choosing to trust the sea conveyance.

I quite agree with you in your sentiments concerning my daughter Tullia, and I have signified, in a letter, my consent, both to her and my wife.

wife. I remember the words you told me sometime ago, "I wish that you would return to your old flock". But there was no occasion for correcting any thing of that letter concerning Memmius; for I much rather approve of the party proposed by Pontidia, than that by Servilia. You may therefore employ my friend Aufius, who has always professed a great regard for me, and I suppose more now than ever, if, as I believe, he has succeeded to his brother's affection for me, as well as to his estate. How sincere that affection was I had frequent proofs, and especially in the affair of Bursa. It now lies with you to relieve me of a load that lies heavy upon my spirits. I am by no means pleased with the exception² proposed by Furnius, for I had no apprehension as to any other time, but the one excepted. But if you were at Rome, I would write you more fully on this head. I am not surprised that you rest all your hopes of tranquillity upon Pompey in the present situation of affairs, and in speaking of him for the future, I think you need no longer apply to him the epithet *faithless*³.

If

¹ Meaning that our author should give his daughter to a Roman knight, of which order both he and Atticus originally were. What follows here is all private history, and perhaps requires more explanation than it deserves.

² *Viz.* That Cicero should return home, if there was no war with the Parthians.

³ Nothing surely could be more weak than Cicero was in his judgment of mankind, but at the same time his acknowledgments show an honest heart.

If I preserve no method in this letter, I must impute it to you, whose extemporaneous effusion I imitate. My two little Ciceros love one another; they pursue the same studies and the same exercises; but, as Isocrates said of Ephorus and Theopompus, the one requires a bridle, the other a spur. I intend to give Quintus the manly robe on the feast of Bacchus¹, at his father's request. I will observe that feast without any regard to intercalations. I have a great affection for Dionysius, though my boys say, that he is furiously passionate; but no man can have more learning or better morals than he has, or love you and me better than he does.

You have been justly informed, that Thermus and Silius² are very popular in their government, which they deserve of me by their disinterested conduct. You may say the same thing of Marcus Nonius, Bibulus, and if you please, of me. Now I wish Scrofta³ had a situation where he might evince his worth; for it is an office, which renders talents conspicuous. All the others disgrace the political system of Cato. It was very kind in you to recommend my interest to Hortensius. Dionysius

¹ *Orig. Liberalibus.* It fell upon the 17th of March, and it was a time of the year in which young gentlemen commonly assume the manly robe.

² He was governor of Bithynia and Pontus.

³ He was mentioned before, and the whole of this passage about him is extremely obscure.

nysius has no hopes of Amianus, nor have I the least hint concerning Terentius. Mæragenes is certainly dead; I travelled over his estate without seeing one creature upon it. This I did not know, when I conversed with your freedman Democritus. I have given the order respecting the Rhosian ware¹. But what can be your meaning? You used to administer only simple herbs in embossed charges and magnificent dishes, what then do you mean to serve in these earthen vessels?

A trumpet is ordered for your Phemius, and it shall be sent him, provided the strains, which he may play will, be worthy of him.—The Parthian war is ready to commence. Cassius had dispatched very foolish accounts upon that head, before the letters of Bibulus reached Rome; but when these are read, I hope they will at last rouse the senate. For my own part I am very uneasy. Even supposing my government should not be prolonged beyond the year, and I hope it will not, yet still I have some apprehensions of June and July. Whatever may be the event, Bibulus will hold out at least for two months; but what will become of him, whom I shall leave in my command, especially if it be my brother. Nay, what will become of myself, if I am obliged to stay longer than I look for; I am greatly perplexed.

¹ Rhosus was a town situated upon the gulph of Issus, and seems to have been famous for a coarse kind of earthenware.

plexed. I, however, have at length agreed with Dejotarus, that he shall serve in my camp with all his forces, which amount to thirty cohorts, of 400 men, each armed in the Roman manner, and 2000 horse. With this reinforcement I shall be able to defend myself, till Pompey arrives, and his letters inform me that he is appointed to that command. The Parthians have fixed their winter quarters. Orodes is expected in person. In short we shall have enough upon our hands.

My edict conforms to that of Bibulus, with the exception of that clause, which, as you wrote to me, "would bear too hard upon our order"¹. Now my expression has the same meaning, but it is better guarded, and is taken from the Asiatic edict of Quintus Mucius, the son of Publius, and imports, "that if a transaction be of such a nature as in equity to be invalid, we will then appeal

¹ Cicero had a particular deference for the order of knights here mentioned. We have already seen that they generally farmed the public revenues, and consequently they were permitted by the senate to make the best of the people of the conquered countries, whom they sometimes oppressed most dreadfully. On this account Bibulus in his edict, as other governors have done, had a clause, declaring he would observe all contracts that were not oppressive or fraudulent. *Pacta conventa, quæ nec vi, nec dolo facta erunt, servabo*. Bibulus, it seems, had named the knights expressly, as if this clause had been applicable peculiarly to their order, which our author did not think so decent, and therefore kept to more general terms.

appeal to the principle of conscience." In many other respects, I followed the edict of Scævola. I have in particular adopted that clause, which the Greeks think amounts to the restoring them to their liberty; by allowing them, in all their disputes, to proceed according to their own laws.

Now you must know, that my edict is but short, because I have thought fit to divide it into two heads. One comprehends the affairs of the province, and regulates all matters regarding the accounts of the city debts, interests, bonds, and every thing that relates to the farmers of the revenue. The other head, which cannot be regularly settled, but by an edict, relates to the modes of succession, to entries upon estates, to commissions of bankruptcies, and to sales, all which matters can only be proceeded upon, and settled by edict. Every thing else relating to jurisdiction, I have left unmentioned, and have declared that in such matters my decision should be in conformity to the rules of the city prætors. By these means, it has been my care, and I have hitherto succeeded, to please every body. The Greeks exult in being left to their own judges and their own municipal laws. This, you will say, is to leave them to a gang of jugglers. No matter, they think they are restored to their former independence. The judges, whom you have at Rome are, I suppose, men of high respectability; witness Turpio the cobbler, and Vettius the usurer.

You

You seem curious to know how I have proceeded with regard to the farmers of the revenue. I caress them, I humour them, I compliment and oblige them, and thus I prevent their being oppressive to any person. What will surprise you still more is, Servilius has even given them a title to the interest of the money, for which they contracted with the province. I manage the affair thus. I give the contractors for the province a reasonable time for payment; and if they make it before the day elapses, I tell them I will deduct the legal interest, but if they pass the day of payment, they must then stand to the terms of their contracts. By this regulation the Greeks are not loaded with intolerable usury, and the farmers are extremely well pleased. Thus I give them fine compliments in abundance, and make them always welcome at my house. In short, I live with them so familiarly, that each thinks himself the favourite. I know them however too well. You understand what I mean.

What do you say concerning the statue of Africanus? What a medley this letter is! But your letters have made me in love with his manner. Is Metellus Scipio ignorant, that his grandfather never was censor¹? The inscription upon that statue

¹ Our author probably means a statue of the second Scipio Africanus, which Metellus insisted upon to be a statue of Scipio Nasica, the grandfather of this Scipio.

statue to which you have given so exalted a place in the temple of Ops, mentions only his being consul. In like manner, upon the statue in the temple of Pollux, the inscription mentions only his being consul; and that it is his statue appears from the attitude, the robe, the ring and the face. And indeed, when I observed in that cavalcade of gilded equestrians, which this same Metellus has erected in the capitol, the image of Scipio Africanus, inscribed with the name of Serapion¹, I thought it had been the mistake of the workmen, but I am now convinced it was owing to the disgraceful ignorance of Metellus himself.

With regard to my mistake concerning Flavius and the calendar, if it be one, it is a very general mistake. You have done well to inquire; I was obliged to follow a public, though perhaps a false tradition, which is often all the direction we have with regard to the Greeks. How general is the opinion among them, that Alcibiades in his voyage to Sicily threw into the sea Eupolis, the father of ancient comedy. Yet this fact is confuted by Eratosthenes², who has produced plays of Eupolis, composed since that time.

Not-

¹ This was a name given to Scipio Nasica, on account of his great resemblance to a slave of the same name.

² He wrote a treatise upon the drama which is quoted by Atheneus and Julius Pollux.

Notwithstanding this anachronism, Duris¹ the Samian, an accurate historian, has not lost his credit by falling into it, because the mistake was general. Is it not universally understood, and by Theophrastus amongst others, that Zaleucus², composed the Locrian³ laws? But does Theophrastus suffer in his character, if your favourite Timeus has shewn him to be under a mistake as to the fact? But it is disgraceful in a man to be ignorant, that his great grandfather never was censor, especially as none of the Cornelii, after his consulate⁴, was censor during his life.

As to Philotimus, and the payment of the five hundred twenty-four thousand serteces; I understand he is to be at Chersonesus about the beginning of January; but as yet I have had no letter from him. Camillus writes me, that he has received my arrears. I should be glad to know, what at present I do not know, how much they

¹ He was contemporary with Ptolemy Philadelphus, and wrote the history of the Greeks and Macedonians.

² He was a disciple of Thales, and is mentioned by many authors.

³ These were descendants of the Locrians, who lived about mount Parnassus, and lived in a city of *Magna Græcia* in Italy, which was built by the attendants of Ajax Oileus, who settled there after the war of Troy.

⁴ It was a rule among the Romans not to make a man censor, till he had passed the office of consul, and this made the mistake, of Metellus the more inexcusable, for the reason given by Cicero.

they amount to. But we will talk of these matters hereafter, and perhaps more conveniently, when we meet. I own to you, my dearest friend, that I was alarmed with that passage, towards the end of your letter, which thus begins, *Need I add*. You then conjure me in the most affectionate terms to be always circumspect, and see how every thing is transacted. Have you then heard any rumour? It is not indeed likely that you have; for I think nothing has or can escape my vigilance. But yet, that hint, though cautious, seems to me to have some meaning.

I again tell you, that your answer to Marcus Octavius was very proper, had it been a little more peremptory. For Cælius has sent his freedman to me with very pressing letters, but his request respecting the panthers, and the contributions of the several states¹ was scandalous. I replied that I was mortified by the public inattention to my government, and that it was not known at Rome I levied no money on the public, but to discharge the public debts. I informed him farther, that I could not bring myself to think, that I could honourably grant, or he receive, the money he demanded; and I admonished him from the sincere affection I have for him, that he

¹ These *Ædiles* generally insisted upon the provinces being taxed to defray the expence of the public shows, which Cicero thought was a scandalous imposition.

he, who accuses others, should see that himself be free from fault¹. As to his request respecting the panthers, I observed that it was not consistent with my honour to compel the Cibyrites to hunt at the public expence.

Lepta is quite overjoyed with your letter, which is well composed, and has done me great honour with him. I am gratified that your little daughter was so earnest in desiring you to send me her compliments; I am likewise obliged to Pilia. Do you, therefore, present my compliments to both, but especially to the former, whose affection is the more remarkable, as it is impossible for her to remember ever to have seen me². The date of your letter being the last of December, renewed to me the dear remembrance of that glorious oath³, which shall never be forgotten. Never did a magistrate appear with more lustre than I did that day. Now I have answered all particulars; and I repay you in kind, and not gold for brass.

I have

¹ Cælius had distinguished himself in three several impeachments of great men for mal-practices.

² There is an obscurity in the original, the best reading is, *Quem jampridem nunquam vidit*.

³ When Cicero was going out of his consulate, he was hindered by Metellus Nepos, the tribune, from haranguing the people. He therefore took the opportunity of adding to the ordinary oath made by the consuls, upon the expiration of their office, that he had saved his country, and in this the people applauded him.

I have indeed another note from you, which I must not let pass unanswered. Lucceius, it seems, has parted with his seat at Tusculanum, and I think, he has done right, if it serves to diminish his expences; for there he used to have no other company but his music-master. I should be glad to know how his affairs stand. I even hear that our friend Lentulus has been obliged to advertise his estate at Tusculanum to raise money; I wish the affairs of both, and also those of Sestius and Cælius; if I mistake not, were less embarrassed. We may say of them all as Homer says of the Greeks, when Hector gave them a challenge, They

Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd¹.

I suppose you have heard, that Curius has some thoughts of recalling Memmius. As to the debt of Egnatius the Sidicinian, my hopes are neither very faint nor very sanguine. Dejotarus is extremely concerned about the recovery of Penarius, whom you recommended to me. So much for your short letter. I beg that, about the 15th of May, when I shall be at Laodicea, you will frequently write to me, and that, after you are arrived

² Orig. αἰδεσθαι μὲν ἀντιπαρασθαι, δεῖσαν δὲ ἐπιποδεσθαι. Our author applies this to their situation with regard to Cæsar, whom they wished well, though they durst not yet venture to declare their attachment to him.

arrived at Athens, you will send couriers to me; for I shall then learn how things are at Rome, and how the governments have been distributed, which distribution has taken place in the month of March. But how came you by means of Herodes to extort from Cæsar fifty Attic talents. By this you have incurred great displeasure with Pompey. For he thinks the money¹, thus obtained by you, is so much loss to him, and that Cæsar will be more cautious how he proceeds in building his seat in the forest of Aricia.

I learned this circumstance from Publius Veditius, who, though a profligate, is very intimate with Pompey. He came to meet me with two chariots and a chaise drawn by coursers, a litter, and such a numerous retinue, that were the bill brought in by Curius² to pass, Veditius could not be taxed at less than a hundred thousand sesterces. He had in one of his chariots a Cynocephalus³, and was attended by a number of wild asses. Never did I see a more unprincipled man. But hear the sequel. He was entertained at Laodicea, in the house of Pompeius Vindullus,

¹ This relates probably to money borrowed by Cæsar of Pompey.

² This was a kind of a turnpike bill for imposing a tax upon all equipages to keep the public roads in repair.

³ Very strange stories are told of this creature, which seems to have been very rare among the Romans. It was an ape with the head of a dog, and hence called *κυνκεφαλος*.—E.

lus, where he left his baggage when he set out to wait upon me. In the mean while, Vindullus died, and, of course, his estate was understood to devolve to his patron Pompey the Great. Caius Vennonius then came to the house of Vindullus, and in sealing up his effects, he seizes those of Veditius, in which were found the miniatures¹ of five ladies, and amongst them that of the sister and wife of your two friends Brutus and Lepidus, whose names indeed are characteristic of their characters; for none but a *brute* would have associated with such a fellow, and he who could connive at such foul misconduct in his wife, must be gay indeed². This incident I by the way communicate to you; for both of us have too much of female curiosity.

There is one thing I would recommend to you. I hear that Appius is constructing a portico at Eleusis; what would you think, if I should make one for the academy? You will tell me, I am in the right of it; but I desire to have your sentiments in writing. To speak the truth, I am so much

¹ Some here read the original *Langulculæ*, others *Plangulculæ*. The latter resembled childrens' dolls, and were made use of as puppets by the young ladies of Athens. Be this as it will, those mentioned here by Cicero seem to have been common presents of ladies to their gallants, and a tacit acknowledgment of their having granted them favours.

² The reader no doubt perceives Cicero's puns here. *Lepidus* in the Latin signifies a jovial man.

much in love with Athens, that I am desirous to bequeath to it some monument of my affection. I am averse to inscribe my own name upon the statues of others¹; but in this I will be directed by you. Let me know the precise day on which the Roman mysteries are to be celebrated, and how you spent the winter. Farewel, written on the 765th day after the battle of Leuctra².

EPISTLE II.

WHEN your freedman Philogenes came to pay me his compliments at Laodicea, and told me he was to sail directly for you, I committed to his care this letter, in answer to that which I received from the courier of Brutus. I will begin with the latter part of yours, which has given me much uneasiness; I mean what Cincius wrote you concerning the conversation of Statius, who to my very great concern, is made to say that I approve of the measure³. I approve of it!—Could such a thing

¹ Cicero seems to have been doubtful, whether to present to the city of Athens a new statue, made at his own expence, or to appropriate one already made by a new inscription.—E.

² He means the death of Clodius.

³ This regards the bad understanding that still continued between Cicero's brother and his wife, sister to Atticus, which had gone so far that Statius, the favourite freedman of Quintus Cicero,

thing come into their head! Give me leave to say that I wish the bonds of my intimacy with you to be multiplied, though those of affection are the most binding. So far am I from wishing for any dissolution of the ties which at present mutually bind us. As to my brother, I am no stranger to the harsh expressions he often throws out upon this subject; but I have as often brought him again into temper. I believe you are sensible of this. In our late journey and campaign, I have frequently seen him in a passion, and as frequently appeased. I know not what he has written to Statius, but, whatever resolution he may have adopted, it was indecent for him to correspond with his freedman upon so delicate a point. For my own part, it shall be my principal study to prevent his taking any step that may distress us, or be improper in itself. In an affair of this nature, every friend ought to exert himself to the utmost; but the chief burden of this duty falls upon young Cicero, who is now more than a boy. I am not wanting to him in my counsel on this head, and I think he has a most tender and becoming affection for his mother, and is likewise wonderfully fond of you. He has indeed a fine genius, but I have my difficulties

Cicero, took the freedom to say, that our author approved of their being divorced from one another; and this it seems had piqued Atticus, who was unwilling that his sister should be thus exposed.

ficulties in managing his spirit, which is not a little untractable.

Having thus in my first page, answered the last page of your letter, I now return to the first page of yours. I imagined, that all the cities of Peloponnesus were maritime, upon no obscure authority, but such a one as you approve of, I mean the geography of Dicæarchus. In Chæron's narrative of the descent into the cave of Trophonius¹, he blames the Greeks on many accounts, for being so fond of the seaside; nor does he mention a place in all Peloponnesus, that is not maritime. Notwithstanding the regard I have for the author, who was a very accurate historian, and lived in Peloponnesus, yet still I was astonished, and not knowing what judgment to form, I consulted Dionysius. At first he was at a loss; but at last he gave it entirely for Dicæarchus, who has as much credit with him as your banker has with you, or mine with me². He pronounced a place called Lepreon

¹ This regards some passages of our author's book upon government, which Atticus was not quite satisfied with. This Chæron was supposed to be the son of Apollo, and Dicæarchus put into his mouth a narrative or description of the descent into the cave of Trophonius, so well known to antiquity for revealing future events. It seems Atticus was not satisfied with our author's assertion, that all the towns of Peloponnesus were maritime, because Arcadia, which lay within Peloponnesus, was entirely an inland province.

² Viz. Caius Vestorius and Marcus Cluvius.

preon to be a sea town of Arcadia. As to Tene¹, Aliphera and Tritia, he was of opinion, that they were built since the Trojan war, and as a proof of this he produced Homer's catalogue of ships, where no such places are mentioned. Now I transcribed this passage from Dicæarchus verbatim into my own work. I am sensible I ought to write Phliasios, and you will take care to make that correction in your copy, as I have done in mine. But, at first sight, the similitude of the words deceived me; for I believed that Philountai came from Philius in the same manner, as Opontioi from Opous, and Sipountioi from Sipous. But I soon was convinced of this mistake.

I perceive that my moderation and disinterestedness give you pleasure; but how would it be enhanced were you here in person. O! had you been but present at the court of justice, which I held from the 13th of February to the 1st of May, for all the divisions of my government, excepting Cilicia. There I performed wonders indeed. Many cities had the whole of their debt cancelled; many were greatly relieved; while all of them, being judged by their own laws and in their own forms, recovered their spirits by thus recovering their constitution. I have given those cities a power of keeping themselves free of

¹ All those places lie in Greece.

of debt, or making their debts very easy; by two means; the one, during the whole time of my government, I have not put them, and I speak without a figure, to one farthing of expence, I repeat it, not to a single farthing. It is incredible how many cities have discharged their debt from this single circumstance. The other mean I gave them was as follows; it is not easy to conceive how the cities were purloined. This I learnt from those, who had for ten years past been magistrates, and who did not scruple to acknowledge the fact; and therefore, to prevent a public censure, they returned with their own hands the money to the people. By this mean the people, without any difficulty, paid to our farmers of the revenue all the land tax for this term¹, of which, till then, they had not paid a farthing, and all their arrears of the last. This has endeared me to the farmers; "and they will be sure, you say, to remember the obligation." Of this I am sensible.

In all the other departments of my jurisdiction, I proceeded with no small address, and my clemency has been joined to wonderful affability. In giving my audiences, I lay aside the state of the governor of a province. I suffer no applications to be made to the gentlemen of my bedchamber. Before day-break, I walk about
in

¹ *Orig. Lustrum.* Viz. Five years.

in my house, as I used formerly to do, when I stood for public offices. This behaviour secures me popularity and influence, and, I was formerly so accustomed to it, that it gives me as yet no pain.

I think of setting out for Cilicia on the 7th of May, where I intend to spend the month of June. I wish I may do it in peace, for we are threatened with a dreadful war from the Parthians, and I set out in July on my return; for the year of my labour ends upon the 30th, and I am in great hopes that it will receive no prolongation. I have the minutes of all that passed in the senate to the 7th of March, by which I learn that our friend Curio¹ is resolved to hazard every thing, rather than that any final resolution should be taken with regard to the province. But I hope to see you very soon.

I now come to your friend Brutus and also mine, since you will have it so. Believe me, I have done every thing that I could effect in my province, or in Cappadocia. I have dealt, and daily deal, with the king, in all shapes, I mean by letters. I had him at my own house for three or four days, during some political troubles
into

¹ The senate had passed a resolution the year before, that in the month of March, this year the consuls should bring in a bill for settling the governments of the provinces, particularly those of the two Gauls. But Curio, who was a tribune, and some of his colleagues put a negative upon it.

into which he fell, and from which I delivered him. At that time, and upon all occasions afterwards, I did not fail to beg and entreat him upon my own account, and to admonish and exhort him upon his. I know I made a considerable impression, but his distance from me prevents my learning precisely what effects my interference has produced.

With regard to the Salaminians, though I might compel them, I persuaded them to offer Scaptius the payment of his whole debt, at the rate of twelve in the hundred, from the date of the last bond, the interest being added to the principal for every year and no longer. A tender was made of the money, but it was refused by Scaptius. "So you say, you wanted that Brutus should lose somewhat of his due, for his security bore forty-eight in the hundred." But this could not be paid, nor, if the payment of it were possible, could I, in honour, suffer it. I hear that Scaptius repents his not accepting the offer. He has some reason; for that which he called a decree of the senate for suffering an action to be brought on this bond in a court of law, passed only because the Salaminians had contracted the debt, in express contradiction to the Gabinian law, which makes all bonds for money, borrowed in that manner, to be legally void. The decree of the senate, therefore, only gave this bond that degree of validity, which

any

any other bond possesses in a court of law. But nothing was done with regard to the interest.

Thus you have a regular detail of what I have done in this matter; I believe that Brutus will approve of it; I doubt whether you will, but I am certain of Cato's approbation. And now to advert to yourself: and will you, my Atticus, the panegyrist of my accomplishments and integrity, will you, as Ennius¹ says, with your own lips desire me to restore to Scaptius his squadrons of horse, to enforce the payment of this money? Were you who, as you write me, are sometimes pained that you are not with me, were you, I say, with me, would you suffer me, were I willing to comply with such a request? Give him, you say, but fifty horse. I tell you, Spartachus had not so many when he began his rebellion. What mischief

¹ The quotation from Ennius is *ausus es hoc ex ore tuo*, which will appear to have much propriety, if we apply to it a remark made by A. Gellius Lib. i. 15. *that frivolous words are conceived in the mouth, but words of truth and wisdom in the breast*. For this reason, observes the same critic, Homer represents the sage Ulysses, as sending forth his deep voice *ἐκ θυμῆος* from the breast. To words thus hatched, as it were, in the mouth, and, destitute of the gravity of wisdom and truth, uttered without thought, Cicero alludes when he says *ex ore tuo*. is worthy to be added, that, according to the ancients one use of the teeth was to serve as a *wall* or *hedge* in restraining the petulance of the tongue. Hence such expression as this applied to a rash speaker in Homer, *ποῖον σὲ τίπῃς φέρειν ἔχον ὀδόντων* how could such a speech escape the hedge of thy teeth.—E.

chief then might not such a wicked band commit upon so open an island? Have they not committed it? Reflect on what they did, before I entered upon this government, when they shut up the senators so long, in the very place in which they deliberated, that some of them perished through hunger. For you must know that Scaptius had a lieutenantcy from Appius, which gave him the command of some troops. Will you then, whose idea presents itself to my eyes, as soon as I begin to form any virtuous, any noble design, will you, I say, desire me to make Scaptius a lieutenant? Besides, we came to a resolution, and I convinced Brutus of its expediency, not to give any such commission to money-broker.

What? entrust a troop of horse to Scaptius? Why not a corp of infantry? He is then become liberal of his money! "But you say, the chief men of the island agree to it." I know the contrary; they came to me as far as Ephesus, and with tears in their eyes, laid before me the wickedness of those troops, and the greatness of their own misery. Upon this, I immediately issued out orders for the squadron to evacuate the island by a certain day, which was one of the reasons

¹ *Orig. Sumpti jam nepos evadit Scaptius.* Scaptius it seems had offered to maintain those horse, which was very expensive, upon which Cicero rallies him.

reasons why the Salaminians in their public acts, have so highly extolled my conduct. But what occasion is there now for this troop, for the Salaminians tender the money, unless you mean that I should compel them by force of arms to pay interest, at the rate of forty-eight in the hundred. If I did, shall I ever dare to read, nay, to touch, the works of your favourite authors? Give me leave to say, my dearest Atticus, that in this matter you are too partial for Brutus, and I am afraid, too unmindful of me. I have acquainted Brutus in what manner you have written to me on this subject. Now, as to what remains, I will cordially oblige Appius,¹ but only so far as is consistent with my honour; for him I bear no personal grudge. I love Brutus; Pompey² is wonderfully zealous to serve him, whom indeed I regard more and more every day. You have heard that Caius Cælius³ comes hither as questor. I know nothing of the matter, but I cannot help having my own thoughts. I am not pleased

¹ He was accused of mal-administration by Dolabella, but his great friends interposed with Cicero to favour him, which was very much in his power, because the proofs against him were to be collected in our author's government.

² His eldest son had married the daughter of Appius.

³ This was Caius Cælius, surnamed Calvus, of a consular family, whom, though our author does not choose to brand expressly, yet he makes a shrewd insinuation against him.

pleased with the conduct of Pamanes¹. I hope to be at Athens in the month of September, and I should be extremely glad to know the whole of your rout.

Your letter from Corcyra acquainted me with the egregious folly of Sempronius Rufus². I have only to add, that I envy the influence of Vestorius. I would have scribbled more, but the day now dawns, the crowd breaks in, and Philogenes is in haste. Farewel then; make my compliments to Pilia and my dear Cæcilia³, when you write to them; my boy Cicero sends you his.

EPISTLE III.

THOUGH nothing remarkable has happened, since the letter I sent you by your freedman Philogenes, yet I think proper to write to you by Philotimus, whom I am sending back to Rome. In the first place then, the thing that gives me the greatest concern, is a matter in which you, as separated

¹ See vol. i. page 354.

² See vol. i. page 303.

³ She was daughter to Atticus, and so called from her father's being adopted into the family of the Cæcili. See vol. i. page 210.

parated from me by a wide sea¹, can give me no assistance; for it must be instantly determined. You perceive that the term of my government draws to a conclusion (for I must leave it on the 30th of July), and my successor is not yet appointed. Whom am I to leave as my lieutenant in the government? My brother is indeed the most proper, as well as most popular, man for this employment; first, because nobody better deserves the honour with which it is attended; in the next place, he is the only man I have with me, who has served the office of prætor. For Pontinius, according to the condition and contract upon which he attended me hither, has left me for some time; and nobody thinks my questor deserves it; for he is frivolous, profligate, and rapacious².

As to my brother, I must let you know, in the first place, that I believe it will be impossible for me to prevail with him to accept of the lieutenancy. For he hates this province, and to say the truth, nothing can be more hateful, nothing more

¹ Orig.-----Πολλα δ' εν μεταχειμω

Νοτος κυλινδει κυματ' ευρειης αλος.

This is a proverbial expression, literally thus, *the south wind rolls between us many waves of the wide sea.*—E.

² Orig. *Tagax*. This word, though obsolete, is appropriate, and is applicable to a thief, as one who wishes to lay his hand and touch whatever he comes at. The original verb is *τευχω*, hence *tago* or *tango* of the Latins, and our *touch*.—E.

more troublesome. In the next place, supposing him to yield to my solicitations, how can I urge it consistently with fraternal affection? A dreadful war is ready to break out upon Syria, and threatens this province, where, supposing the yearly funds to be settled, there is nothing in readiness to oppose the enemy. Will it, I say, be acting as one brother should do by another, for me to leave him in such circumstances, or can I discharge my duty to my country, by appointing an insignificant person for my substitute? You see therefore how great my difficulties¹ are, and how much I am at a loss for counsel. What shall I say? I ought to have had nothing to do with the affairs of this government. How much more desirable is your province; you leave it, if you have not left it already, when you will, and you never are at a loss whom to make your deputy over Thesprotia and Chaonia².

I have not yet met with my brother, so that I know not whether this commission will be agreeable to him, or whether I can prevail upon him to accept of it, and if I should, yet still I must feel some uneasiness. So much for the measure

¹ It is easy to perceive, how very studied are all the difficulties our author speaks of here. The truth is, his brother had behaved so very ill in his own government, that it was no wonder, if Cicero was afraid he might be thought a very improper man for having a fresh command conferred upon him.

² These were two estates belonging to Atticus in Epirus.

sure that gives me pain. All the rest of my conduct hitherto has been full of virtuous glory, and virtuous popularity, and such as does honour to the author of the books which you so much commend. The cities own me as their preserver, the farmers of the revenue are more than satisfied. No man complains of being insulted, and few have even felt the severity of a just decree, nor have they, who do, been heard to murmur. My actions have deserved a triumph, but I will discover no symptoms of ambition for that; nay, not the smallest thought of it, unless you, at least advise me. This finishing stroke in delivering over my province, puts me to a little trouble; but Providence will conduct every thing for the best.

As to the affairs of Rome, you surely know them more fully, more frequently, and more certainly than I can; and indeed it gives me concern, that I did not learn the true state of them from you. For here we have had many disagreeable accounts concerning Curio and Paulus¹; not that I see any great danger, while Pompey is in power, or even though he should be out of power, provided he has his health; but I am indeed concerned at the fate of my friends Curio and Paulus. I therefore beg that you will transmit

¹ They began at this time to be suspected of leaning to Cæsar's interest.

transmit to me a complete account of the republic, as soon as you go to Rome, if you are not there already, so that I may get it time enough to direct and determine me with what sentiments I am to approach the city; for it is no small advantage for one who comes to Rome, not to be a stranger or a novice as to what is passing there. I had almost forgotten to inform you that I have done every thing, as I have often told you, that could be done, for your friend Brutus. Those of Cyprus made a tender of the money to Scaptius, who refused it, though he was offered it with twelve in the hundred, and the accumulated interest at the end of every year. As to Ariobarzanes, he has not shown more readiness to Pompey on his account, than he has shewn to Brutus upon mine, and yet I cannot entirely succeed for him; for he is a very needy prince, and my distance from him was so great that I could treat with him only by letters, with which I incessantly attacked him. I have thus far succeeded with regard to money matters. Brutus is on a better footing than Pompey himself; for the former has this year received either payment or security for a hundred talents, and Pompey has only received promises of two hundred in six months. The pains I have taken in the affair of Appius, to oblige Brutus, is inconceivable.

What

What farther remains for me to do? The friends of Brutus are worthless. Such are Martinus and Scaptius, who perhaps is my enemy, because I did not grant him liberty to harass the Cyprians, as he did before my arrival, at the head of a squadron of horse; or because I did not grant him a lieutenancy, which I have never done to any money-broker, not to my friend Caius Venonius, nor to your friend Marcus Lænius. This was a measure I concerted with you at Rome, and I have adhered to it ever since, but what can a man complain of, who refused to take his money when offered to him?

I believe that Scaptius of Cappadocia is well affected towards me. When I gave him the tribuneship, which I reserved for him at the recommendation of Brutus, he wrote me a letter, that he did not choose to act under that commission. One Gavius, a hound in the train of P. Clodius, whom I made lieutenant, at the request of Brutus, spoke and behaved very disrespectfully towards me. This fellow neither attended me when I went to Apamea, and upon his coming to the camp, and leaving it, he never asked me for my commands. In short, he manifested, I know not for what reason, a rancour against me. Had I continued such a man in the number of my lieutenants what a mean opinion must you have had of me. I who you know, never bore the insolence of the greatest Roman, could hardly

hardly stoop to that of such a varlet; much less promoted him to honour and profit? The same Gavius therefore, when he lately saw me at Apamea, on his return to Rome accosted me in a manner that I would not have ventured to address the meanest citizen. Where, says he, do you direct me to receive my salary as præfect? Those who were by, thought my answer too mild for my provocation. I told him, that I never had proposed to give any salary to those, whom I had never employed in any business, and, upon this, he went off in a passion. If Brutus suffer himself to participate in the anger of such a scoundrel; I will relinquish my claim to his friendship, and will not envy you his affection. But I am persuaded, he will behave as becomes him for the future; I was willing, however, that you should be acquainted with the whole matter, and I have written a minute account of it to himself. He has given me no reply at all; this however you are not to divulge; nor has he adverted to it in his late letter to me respecting Appius, which has the appearance of reserve and arrogance. This puts me in mind of what you often used to repeat.

Granius did not extend to himself the contempt and hatred, which he professed to cherish towards haughty tyrants¹.

¹ This seems to have been a verse of Lucilius.

But this manner of Brutus raises my mirth, rather than my indignation, though, to say the truth, he is too regardless of what he writes, and to whom he writes.

My nephew Cicero, I more than conjecture, read some letter or other, directed to his father; because he uses to open his father's letters, and that by permission, lest there should be somewhat in them proper for us to know. Now in that letter there must have been somewhat concerning his mother that agreed with what you wrote to me. He was wonderfully affected, and complained to me with tears in his eyes. In short, I discovered in him great natural affection, tenderness and goodness of heart, from which I conceive great hopes, that he will turn out according to all our wishes; and this I was willing you should know.

There is another thing I must not omit. The younger Hortensius¹ made a very disgraceful appearance at Laodicea during the shows of gladiators. I once invited him to supper on his father's account, and, on account of his father I invited him only once. He told me that he would wait for me at Athens, and go from thence, in my company to Rome. I answered,
 " Very

¹ His father was at this time thinking of disinheriting him for his dissolute way of life. Our author's sentiments on this head are extremely delicate.

"Very well," and indeed it was all I could say; I believe in my conscience that he had no meaning in what he proposed, and I shall be glad of it, for fear of giving offence to his father, for whom indeed, I have a great regard. But if he should travel in my company, I will take care to behave so as to give him no offence, for I am sure it is far from my thoughts.

Having said this, I must not forget to put you in mind to send me the oration of Quintus Celer against Marcus Servilius. Write to me as soon as possible; if nothing is passing, let me know so much, though it were by your secretary. Make my compliments to your wife and daughter, and farewell.

EPISTLE VI.

ON the 5th of June I arrived at Tarsus, where I was greatly embarrassed; Syria¹ threatened with war! Cilicia overrun with robbers! my government almost expired, and therefore the measures of my administration the more difficult to be enforced!

¹ *Orig. Magnum in Syria bellum.* Though I have translated this passage in the same sense as Monsieur Mongault has, who observes, that there was no war actually at that time in Syria; yet I am not satisfied that this was our author's meaning, and that he was not imposed upon in his intelligence.

forced! but, above all, I felt the difficulty of substituting a proper deputy according to the resolution of the senate. I had heard nothing of Cælius, and my questor Mescinius was the most unfit man in the world for such a charge. The most proper measure I could pursue, was the leaving my brother in command, and yet with what unsurmountable difficulties is that measure attended, my departure, a threatening war, and a mutinous army, and numerous other vexations. Wretched situation! But these things I will abandon to chance, since I have no time for deliberation.

I expect you are now got safe to Rome, and if you are, I hope you will continue your goodness in looking after all my concerns, especially my daughter. When you were in Greece, I wrote to my wife my sentiments respecting her nuptials¹. In the next place, I beg you to have some regard to the public honours² that ought to be decreed to me; for I am afraid my letters have been but slightly adverted to in the senate, because of your absence from Rome.

I shall but enigmatically hint the last thing I have to recommend to you. Your sagacity will enable you to understand me. My wife's freedman,

¹ *Orig. Conditione.*

² *Viz.* Prayers and thanksgivings in public, for the advantages he had gained in the Parthian war.

man, you know whom I mean, from some incautious expressions he let fall, seems to have frustrated the advantages we hoped to have gained from the sale of Milo's¹ goods. I am afraid you do not understand me; reflect upon it, and do not communicate it to any other. You shall hereafter more fully decypher the sequel². I dare not at present to be so particular as I could be. Do not you, however, fail to write me as soon as possible, that your letters may meet me. I write this in the midst of my army in a rapid march. My compliments to Pilia, and your charming daughter Cæcilia.

EPISTLE V.

I AM very glad of your safe arrival at Rome, if indeed you be there, before this comes to your hand. For while you were in Epirus, you seemed to me, to be at a greater distance than if you had been at Rome; because I was kept more ignorant of what was doing both in my own affairs, and those

¹ Viz. Milo, who killed Clodius, and was of the same name with the famous wrestler, Milo of Crotona.

² There is something very particular in Cicero, writing all this not only in Greek, but in so mysterious a manner. It is true his letters were often liable to be intercepted or miscarried, but the reader will see a fuller explanation of the matter in note 2. vol. i. page 314.

those of the public. I hope indeed that before this reaches you, I shall be a good way on my road to Rome; but, notwithstanding that, send me frequent and full accounts of all my affairs, especially of what I wrote to you before, namely, that I have for some time suspected, from the confused inconsistent talk of my wife's freedman, in several companies, that he has disappointed our calculations respecting Milo's effects. Do you search into that with your usual sagacity, and the more for the following reason. According to the account which he gave Camillus in the city, on the seven hills, he owed me seventy-two minæ, twenty-four of the goods of Milo, and forty-eight of those from Chersonesus; and though he has drawn upon the estate in two different payments, twelve hundred and eighty minæ, yet he has not paid a farthing of my debt, though the whole of it has been now due since the 1st of February; as to his freedman, of the same name with Conon's father, he gives himself no trouble about the matter. In the first place, therefore, I beg that all this principal may be recovered, and that you likewise will take care of the interest from the day it becomes due. While I suffered him to be here, I was greatly upon my guard, for he came to sound me with the expectation of succeeding. But being disappointed, he abruptly departed saying, "I am going. It would be mean to stay longer here." He then upbraided

ded me with reclaiming what he compelled me to accept¹.

Let us now see what measures we ought to take in other matters. Though according to my calculation, the year of my government is expired all but thirty-three days; yet the troublesome business of it grows upon my hands. For while Syria seemed to be on the eve of a war², and Bibulus, oppressed as he was, with his own grievances³, was making the necessary preparations to repel it; his deputies, and his other friends, requested me by letters, to come to his assistance. Now, though my army was at that time weak, I was indeed pretty strong in auxiliaries, though the flower of them were drawn from Galatia, Pisidia and Lycia; yet I thought it my duty, while I continued governor of this province, to march my army, as near as possible, to the enemy.

But what gave me the greatest pleasure was, that

¹ The original of this seems to have been a proverb, part of which only is quoted by Cicero. It is found at full length in the Gorgias of Plato, *τα μὴ δίδοντα ἀνάγκη δέχεσθαι*, *things given are necessarily received*.

² *Orig. Cum enim arderet Syria bello.* *Bellum* must here signify military preparations, because there was then actually no war in Syria.

³ He had lately his two sons, who were killed by the Roman soldiers, left by Gabinius in Egypt, after he had restored the crown to Ptolemy.

that Bibulus¹ did not trouble me, but rather chose to write to me on other subjects, and thus the day of my departure insensibly steals upon me. When it comes, I have another difficulty to discuss. Whom shall I leave as my deputy? for I hear nothing certain as yet of the arrival of the questor Cælius. I thought to have made this letter longer, but I am destitute of matter to fill it up, and I am too busy to indulge in humour. Farewel then, and make my compliments to your little Athenian² and my dear Pilia.

EPISTLE VI.

WHILE in this province, I do all the service in my power to Appius. I am all of a sudden become father-in-law to his impeacher³. "I wish, you will say, that Providence may bless the match." I wish so too, and I know you are in earnest in what you pray for. But believe me, that match was so little in my mind, that I sent expresses to the ladies concerning Tiberius Nero,

¹ Cicero was at this time ignorant that he was so much hated by Bibulus, that the latter declared he would risk all extremities rather than be obliged to our author for his deliverance.

² Meaning the young daughter of Atticus.

³ Viz. Dolabella, who was married to Cicero's daughter, though not much to the approbation of Atticus.

Nero¹, who had made some proposals to me; but the messengers did not reach Rome till after my daughter's marriage with Dolabella, who, I believe is the better match; at least, according to my intelligence, the ladies are wonderfully delighted by the polite obliging behaviour of the young man. As to his other qualities, you must not be too particular².

But, have you presented some corn to the people of Athens? Is this your intention? As that present was not made as a bribe to citizens, but as an acknowledgment to your entertainers, my treatises do not condemn it. You still desire me to think of the portico of the academy, though Appius has given over all thoughts of raising one at Eleusis. I am persuaded you are greatly affected with the death of Hortensius. My concern, I assure you, is excessive, for I intended henceforth to have lived with him upon the most amicable terms.

I have made Cælius my deputy over this government. You will tell me, he is young, perhaps, foolish, giddy and intemperate. Be it so; but how could I do otherwise? I had received
many

¹ He was afterwards married to the famous Livia, and became father to the emperor Tiberius.

² *Cætera exanabiziv*, *noli* literally, *be not desirous to eradicate his thorns*, meaning, you must not nicely scrutinize his vices, which, like thorns, should be eradicated from his character.—E.

many letters from you, in which you owned yourself to be puzzled in giving me your advice concerning the deputy I was to leave; and this increased my perplexities. I saw your difficulties which were the same with my own, with regard to leaving the government in the hands of a boy; but still it was unreasonable for me to load my brother with it. For I could with no decency prefer any one to my questor (especially as he is a man of quality) excepting my brother. Notwithstanding this, while the empire was threatened by the Parthians, I was determined to substitute my brother, or even to act, for the good of my country, contrary to the resolution of the senate, by continuing my command here. But their subsequent seasonable retreat put an end to all my doubts.

I foresaw what the public talk would have been. What! He has substituted his brother! Is this divesting himself of his government at the end of the year? What? Was it not the intention of the senate, that no former governor, should act as governor of a province, in time to come; yet this Cicero was a governor for three years—The reasons I give the world are general, but with you I will be more particular. Consider under what perpetual uneasiness I must have lived, lest my brother should have in any other respect shewn himself passionate, arrogant, or indolent. You know to what we

all are subject. Then we are to consider that his son is little better than a boy, and a boy who presumes not a little upon his own abilities. How grievous this must have been to me, especially as his father would not part with him, and took it amiss that you were of opinion he should. I shall not pretend to say how Cælius will turn out; but I am sure I am at present under much less concern.

You are likewise to consider that Pompey, flourishing as he is in public power, and rooted in the public esteem, made choice of Quintus Cassius, as Cæsar did of Antony, and that too without having recourse to lots, and shall I affront the man that has been assigned me by lot¹, and even provoke him to impeach the conduct of any other person, whom I shall leave as my substitute? What I have done is more advisable, and more guarded by precedents, and, at the same time, more suited to the repose of my old age. But good God! into what favour have I brought you with Cælius? I have read to him letters, as coming from you, though in
reality

¹ Quintus Cassius and Antony were both of them young men, as well as Cælius was. Cicero therefore had the advantage over their principals, that Cælius had fallen by lot to be his substitute, for though the principal might have rejected the substitute, notwithstanding the lot falling upon him, yet still there was less appearance of partiality, than if he had been chosen through affection or interest.

reality they were dictated by me to your secretary¹ here. The letters of my friends invite me to a triumph, a thing, in my opinion which I ought not to neglect, now that I am entering upon a new life. Therefore, my dearest friend, do you begin to second, and thereby realize, my desire of that honour.

EPISTLE VII.

THE younger Quintus, with great affection has brought about a good understanding between his father and your sister; I urged him indeed strongly to do his endeavours; but he was, of himself, sufficiently forward; and your letters greatly encouraged him. In short, I am in hopes that the affair will be settled to our wishes. I wrote you two Greek enigmatical letters before, concerning my private affairs; and I wish they may have come to your hand. We must not indeed agitate the business; but yet by asking him, as it were, without any design, concerning
Milo's

¹ This was no unusual thing amongst the Romans, and the imposition was very practicable, as they did not sign their names to their letters, Cicero had with him, perhaps, one of his friend's secretaries, whose hands Cælius knew, and therefore believed the letter to have come from Atticus.

Milo's effects, and by encouraging him¹ to proceed, according to the promise he made me, you may gain some advantage.

I have ordered my questor Meschinus to wait at Laodicea, in order to leave two copies of my accounts after they are made up, at two cities in my government, as the Julian law prescribes. I intend to go to Rhodes, on account of our boys; and thence to make the best of my way to Athens, though the wind², which blows at this season, is quite contrary. But the truth is, I am determined to be at Rome, while the present magistrates are in office, for they have greatly befriended me in respect to the general thanksgiving³. But I beg you will write me beforehand whether I ought, upon any public account, to delay my journey. Tyro would have written letters to you, had I not left him, very ill at Issus; though I am told he is much better now. I am, however, anxious about him; for surely never was there a more virtuous, or a more industrious youth.

EPISTLE

¹ Meaning Philotimus, Cicero's freedman. See epist. iv. and v. of this book.

² *Orig. Etesiae.* These were a kind of trade winds or monsoons, according to some authors; but I do not find that they always blew from one quarter, and we have many express authorities that they did not. I have therefore kept to a general term in translating this word.

³ Meaning the public thanksgivings should be put up for his success, which was a kind of a prelude to a triumph.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHEN I had proposed to write to you, and had my pen in my hand for that purpose, Battonius came directly from his ship to my house at Ephesus, and gave me your letter on the last of September. I was greatly pleased with the agreeableness of your voyage, of your fortunate rencounter with Pilia, and to say the truth, with her discourse of my charming Tullia's marriage. As to Battonius, his accounts concerning Cæsar were alarming and dreadful; he said more in company with Lepta; but his representation, as being horrible, is, I hope, exaggerated. He said that Cæsar refused, by any means, to disband his army; that he was backed by the prætors elect, by Cassius, a tribune of the commons, and by the consul Lentulus, and that Pompey had thoughts of leaving Rome¹. But, my friend, are you not sensibly concerned for the disappointment of the man, who used to prefer himself, to the uncle of your sister's son²?—By what men has he been baffled!

But as to my own concerns, I have been long detained by the Etesian winds; and the flatbottomed

¹ Part of those accounts were true, and part false, as we shall see in the sequel of these epistles.

² See vol. i. page 345, note 3.

tomed Rhodian boats, have retarded me at least twenty days. On the 1st of October, as I was going on board at Ephesus, I gave this letter to Lucius Tarquitiu, who was sailing out of the harbour with me at the same time, but was carried by a swifter vessel, while I, in a Rhodian craft, with other narrow vessels, was obliged to wait for fairer weather, and yet I make as much haste as is possible with such conveyances. I feel obliged for your attention to the small debt due to me at Puzzoli.

Advert now to the affairs of Rome. Let me know what is your opinion concerning the right I have to a triumph, which I am importuned by my friends to demand. For my own part, I should be rather indifferent about it, did not Bibulus claim that honour, though he lived in Syria, as if he were a stranger in that country, and kept as close at home, as he did when he was consul. If he seek a triumph, surely I might with propriety urge my claim; and now my silence would be dishonourable¹. But weigh the whole matter, that, when we meet, we may be able to come to some resolution. I need say no more, since I myself am making all the haste I can to see you, and even the bearer of this cannot

¹ Orig. *αισχος σιωπης*. *Turpe silere*. See *De Oratore*, book 3, chap. 23, page 361 of the translation, where Cicero himself explains the allusion mentioned here.

cannot be long, if at all, with you before me. My son sends you many compliments, and both of us desire to be remembered to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE IX.

JUST as I landed at Piræus on the 6th of October, your letter was put into my hand by my slave Acastus. As I had been long anxious to hear from you, I was surprised to find no more than a note sealed up in the form of a letter, but when I opened it, I was more surprised to find your elegant, distinct writing, changed into a blotted confused scrawl. Your brief account intimated to me, that you had come to Rome with a fever upon you the 19th of September. I was, as well I might, dreadfully alarmed; I instantly inquired of Acastus, who told me, that both he and you thought you in no danger, and that he was confirmed in this opinion by your domestics. This seemed to accord with what you write in the close of your letter, that your fever had not then quite left you. But how endearing, how wonderful was it to me, that notwithstanding your indisposition, you wrote to me with your own hand! But no more of this; for by what I gathered from Acastus, I am in hopes, nay

may I am persuaded, considering your caution and temperance, that you are now fully recovered.

I am glad you received the letter I sent you by Turannius. Keep a close eye, as you love me, upon that fellow, whose name well expresses his qualities¹. Take care he does not touch the effects bequeathed to me, however, little their value, by Præcius, whose death gives me great concern, because I much esteemed him when living. You may tell him, I shall have occasion for the money to defray the expence of my triumph, and that you know I will follow your advice in neither being too vain in courting, nor too indolent in rejecting, that honour. I understand by your letters, that Turannius acquainted you I had delivered up my province to my brother. Have I then been so blind to the caution expressed in your letters? You write that you hesitated. What could give you a moment's hesitation, had there been any reason for resigning the government to my brother, and such a brother too—Your hesitation, therefore, I regarded as a disappointment. You hint concerning the younger Cicero, that I should by no means leave him behind me, which is the very thought that came into my own mind. In every thing else

we

¹ Orig. τῆς τῆ φιλοτιμίας αὐτοῦ ταῦτα. Meaning Philotimus, whose name signified covetous or ambitious in Greek.

we agree in our sentiments, as exactly as if we had previously concerted them. I had no other course to pursue, and your doubts soon put an end to mine, because yours were of much longer continuance. But I suppose you have received a more particular letter upon this subject.

To-morrow I will send couriers to you, who I think will reach you before our friend Saufeius can, whom I have charged with a letter, only because I thought it did not look well for him not to carry one from me, when he was to see you. Write me, as you promise, concerning my beloved daughter, I mean concerning her husband; concerning the government, which I perceive to be in great danger; concerning the censors, particularly whether there be any truth in the report of bringing in a bill about statues and pictures¹. I write this letter on the 15th of October, on which day you tell me that Cæsar is to enter

¹ This was a measure of Appius, who was censor, and affected a great severity in that office. But it came too late, and did Cæsar rather service than otherwise. The original is either *referaturne* or *referanturne*. I have translated it according to the first sense; if it is to be taken in the latter, Cicero must be understood to want to know whether the statues and paintings which the magistrates of Rome used to borrow for embellishing the public places of Rome during their offices, were returned to their proper owners, because it had of late been usual for the magistrates not to restore those ornaments, but to appropriate them to themselves, after the terms of their offices were expired.

enter Placentia, at the head of four legions¹. If so, what will become of us? I now think myself safe in being lodged in the citadel of Athens.

¹ This news proved to be false.

CICERO'S

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK VII.

EPISTLE I.

IT is true I charged Lucius Saufeius with a letter to you, and to you alone, only because (though I had not leisure to write you fully) I was unwilling that your good friend should come to you without a letter from me. But when I think of a philosopher's pace, I believe this will come first to your hands. But if you have got that which I sent by Saufeius, you will thereby learn that I came to Athens, the 4th of October; that just as I landed at Pyræum, I received your letters from my slave Acastus; that I was alarmed at your coming to Rome with a fever upon you, but was somewhat relieved by the agreeable

agreeable news Acastus gave me of your being on the recovery; that I was filled with horror at what you write me concerning Cæsar's legions, and that I recommended to you to take care that the ambition of my freedman, whom I mentioned to you before, and to whom you are no stranger, should not injure me. I learned, from the letter which I received from the excellent Zeno, that Turannius had given you a false information at Brundusium, and I have already stated to you some of my reasons for not resigning the government to my brother. This is the substance of that letter. Now as to what remains.

I conjure you, by your fortune, by all that affection you bear me, and by your wisdom, which indeed I judge to be matchless in every respect, that you will attend to my affairs with all possible diligence. I think I can foresee a convulsion greater than ever we underwent, unless the same providence which delivered us from the Parthian war, in a manner we had not the presumption to hope for, should again interpose for our country. Well! I am not single in this calamity, and it is fruitless for you to think upon what you cannot remedy. But that question, in which I am personally interested I beg you to determine. You are sensible, that by your advice, I kept well with both parties. I wish I had
from

from the beginning, obeyed your friendly admonition.

*But never could I think there was a Joy
Beyond my Country's Love—¹.*

At length, however, you succeeded in persuading me to keep well with the one, because he had done me important services, and with the other, because he possessed great power. I followed your advice so very punctually, that neither of them had a favourite beyond myself. My way of reasoning with myself was, (so great at that time was their intimacy) that while I was attached to Pompey, I never could be under the necessity of acting against my country, and if I followed Cæsar I never could differ with Pompey.

The crisis is now come, and, from what you write me, I foresee dreadful will be the contest between them. Each calculates upon my friendship, unless indeed I am mistaken in Cæsar; for Pompey judges very rightly, that the public measures, he is now pursuing, are quite agreeable to my sentiments. Now at the very time I received your letter, I received letters from them both, in which they signified that they esteemed
me

¹ Orig. ΑΛΛ' ἔμην ὥστε θυμὸν ἐν ἡμετέροις ἐπείθεσ
Πατρίδος.

This verse is taken from Homer's Odyssey.

me more than all other men. How shall I act? I do not mean when matters come to extremities, (for should the appeal be made to the sword, defeat, will be more eligible with the one, than victory with the other,) but I mean with regard to the great point that will be agitated when I arrive at Rome, whether Cæsar shall stand for the consulate, and disband his army in person? When the question is called for, when it is put to me, what shall I say? Shall I conjure them to wait till I have consulted my Atticus?—No Sir, this is not a time for evasion.—Well then, shall I declare against Cæsar? If so, what becomes of the solemn promise I made to him? For I assisted him in obtaining his former indulgence; when he solicited me for my vote at Ravenna, at his request, I brought over Cælius to his party. But what do I say of Cæsar, I was solicited to the same purpose by our favourite Pompey, in his third immortal consulate. Well supposing I declare for Cæsar. I shall then have reason to dread not Pompey only, *but the Trojans, men and women*. Polydamas will be the first to impeach me. What Polydamas? You my friend, because you approved of the principles upon which I have hitherto acted and written. This cruel embarrassment I escaped under the consulates of the two Marcelli, when the question, about Cæsar's government, was debated. But I am now fallen to the same perplexity.

plexity. In my opinion, which in wisdom I do not compare with your own, my chief concern, should at present consist in preparing for my triumph, while there is a very plausible reason for me to continue without the walls of the city. But alas, they will find the means to make me deliver my opinion¹.—You will laugh at my perplexities.—I wish I had remained in my government. It was the only wise measure I could pursue (though a wretched one it was) had I known what evils awaited me.

For, by the way, you must know, that all the maxims, which you extolled in your letters, are vanished. What a difficult task is the practice of virtue, but to assume its appearance, for a length of time, is next to impracticable. For when I thought it a right and a noble measure to leave to my questor Cælius, as much out of my annual appointments as might defray the expence of his lieutenancy, and to pay the overplus which amounted to a million of serteces into the treasury, my officers complained, thinking that the whole of that balance ought to have been paid unto them; as if, I owed greater obligation to

¹ Meaning either that some of the parties would find means to come at the knowledge of his sentiments, or that they would hold a senate, for that purpose, without the walls of Rome, because no general, who claimed a triumph, could enter that city, and the compliment, of holding a senate without the walls, had been twice paid to Pompey, when, like our author, he was soliciting for a triumph.

to the exchequers of Phrygia and Cilicia, than to that of Rome. But their complaint had no effect upon me, having an unshaken regard to my own reputation. And yet I acted towards them with honour. But this, as Thucydides says, is no useless digression.

I next solicit your attention to my situation; and in the first place, reflect by what contrivances I may retain the good graces of Cæsar; in the next place, how I can obtain a triumph, which I think not to be at all impracticable, unless prevented by the public disorders. I form this opinion from the representation of my friends, and from the public thanksgiving that has been decreed me; while the man, who opposed that measure did me more honour than triumphs can bestow¹. He was seconded only by Favonius, who loves me, and by Hirrus, who hates me. Notwithstanding this, Cato was one of the committee present at drawing up the decree in my favour, and he wrote me a very handsome letter upon what he had said in the senate-house. Now you must know, that in the compliments

¹ This is a fine and a true sentiment; when the question concerning the thanksgiving for our author's success, came to be debated in the senate-house, Cato was of opinion, that our author's military achievements did not deserve any great notice to be taken of them; but his disinterested conduct was such in government, that if triumphs were to be decreed to virtues as well as to victories, Cicero deserved a thousand.

compliment Cæsar pays me, upon this thanksgiving that has been decreed me, he plumes himself upon Cato's opposing it, and, without mentioning the favourable part of Cato's speech, he only tells me, that he had not voted for the thanksgiving.—Now as to Hirrus, pray complete his reconciliation with me, which you have begun; you have Scrofa and Silius to assist you. I wrote to them some time ago, and to Hirrus himself, after he had been talking to them as a friend, and saying, that when he could have hindered the decree from passing, he did not; but that he voted with Cato, who was one of the best of my friends; that, when he gave his vote, he prefaced it with a speech, which did me the greatest honour; and yet, though I had sent letters to every body else, I had sent none to him. He was in the right as to the last circumstance; for he and Crassipes were the only two senators to whom I had not written.

So much for public, now for domestic affairs. I desire to have no farther connection with that man. In duplicity and fraud he is another Lartidius¹. Yet with an aching heart, I must put up

¹ Lartidius was some noted rogue of that time. From the language of Cicero in a preceding letter, it has been inferred, that the affection of his wife was alienated from him, but no mention was made of her *gallant*. Here we discover who he probably

good spirits you are possessed of, I am afraid that something very extraordinary must be the matter with you, that could thus force you into despondency. Your slave Pamphilius, however, told me, that you had got rid of one quartan fever, but that it had been succeeded by another not so violent. But my wife, who came by land to Brundisium at the same time I reached it by sea, and whom I met in the forum, told me, that she had heard from Lucius Pontius at Tribuli, that even your lesser fever was abated; I most earnestly hope this account may be true, and, the rather, because I am no stranger to your experience and temperance.

Now as to your letters, of which I received thousands at one time, of which each gave me greater pleasure than the other, I mean each of those which were all written in your own hand. It is true, I was fond of the writing of Alexis, because it had so great a resemblance to yours; but I hated it because it intimated that you was indisposed. But now that I speak of Alexis, I have left my Tyro sick at Patræ. You know the youth, and the least that can be said of him is, that he is honest and faithful to a degree which I never knew exceeded. His absence is therefore extremely inconvenient for me, and though he thinks himself in no danger, yet I cannot help being in great concern for him; and my chief hope of his recovery arises from the
great

great care which Manius Curius has of him, and of which I have been informed both from Tyro himself and from others. With regard to Curius he has been made sensible how glad you are that he is become a favourite with me; the truth is, I think him a very agreeable companion, and indeed he possesses a native¹ humour, which is extremely

¹ Orig. *Αυτοχθων*. (*nativa et indigena*) in *homine urbanitas*. The men of wit amongst the Romans piqued themselves upon a species of it, which was peculiar to themselves, in the same manner as the English boast that humour is the talent only of Englishmen. We have in our author's works two passages (not to mention many more) that explain and defend the manner in which I have translated this passage. *Moriar* (says he *epist. fam. l. 9. ep. 15.*) *si præter te quemquam reliquum habeo in quo possim imaginationem antiquæ et vernaculæ festivitatis agnoscere*. "I know not a man besides yourself in whom I can discern a true representation of ancient native Roman humour." And again *accedunt non Attici, sed salsiores quam illi atticorum, Romani veteres atque urbani sales*. "To these are added a more than attic wit, that of the old native Romans." These are our author's words to Pætus, and then in the same epistle he goes on to give the definition of that species of wit in which the Gracii, the Lucilii, the Crassi, and the Lælii were so eminent, and which he seems to confine to the walls of Rome, or its original territory. *Ego autem*, says he, (*existimes licet quod lubet*) *mirifice capior facetiis, maxime nostratibus, præsertim cum eas videam primum oblitæ Latii, tum cum in urbem nostram est infusa peregrinitas, nunc vero etiam braccatis & transalpinis nationibus, ut nullum veteris leporis vestigium appareat*. "For my own part (you may think of me what you please) I am wonderfully taken with humour, and above all, with Roman humour, especially, as I see it now quite

tremely engaging. I have got his will¹, sealed with the signets of our family, and of all my body guards². He made it in public, and left you his principal heir and me to a fourth part.

I was nobly entertained by Alexion, at Actium in Corcyra. My nephew pleaded with me so hard, that I was forced to suffer him to visit the river Thyamis³. I am glad, that you have such pleasure in your little daughter⁴, and that you know

quite daubed over, first from the country of Latium, when strangers were suffered to pour into our city; but now from trousered, transalpine nations, so that now we cannot discern the smallest vestige of ancient wit and humour."

¹ This seems to be a species of the humour so much valued by our author, and though the whole of the passage is greatly corrupted in the original, yet we know enough of it, that these mock wills were often made by the Roman humourists and the English are not without some specimens of the same kind of humour.

² *Orig. Cohortis prætoriae.* I have not ventured with Monsieur Mongault to restrict this expression only to the civil officers of our author's retinue. It is true he several times distinguishes them by the words *Cohors prætoria*, which I take to be more of a military than a civil appellation. It was properly the governor's body guard, and was made up of two sorts of people, the one of enlisted soldiers, the other of young noblemen, who served under the governor by way of aides de camp, quarter masters general, secretaries, treasurers, and in other civil employments as well as military.

³ Atticus probably had an estate near this river.

⁴ This is a beautiful digression from our author's epistolary familiarity. Atticus, who was good nature and affection itself, could not help being fond of his little daughter, and owning (though

know from experience how strongly paternal affection operates. Men could otherwise have no call from nature for those social intercourses, without which the ties of life cannot subsist. Carneades says, that he is a friend to sensual indulgence as the chief end of man¹. This is talk-

ing

(though he was an Epicurean) that it was planted in him by nature, a principle which those of his sect combated, and which Cicero encouraged, and had lent him several books to read on that subject.

¹ There is a passage in our author's *Academics*, which throws great light upon this expression, which is in the original *bene eveniat, inquit Carneades, spurcè.* The passage I mean in the *Academics* is as follows. *Honeste autem vivere, fruentem rebus iis quas primas homini natura conciliet, & vetus academia censuit ut indicant scripta Polemonis, quem Antiochus probat maxime & Aristoteles; ejusque amici nunc proxime videntur accedere. Introducebat etiam Carneades, non quo probaret, sed ut opponeret stoicis, summum bonum esse, frui iis rebus, quas primas natura conciliavisset.* "But we learn from Polemo, whom Antiochus chiefly followed; that the old academy too held moral honesty, with the enjoyment of the primary gifts of nature, to be the end of good things; though Aristotle with his friends came very near up to this doctrine. Carneades too, not that he liked it, but, that he might turn it against the stoics, adopted the enjoyment of the primary gifts of nature, as the supreme good." Had Monsieur Mongault and the commentators recollected this passage, it might have saved them a great deal of laborious reading and writing. It is plain that Carneades here approached pretty near to the Epicurean system, and the religious expression of *bene veniat* is no other than a sneer, which he put into the mouth of the philosopher upon public ceremonies, for which he and all his sect had a hearty contempt.

ing too licentiously. But still there is more sense in it, than in the tenets of our friends Lucius and Patro¹; for, as they suppose every thing to relate to themselves, how can they imagine any thing to be made for others? And when they mention the duty incumbent on a man to be virtuous, they mean only, lest he should suffer some inconvenience in being otherwise; and that there is in the nature of things no moral rectitude; such men, do not reflect that they are talking of an artful debauchee, and not of an honest man. But these matters, I conceive, are handled in those books, which by your commending so much, have encouraged me to write in this manner.

But I now come to business. I was impatient for the letter you had given to Philoxemus, (because you wrote me that it contained an account of your conversation with Pompey at Naples) when I received it from Patro at Brundisium, and it fell into his hands at Corcyra, as I suppose. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than its contents did; for they relate to public affairs; to the opinion that great man has of my integrity, and to his sentiments, which were so friendly on the subject of my triumph. But what gave me greater pleasure than all was, your paying him the visit, that you might learn how I stood

¹ These were Epicureans.

stood in his affections; this I repeat afforded me more pleasure than all the rest. With regard to my triumph, I never desired it, till Bibulus wrote those impudent letters, upon which, a thanksgiving was decreed him in the most honourable manner. Had he performed the actions his letters mentioned, they would have given me pleasure, and my suffrage should have been for his triumph. But for him who never, after the enemy had passed the Euphrates, once set his foot over his own threshold, for him, I say, to be dignified with that honour; and for me, in whose army, the only hope of his army rested, to be left without it, would disgrace us, I say us, for I join you to myself. I will therefore try all means, and I hope to succeed. Had you been well, I should, by this time, have made some progress; but your indisposition will, I hope, soon be at an end.

I am obliged to you for what you have done in that small debt of Numerius. I am impatient to receive some news respecting Cato; who, I think, has betrayed much malice against me. He ran out in praise of my integrity, justice, clemency and honour; a favour I did not want; but the favour I did want, he has denied. Well, therefore, may Cæsar seek to avail himself, as he does, of Cato's most ungenerous, ungrateful treatment of me, in the complimentary letter which he wrote me, and in which he offers me

me my own terms. And yet—forgive me, for I neither can nor will bear it,—this very Cato voted for a thanksgiving of twenty days to Bibulus.

I should gladly answer the whole of your letters; but there is no necessity for it, as I am to see you so soon. I must, however, speak to you concerning Chrysippus, for I was the less surprised at the fellow who is a mere mechanic, and a worthless scoundrel. But was it possible for Chrysippus, whom, as possessing some degree of learning, I held in esteem to leave my son without my knowledge! I shall say nothing of many other reports concerning him, nor of his embezzlements, but I cannot forgive his running away, which, I think, is the most wicked thing I ever knew. I have therefore adopted the old maxim, which is ascribed to the prætor Drusus¹, with regard to a fellow, who, when made free, swerved from the fidelity he owed to his master when a slave; for I will deny, that I set him free²; especially as no body was present before whom

¹ This probably is he who was prætor in the year of Rome 637.

² Cicero is extremely delicate, but, at the same time, extremely free with regard to Atticus. In all the openings of his soul to him, he still wants to represent his failings as the amiable weaknesses of nature. I do not know whether Cicero, in this respect, did not impose even upon himself, and whether he had

whom he could be regularly emancipated. You may therefore make what use you please of this hint, I will stand by what you do. There is one most elegant letter of yours, in which you treat of the public calamities, and to which I have returned no answer, and indeed what answer can I return, but that I was greatly concerned? But nothing can greatly alarm us, as the Parthians have suddenly retired and left Bibulus half dead with fear.

EPISTLE

had not a greater share, than he was willing to believe he had, of revenge, vanity, pride, and envy; nor do I think any man ever owed more virtues to reading and study, than he did. Nothing is more plain to me than that he made his own person the standard of all human merit and demerit; for every man with him possessed either the one or the other, in proportion, as he flattered his vanity, or served his interest. The rank envy he discovers in this epistle, at the public honours decreed to Bibulus, was perhaps very unjust, because Bibulus was entitled to all the honours due to the services of Cassius, who acted only as one of his officers (*sub ejus auspiciis*) and whose successes were so great as to check the progress of the Parthians, who, after the arrival of Bibulus, were obliged to repass the Euphrates, a step which our author, from his spleen to Bibulus, seems to impute to their unaccountable madness in foregoing so many advantages as the juncture presented to them. As to this Chrysippus, he had been governor to our author's son, and had been made free by him. Notwithstanding this, he no sooner leaves his service, than we find him furnishing Atticus with a hint which he might improve, for denying that Cicero had ever given him his liberty. In short, Pompey, Cæsar, Brutus, Hortensius, and all his great contemporaries, rise or fall, according to the weather-glass of our author's private passions. (See vol. i. note 1. p. 169.)

EPISTLE III.

ON the 6th of December, I came to Herculænum¹, where I read your letters which I received from Philotimus, and, upon the face of them, I first had the pleasure of seeing that they were written by your own hand; and, in the next place, I was charmed with their great elegance and accuracy. That I may begin with what you dislike, and in which you differ from² Dicæarchus. Although, by your approbation, I was extremely desirous of not being above a year in my government, yet it was a thing that happened of course, without my taking any pains about it. For be it known to you, there was no hints given in

¹ This is the same town which was afterwards swallowed up with an earthquake, and which has been so lately discovered. It lay near the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and the King of the two Sicilies has got, out of its ruins, an immense collection of beautiful antiquities.

² It is a standing reproach to the character of Atticus, that he laid it down as a maxim, to preserve a neutrality during all his country's troubles. Dicæarchus thought this maxim to be scandalous. Atticus had, it seems, thought, that our author would have done better, had he not shown such an extreme impatience to return to Rome, because had he kept by the government of his province, he would not have been concerned in the ensuing troubles of his country.

in the senate, that any of us governors of provinces, should continue in them beyond the time marked by the resolution of the house. It is therefore not my fault, if I have not continued in my government as long as, perhaps it might have been convenient for me. But, "what if this has fallen out for the best?" to make use of a common saying, and, as appears in the present case, a true one. For whether matters be compromised, or whether the cause of public liberty shall prevail, I would willingly have the glory of contributing to either of these events, or have the happiness of profiting by them. But if that cause should fall, I must fall along with it, wherever I may be. I have, therefore, no reason to regret the quickness of my return.

Had it not been for that hankering after a triumph, which I cherish, and which you too encouraged, you would have seen in me a model of the patriot, I have drawn in the sixth book of my treatises upon government. I need not be more particular with you, who are so much master of all their contents. But I could, without the least hesitation, fling from me the thoughts even of that honour, were such a self-denial more laudable. Well, be it so,—since the favour of a triumph, and the freedom of my country, are, at this juncture, incompatible.

You

You are not, therefore, to entertain the smallest mistrust of my preferring honour to glory. As to what you think, with regard to its being more advantageous and safe for me, as well as more serviceable to the public, that I should still continue in authority, we will discuss that point when we meet together. For, though I am more than inclined to be of your opinion, yet the thing requires consideration.

You do me no more than justice in believing, that my heart and soul are for my country; and you form a right judgment that Cæsar has not shown sufficient respect for me, whether we regard the greatness of my services to him, or the profusion of his favours to others. You have touched upon the true cause of all this, and what you write me, concerning Fabius and Caninius, is all of a piece. Supposing these things not to be so, and that he had lavished all his friendship upon me, yet, as you mention in your letter¹, the guardian of Rome would have forced me to remember the glorious inscription upon her statue. Never would she have suffered me to have imitated the patterns you propose in the conduct of Volcatius, or Servius²; no, she would

¹ Meaning Minerva, whose statue, Cicero, before his leaving Rome, placed in the capitol with the inscription, *Custos Urbis*, the Guardian of Rome.

² Those two Consulars, like Atticus, kept a neutrality between Cæsar and Pompey.

would have prompted me to think and act like myself.

In this resolution I could be soon determined, was there any dispute but between two men, who, at the expence of their country, are now drawing their swords each for power to himself. If they draw them for their country, why was she abandoned under the consulship of this very Cæsar? Why was I, whose interest was inseparably connected with the safety of my country, abandoned the year following? Why was Cæsar's command prolonged, and why by constitutional means? Why did the struggle become so violent, that the ten tribunes of the commons brought in a bill for dispensing with his personal attendance? These were the measures by which Cæsar grew so strong, that all hopes of opposing him now rests upon one Roman. I wish that so much power had never been given him, rather than that he should be now opposed in the possession of it. But since matters are come to this pass, I will not give myself the trouble, which you advise, to inquire, "which is the safest ships¹." I know of one vessel in which I shall embark, and that vessel shall be steered by Pompey.

But, say you, what will be your declaration, when

¹ Orig. *ποῦ σκαφος τοῦ τῶν Ατρείδων*. Literally, which is the ship of the Atreidæ.—E.

when the crisis arrives for delivering your sentiments in the senate? To answer you in one word, I will speak for Pompey, and yet, when we are by ourselves, I will advise him to an accommodation; for my real opinion is, that the public is in extreme danger. You, who are in the city, no doubt know more. But I can see one thing, that we have to do with one of the boldest, and the most resolute of mankind; that he will be joined by all who have undergone, and by all who have deserved, either condemnation or infamy, by almost all our young men, by all the well-known desperate mob of the city, by the tribunes, whose power will be joined with that of Cassius, and by all our bankrupts, who are more numerous than is imagined. His cause alone is a bad one¹; in all other respects, the means of success are on his side. It is the general interest, therefore, to prevent by every possible method a decision by the sword. The fate of war is always uncertain, but, on this occasion, the probability of success lies against us.

Bibulus has left the command of his province to Vejento, and I hear he will be a great while on his journey. Cato, in favouring his demand, has made it appear, that the only persons, who escape his jealousy, are those to whom public distinctions

¹ *Orig. Causum solum illa causa non habet.*

distinctions can give little or no accessions of personal dignity¹. Now to advert to private matters, for I have almost answered your political letters, as well those you wrote from the suburb, as those of a later date. But I must say one word with regard to Cælius. So far is his conduct from altering my sentiments, that I am convinced he will bitterly repent changing his party². But is it true, that the houses of Lucceius were adjudged to him; I am surprised you omitted sending me that intelligence. As to Philotimus, I will do by him as you advise. But I did not, at this juncture, expect the accounts which he has exhibited to you. He has however omitted an article, which, at his desire I entered at Tusculanum, in my pocket-book, with my own hand, and for which he gave me his note of hand while I was in Asia. Should he discharge that, the balance of the account,

as

¹ *Quibus nihil, aut non multum, ad dignitatem non possit accedere.* Monsieur Mongault thinks Cicero's meaning to be, that the high offices Bibulus already held made all future additions of honour unnecessary to add to this dignity. But in my translation it implies likewise, a sarcasm upon the person of Bibulus, which I think the words will bear, and is extremely agreeable to the sentiments our author throws out about that great man's character and conduct.

² He had lately declared for Cæsar, which, as our author prophesies in this place, he afterwards repented of, and suffered for.

as he states it himself, between him and me, will be in my favour. But if the troubles of the public will give me leave, you shall have no reason, in time to come, to find fault with my want of regularity in my accounts; and indeed, all the irregularity with which I am chargeable in this respect, has been occasioned by the great number of people whom I have served. I will, therefore, accept of the kind offer of your advice and assistance in settling my affairs, and I hope you shall have no cause to think I abuse your kindness.

You have not the least reason to be alarmed with regard to the officers¹ of my guards; for the deep sense they had of my integrity, has brought them back to their duty. But the behaviour of none amongst them pleased me so much, as his whom you hold in no estimation. He has ever behaved well, and especially on this occasion. Though, even at his departure he intimated, that he expected an additional payment;

¹ Orig. *Serperastris cohortis meæ*. The *Serperastra* were a kind of ligatures which went about the legs of young children to prevent their being crooked or distorted. In like manner the officers, viz. the legates, questors, tribunes and others, were to provide against all distortions and crookedness in the actions and marches of the soldiers under them. It appears that Cicero's field officers had fallen into a kind of a mutiny, as he hints before. I do not know whether the account he gives here of the manner, in which it was quelled, was very satisfactory to Atticus, or will be so to the reader.

payment; and though he was somewhat warped by resentment, yet he did not hold it long, for he soon returned to his duty; and unable to stand out against the very distinguishing marks I have given him of my kindness, he declared, that he valued it more than all the money he expected. I have received the testament from Curius, and am bringing it along with me. I have perused the legacies of Hortensius. Now I should be glad to know what kind of a man his son is, and what he intends to dispose of. For I see no reason since Cælius has laid hold of the Flumentine gate, why I should not make myself master of Puzzoli¹.

I now come to your criticism upon the word *Pyræum*, in which I am more reprehensible as being a Roman, in having written it *Pyræa*, and not *Pyræum*. (for so we Romans pronounce it,) than in adding the preposition *in*. For I did not annex this to it as speaking of a town, but of a country². And yet our friend Dionysius, who

¹ The elder Hortensius had a country-seat there, and Marcus Cælius being a native of Puzzoli, had bought the house of Hortensius, at one of the gates of Rome, which gives rise to our author's pleasantry.

² Orig. *Non enim hoc ut oppido præposui, sed ut loco*. *Locus* here signifies a village, or perhaps more properly a quarter, or a ward. Our author has been foolishly blamed by Sanctius, or Schioppius, and other grammarians for his criticism here, as if they understood Latin better than he did.

who is here, and Nicias the Coan, did not look upon Pyræum to be a town. But I will inquire farther about it. My error, if indeed I be erroneous, consists in not speaking of it as a town, but as a district. I can, however, defend myself by a better authority than that of Cecilius, (who was far from being a pure letter writer, and who says *mane ut ex portu in Pyræum*,) but of Terence himself, the language of whose plays is so correct, that they were thought to be written by Lælius. *Heri aliquot adolescentuli coimus in Pyræum*; and again *mercator hoc addebat, captum a Sunio*. Now if we allow districts to be towns, Sunium is as much of a town as Piræum is.

But knowing you to be a grammarian, if you can resolve one difficulty, you will ease me of much trouble. The great man, you know who,¹ sends me very civil letters, as does Balbus, in his name. With regard to myself, I have laid it down as my fixed resolution, never to swerve from the most glorious of all causes; but you know how much I still owe him. Are you not, therefore, apprehensive, if I should act coldly, I shall be charged with ingratitude; or that he may call upon me for payment, should I act with vigour. How will you solve this difficulty? "Pay him," you will say. Be it so, we will borrow.

¹ Meaning Cæsar.

borrow the money of the banker Cælius. I would have you, however, think of this. For, should I happen to distinguish myself in my country's cause, in the senate-house, I make no doubt but your Spanish friend¹, as I am leaving the house, will tell me, "Remit, Sir, the money you owe us."

It remains only to assure you, that my son-in-law has endeared himself to me, my wife and my daughter, by his fine understanding and his good nature. These are qualities sufficient to make amends for his other imperfections, to which you are no stranger. For you know what kind of men I found all the other spitors to be, excepting the person whom I treated with, through you, and who hoped to gain my consent by telling me, that they were not in debt. This might be true, for a very good reason, because nobody would lend them. But on this subject, which already is much talked of, we will converse with freedom, when we meet. I am in hopes of Tyro's recovering, through the care of Manius Curio, whom I have acquainted in writing that you would take his cares kindly. Dated the 9th of December, from the house of Pontius at Trebuli.

EPISTLE

¹ Meaning Balbus, who was a native of Spain.

EPISTLE IV.

I HAVE sent off Dionysius to you, not without doing violence to myself; but his impatience to see you was such, that I was forced to yield. To say that he is learned, is saying no more than I have known of him a long while; but I have found him blameless in his morals, full of affection and good manners, zealous for my glory, an excellent manager, and (that I may not seem to speak of him as a freedman,) he is in all respects a gentleman. On the 10th of December I saw Pompey, and we were in company together about two hours. He seemed to be overjoyed at my return: he encouraged me to solicit a triumph, and to declare myself of his party; he cautioned me not to appear in the senate, until I had secured my point, lest in the debates I might give offence to some one or other of the tribunes. In short, so far as good words went, no man could be more obliging.

With regard to public affairs, he talks as if he had no doubt of a war ensuing. He did not drop a syllable that gave hopes of an accommodation, and said that he had received a fresh proof of what he had been before convinced of, that Cæsar had totally broken with him, for that

Hirtius,

Hirtius¹, though amongst the most intimate of his friends, had come to Rome from Cæsar, without coming near him; that he arrived in the evening of the 6th of December, and that after settling the whole of his business with Balbus, the latter had agreed to see Scipio before the day-break on the 7th; that in the dead of the night he set out for Cæsar, and this he looked upon as a sure proof of his hostile intentions. Upon the whole, I have only this to hope for, that the man whose very enemies offer him a second consulate, and whom fortune has already raised to supreme power, will not be so mad as to expose all he has gained to the chance of war. But should his ambition be powerful enough to push him on to this; what calamities do I foresee? Calamities that I dare not describe. But as matters are now situated, I think of reaching the suburbs of Rome by the 3d of January.

EPISTLE

¹ This was the same Hirtius who wrote the commentaries, and who, upon Cæsar's death, was chosen Consul. By all that appears of Pompey from our author, a civil war was at this time unavoidable, and was as necessary for bringing about the views of Pompey, as those of Cæsar. But what the views of Pompey were, is not so clear from history. I cannot, however, believe that he intended to subvert the constitution.

EPISTLE V.

I RECEIVED a number of your letters at the same time, and though I received more recent intelligence than they brought me, yet they gave me pleasure, because they were so many proofs of your zeal and affection for me. I am concerned that your indisposition still continues, and that your trouble will be increased by your wife falling into the same complaint. Both of you therefore ought to use all means of recovery. I see you are anxious about Tyro. I own the young man, when in health, is wonderfully useful to me in my business, as well as studies, of all kinds; but still I wish his recovery, not so much on account of my interest, as of his sweetness of temper, and modesty of behaviour.

Philogenes has never spoken to me concerning Luscienus, but you have Dionysius to consult with in regard to other matters. I am surprised that your sister has not yet arrived at Arce. It gives me pleasure to understand that you concur with my sentiments with regard to Chryssipus. I have absolutely laid aside all thoughts of my house at Tusculanum on this occasion. It is too far out of the way for those who come to wait upon me, and inconvenient in other respects. But on the last of December I will go to

to Terracina, and from thence, keeping by the Pontin marsh, I will reach Pompey's house at Alba, so as to be in the suburbs of Rome by the 3rd of January, which is my birth-day.

I am daily more apprehensive of public commotions, for even our patriots are not so unanimous as they are thought to be. How many knights, how many senators, of Rome have I seen, who have bitterly inveighed against the whole of Pompey's conduct, and especially the unseasonable journey he has undertaken¹. We stand in need of peace. Victory among other numerous calamities, would be attended, with giving to Rome a tyrant. But I expect soon to talk over these matters with yourself.

I am quite at a loss what to write you farther. We are equally informed in respect to public affairs;

¹ Pompey was one of those characters that refine too much upon the plainest matter, as we have often observed from our author's words. He pretended two reasons for this journey, which indeed was very ruinous to his party, and both those reasons, in the end, turned against himself. In the first place, he said, it was improper that Cæsar should suspect he had any hand in the cabals against him at Rome, or in opposing what he demanded. In the next place, he publicly gave out that a journey into the country was necessary to establish his health. But his true design was to see how the people of Italy stood affected towards him. In fact, they received him with the most extravagant honours, which disgusted the wisest part of his friends, and made him presume too much upon his own popularity, which presumption was afterwards the chief cause of all his miscarriages and ruin.

fairs; with regard to private, neither of us needs information, and the power of Cæsar renders our situation too serious for trifling. Nay, I am one of those who think it better to yield to his terms, than to decide by the sword. It is too late now to oppose him, having for ten years fostered his power against ourselves. "In what manner then, say you, do you intend to speak in the senate?" I will say nothing but what you shall advise me to do, and even that shall not be before I have either obtained or laid aside the thoughts of what I am now soliciting. Take care therefore of your own recovery, and to banish your ague by the observance of that regimen, in which you are so skilful.

EPISTLE VI.

I POSITIVELY have nothing to write to you. You know all that I know, and I know of nothing in which you can inform me. I have observed it, however, as a sacred rule, to write you by every opportunity. I am in great concern about the public; nor have I hitherto found a man who did not think it better to yield to Cæsar all he demands, than plunge in a civil war. His terms, it is true, extend farther than they were generally thought to do. But why are we
to

to oppose him when the day of his power is so far advanced? Even by yielding to him now, we do no more than we did when we prolonged his government for five years, or when we passed the vote that dispensed with his coming to Rome. All the difference is, that at that time we put arms into his hands, and we are now to encounter him when he has learned how to use them. You will ask me¹ then what are my real sentiments? They are not indeed the same with those I avow in words. My real sentiments are, that any concession is preferable to a civil war. But I will talk, and that too from no servile motive, in the same strain as Pompey does. For, indeed, it would be of the worst consequence to the public, and particularly unbecoming in me, should I differ from Pompey at this important juncture.

EPISTLE

¹ Orig. *Dices, quod tu igitur sensurus es? Non idem, quod dicturus. Sentiam enim omnia facienda, ne armis deceretur: dicam idem, quod Pompeius.* Monsieur Mongault has, I think, entirely mistaken this passage. He translates it, *Vous me demanderez ce que je dirai dans le sénat? peut-être autre chose que ce que je pense. Je penserai toujours qu'il n'y a rien qu'on ne doive tenter plutôt que d'en venir à la guerre, mais je ne dirai que ce que dira Pompée.* Now nothing is more plain, than that *sensurus* here, in the original refers to our author's private sentiments as well as *sentiam*; and that *dicturus* alludes to the form of demanding and delivering an opinion in the senate, *Viz. Dic Marce Tulli.*

EPISTLE VII.

"DIONYSIUS, who has approved himself to me, is also a person of the greatest worth and learning, and one who has a most sincere affection for you, came to Rome the 18th of December, and delivered to me a letter from you." These are the very words you use when speaking of Dionysius in your letter. I observed, however, you do not add, "and he is extremely obliged to you," though it is no more than he ought to own, and had he owned it, a man of your good-breeding would never have omitted mentioning his acknowledgments. However, I will not retract the character I gave you of him, after speaking so fully, as I have done in my former letter, in his commendation; but continue to hope that he is a very good man. In one particular he has done right, in giving me full opportunities of knowing him thoroughly.

Your information from Philogenes was very true; for he has paid what he owed. I gave him the use of that money till I should have occasion for it, and he has had it thirteen months. I wish Pontinius well, but I am apprehensive of the consequences of his having, as you write

me.

me, entered the city¹. He never would have taken that step without some weighty reason. As the 2d of January is the competitial day², for that reason, I will not then go to Pompey's house at Alba, lest I should disturb his domestics, but wait until next day, and, the day after that, I will go to Rome. I do not know on what day your disorder periodically returns; but I positively would not have you stir abroad to the prejudice of your health.

Every thing, with regard to my triumph, seems to promise success, unless Cæsar is practising underhand by his tribunes of the people. For my own part, my mind is entirely at ease, so that I can meet with no disappointment, and the rather, because I hear Pompey and his council have come to a resolution of sending me to Sicily, as I have now the title of Imperator. This, you say, will be to act the part of an Abderite³. For neither the resolutions of the senate, nor the orders of the people, have given me a command in Sicily. But supposing the public has vested the management of this affair

¹ Cicero had some reason for this apprehension, because Pontinius was one of his lieutenants, and when the general was sure of a triumph, his principal officers commonly attended upon him when he waited without the walls of the city.

² This was a kind of holiday amongst the slaves.

³ Orig. Ἀβδηρίτης. The Abderites were looked upon to be the most stupid of all people.

fair in Pompey, why should he pitch upon me rather than upon any private person, for that command? If, therefore, I should find any trouble on account of my title, I will lay it aside, when I first come to the gates of Rome¹.

As to what you write², that the attention of the public is impatiently directed towards the part I shall act, and that there is not a patriot, real or pretended, who has the least doubt of the party I shall espouse, for my own part, I do not understand whom you call patriots. I know of none, I mean I know of no class in our government, deserving that appellation. Take them man by man, they are, indeed, very worthy men; but, in civil dissensions, we are to look for patriotism in the constituent members of the body politic. Do you look for it in the senate? Let me ask you by whom were the provinces left without governors? Never would Curio³ have

¹ When a Roman entered Rome, he immediately lost the title of imperator.

² The whole of what follows in this epistle is wonderfully fine and judicious, and shews how wisely our author could reason upon public matters when he was cool.

³ We have already seen that he had, as tribune of the people opposed the resolution of the senate for appointing governors to the several provinces, which opposition carried a great point for Cæsar. Marcus Marcellus, the first senator, whose opinion was asked, voted that all the tribunes should be obliged to drop the opposition. But the senate did not chuse to do this. This is

have prevailed, had the senate gone into the motion that was made, to make him personally liable for his opposition, and the consequence of not doing it was, that no successor was appointed to Cæsar. Do you look for patriotism amongst the farmers of the revenue? Alas! they never were steady; and now they are entirely devoted to Cæsar. Do you look for it in our trading, or in our landed, interests? They are the fondest of peace. Can you imagine that they, to whom all forms of government are indifferent, provided they enjoy their ease, have any objections to live under a monarchy?

Well then! Do you approve of indulging Cæsar in the command of his army, after his commission was expired? For my own part, I was against even dispensing with his absence; but when we granted the one, he could command the other. Do you think that the authority vested in him, to preside over the government for ten years, and the manner in which it was obtained were right measures? Was it a right measure to drive me from my country, to rob the revenue of the Campanian estates, that a commoner

is a very remarkable part of the history of that time. The tribunes had an undoubted right to put a negative upon this question, and if so, I cannot see how they could be legally forced to withdraw it. It is true, such a force, if applied, might have produced great consequences, but would it not have been unconstitutional, from whatever party it proceeded?

commoner should adopt a Patrician¹, and a Mitylenean, a Spaniard²? Do you approve that Labienus and Mamurra³ should amass immense riches, and that Balbus should have his gardens and his Tusculanum? But all these calamities spring from the same source. When the stream of his power was weak, it might have easily been stopt. But now he is master of eleven legions, and as much cavalry as⁴ he pleases to draw into the field. Think upon the towns beyond the Po, upon the mob of Rome, upon so great a majority of the tribunes, upon a profligate rising generation, upon a general with such sagacity to contrive, and such boldness to execute. Yet such is the general we are either to encounter, or we are to gratify him in what he can already claim by law. We will, say you, defend our liberties with the loss of our blood.—But, consider my friend, if you are conquered, you are prescribed; if you conquer, yet still you are a slave. Then, say you, how are you to act? I answer, like cattle, which, when dispersed follow their flocks. The ox follows his drove; and thus will I follow

¹ Viz. Clodius.

² Viz. Cornelius Balbus, who was adopted by Theophanes, a Mitylenean. The first was the favourite of Cæsar, the latter of Pompey.

³ Both these gentlemen rose to immense riches under Cæsar, for which they were lashed by some of their contemporary wits.

⁴ The Gauls, of whom Cæsar was master, were very strong in cavalry.

I follow our patriots, or those who are called such, even should they run into destruction. It is easy for me to see what is our most eligible measure in this desperate crisis, since no man can anticipate the event, should the appeal be made to the sword. But we may all easily conclude, that if the cause of liberty should fall, our tyrant will regard, no more than Cinna did, the best blood of Rome, and will be as rapacious, as ever Sulla was, of the properties of Romans.

Enough of politics, yet I have more to say, did not my lamp fail me. In a word, when summoned to give my sentiments, I will vote with Cnæus Pompeius, or more properly with Titus Pomponius. My compliments to your boy Alexis, unless he is grown, in my absence, a young man, which he bade fair to do.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHY such repeated and strong apologies for Dionysius? The least hint from you was sufficient to convince me. The truth is, knowing how fond you are of cementing friendships by your kind testimonies, your saying nothing at all of him, made me the more liable to suspicion, especially as I heard very different things which

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he said of me to other people. But I am now entirely satisfied of the truth of what you write, and I entertain as favourable sentiments of Dionysius as you could wish. According to my calculation of the days on which your ague returns, and which I formed upon a letter you wrote me in the beginning of your illness, I reckoned that, on the third of January, you may, without any danger, meet me, upon business at Alba. But I supplicate you by all that is dear to me to do nothing that may retard your recovery. A day or two does not much signify. I perceive that Livia, by her last will, has left Dolabella heir to the ninth part of her estate, with two co-heirs for two ninths more, but on condition that he changes his name. It is now become a political question whether it be right in a youth of quality, to change his name, in compliance with the will of a woman. But we can discuss this question with more accuracy, when we know the amount of the legacy left him.

It happened, as you supposed it would, that I saw Pompey before I came to Rome; for on the 27th of December, he overtook me at Lavernium. We came then to Formiæ, and we together had a private conference, which lasted from two in the afternoon till it was almost dark. In answer to your question, whether there are any hopes of a reconciliation? I must tell you that, as far as I could gather from Pompey's full and particular detail,

detail, no disposition of that kind can be expected. For thus he reasons. "If Cæsar should be made consul even upon resigning the command of his army, public confusion will be unavoidable." He is farther of opinion, that when Cæsar shall hear of the earnest, mighty, preparations that are making against him, he will wave his claims to the consulate for this year, and adhere to his army and government. But, though he were to go to the extreme of rage and ambition, Pompey would still shew a hearty contempt for all he could do, and a complete confidence in his own forces, and those of the republic. In short, though the horrors of a civil war often recurred to my imagination, yet still I was made the more easy, when I heard a general of such courage, such experience, and authority, discoursing, like a statesman, upon the dangers that might attend an insincere accommodation¹.

We

¹ This conversation, between our author and Pompey, gives us a truer idea of the views of Pompey, than any thing we meet with in history. The friendship of Cicero was extremely material to him on this occasion, and as we cannot imagine that he would omit any argument that he thought could influence him, so we can have no doubt that our author is very sincere in his representation of this important conference to his friend Atticus. Upon the whole, it is plain, that Cæsar, had he been willing, could not, with any manner of safety, have avoided coming to extremities, and that nothing less than his ruin could satisfy Pompey.

We are now perusing the speech which Antony made to the people on the 23rd of December, in which he reflects on Pompey from his first entering upon life; and complains of his cruelty towards some Roman citizens he has tried and condemned, and of the terrors with which his arms menace the republic¹. Upon this, says Pompey to me, "What will not the commander in chief attempt to do, should he become master of the government, when a despicable inferior officer² under him presumes to throw out such expressions." In short, Pompey seemed rather to dread, than to desire, an accommodation, and it is my opinion, that he came to the resolution of leaving Rome, with a design to render all prospects of peace hopeless³. For my own part, it gives

¹ *Orig. Terror armorum.* It is not quite clear to me whether this expression is to be meant as I have translated, or of the troops with which Pompey overawed Rome, especially during the trials here mentioned.

² Antony was questor to Cæsar.

³ *Orig. Ex illa autem sententia ira relinquendæ urbis movet hominem, ut puto.* I cannot think this passage to be so desperate as Monsieur Mongault and the commentators, have affirmed it to be. The former translates it *C'est peut être parce qu'il faudroit alors qu'il s'en allât en Espagne.* But this construction is warranted neither by the words themselves, nor by facts; for we have nothing to induce us to believe that Pompey could be so weak, as well as wicked, as to plunge his country into a civil war, merely because, in case of an accommodation, he must have gone to his government of Spain: though,

gives me no small uneasiness to think that I must pay, to Cæsar, the money which was to defray the expences of my triumph; for you know it is not becoming, that I should be under obligations to one whose interest I shall oppose. But we will talk over these, and many other particulars, when we meet.

EPISTLE IX.

"WHAT say you, am I to have a letter from you every day? Yes, every day, if I can find a sure hand to carry it, "But you are now present in person." But I promise you, when we meet, to leave off writing. I perceive that one of your letters to me has not been delivered, for, as my friend Lucius Quintus was bringing it, he was wounded and robbed near the monument of Basilus¹. You are therefore to recollect whether there

though, in this last case, his antagonist must have resigned the command of his army. The truth is, Pompey knew Cæsar extremely well, and had a thousand reasons both of ambition and policy, for not patching up an accommodation at this time, and which he knew could be but of a very short duration: I believe the reader, therefore, upon consulting the original of this passage, will think that nothing can be more just than the sense I have given it, since Pompey's leaving Rome, according to all accounts and according to what our author has hinted before, was the readiest way, he could possibly have thought of, to bring on a civil war.

¹ He was a famous robber who was buried upon the Appian way.

there was any thing in that letter material for me to know, and likewise apply yourself to discuss a point, which will require all your abilities as a politician.

The affair will terminate in one or other of the following cases. When Cæsar is continued in the command of his army by the senate, or by means of the tribunes of the commons, we must either oppose his coming to Rome to stand for the consulate, or persuade him to resign his government and his army, and accept of that office; or, on the other hand, to decline the consulship and remain in the undisturbed possession of the government. If, however, he refuse to accede to either of these proposals, the consequence will be, that he will either negative the proceedings of the election by means of the tribunes, and thus occasion an interregnum, or under pretence of not being received as a candidate, march his army against us, and reduce us to the necessity of fighting him. In this event, he will either attack us, before we are prepared, or in the time of the election, when he is refused the privilege, solicited by his friends, of being, though absent, a candidate for the consulship. Now the motive for taking arms, must be simply his not obtaining such a dispensation; unless, perhaps, a collateral pretext should occur

cur from some tribune of the people¹, who, for putting a negative upon the proceedings of the senate, or exciting a popular commotion, may be censured or suspended by a resolution of the senate; or else, being overruled and expelled, may, under pretence of such expulsion, throw himself upon the protection of Cæsar. But however this may be, the question recurs, What are we to do when hostilities commence? Are we to keep possession of Rome, or are we to march out of it to intercept his provisions, and cut off his communication with the rest of his army?

Which of those inevitable calamities do you account the least? I know you will tell me, you wish he could be persuaded to resign his army, and to be made consul. If he were to follow that measure, I can see no opposition he could meet with; and I should not be at all surprised, if he should fail in obtaining the dispensation in question. But then again some are of opinion, that there

¹ I have taken great pains to be as explicit as possible in translating the whole of this paragraph, which does so much honour to our author's sagacity, and is so important to the history of that period. What he foresees here actually happened. For Antony and Quintus Cassius, who were then tribunes of the people, took refuge in Cæsar's army, upon the senate's attempting to force them to withdraw their opposition to a resolution which the house had passed, obliging Cæsar to resign his government by a certain day.

there cannot be a more dangerous step taken than to make him consul. But, say you, I would prefer that he would become consul without, rather than with, his army. Of that there can be no doubt. But it may be thought, that even this alternative is itself a calamity; and a calamity irremediable; for we must live in subordination¹ to his will. Behold him again consul, and reflect upon his first consulship; even then, you will allow me (though weak to what he is now) he was too powerful for the whole system of our constitution; what do you imagine will he not now attempt? especially as, while he continues consul, Pompey must certainly reside in Spain. To what a wretched state are we reduced? If indeed that may be called wretched, to which we are voluntarily brought, and which, if he consent to bring us, would render him highly popular with all the patriots of Rome.

Let us, however, suppose, that, as the world believes, he will not rest satisfied with these terms; what can be worse than the other alternative? Shall we yield, to use Pompey's expression, to all his most impudent demands? For surely they are superlatively so. "You have

¹ The original as I read it is, *Sed istuc ipsum sic, O magnum! malum, putet aliquis*. All the commentators have agreed, that this place is corrupted, but I have endeavoured to reduce it into sense by a single stop, without altering the common reading.

have had, for ten years, a government, given you not by the senate, but by yourself, through violence and faction. The time limited, not by law, but by your own ambition, is elapsed; but supposing by law; it is resolved to appoint you a successor; I will not suffer it, say you, and you must dispense with my absence. No, Sir, you ought to dispense with our compliance¹. Are you to keep the command of your army longer than the senate has resolved, or the people have ordered? You shall either yield or fight, and, to go on in Pompey's strain, "we shall at least have the honest satisfaction of either conquering, or dying, in the cause of liberty."

Now, if war should follow, its success must depend upon chance, and its justification upon its success². I shall not therefore puzzle you with that question. Let me know if you have any thing to offer, as to what I have here thrown out. For my own part I am upon the rack day and night.

EPISTLE

¹ Orig. *Habe mei rationem, Habe tu nostrum*.

² Orig. *Jam si pugnandum est, quo tempore, in casu; quo consilio, in temporibus situm est*.

EPISTLE X.

I CAME all at once to a resolution to leave this place before daybreak, to avoid being seen or talked of, especially as I was attended by laurelled Lictors¹. As to what I am doing now, and what I shall do hereafter, I am at a loss to know. So much I am confounded by this rash, inconsiderate resolution. But how can I pretend to advise you, whose counsel I stand in need of myself? What steps our friend Pompey has taken, or may take, I know not; but as yet he is straitened in his quarters, by being shut up in towns, and looks like one bewildered. If he makes a stand in Italy, we will all of us join him. But if he retires from thence, I shall be at a loss how to determine myself. Either I am insane, or he acts with precipitance and insanity. I beg that you will write often to me, though it be only what comes first in your mind.

EPISTLE

¹ The reader is here to understand, that Pompey having abandoned Rome upon the approach of Cæsar, and having ordered all the magistrates and senators to follow him, under pain of being declared traitors; our author, who it seems had not yet entered into Rome, thought proper to follow him, though he disapproved his resolution. By his not having entered Rome, he still keeps up his title to a triumph and consequently his lictors carried their fasces bound about with laurel.

EPISTLE XI.

WHAT is the cause of your silence? What are you doing? for I am left in darkness. We still possess Cingulum¹, say you,—yes—but we have lost Ancona. Labienus has left Cæsar. Do you mean Hannibal or the Emperor of Rome? Mistaken, wretched man! insensible to every idea of true glory²! He pretends that all he does is to maintain his dignity. But can dignity exist without virtue? Is it compatible with virtue to continue at the head of his army, without the voice of the people to authorize him, and to seize cities inhabited by Romans, that he may open himself a more easy passage to the heart of his country? Not to mention the cancelling of the national debts, the recall of the banished; and a thousand crimes that are yet to be perpetrated before he can rear the temple of tyrannic power, the only deity he worships. I do not envy his greatness. I had rather spend one day with you in the sunny walks of Lucretum

¹ This was a town in Picenum.

² *Orig. τὴ καλῇ. Honesti.* I need not point out the beauty of our author's sentiments on this occasion, or how much Mr. Addison has been obliged to him for all the fine sentiments, which he puts in the mouth of Cato.

tum¹ than be a monarch over innumerable kingdoms acquired by guilt like his. I had rather die a thousand deaths than harbour such an idea at the expence of my country. You think, say you, for yourself. And is there a wretch who is not at liberty to think? But I repeat it, I think the man who acts in that manner is more miserable than the wretch who lies extended on the wheel. There is but one misery beyond it, and that is, succeeding in the attempt. But of this enough. In this melancholy situation, it gives me some relief to unbosom myself to you. But to return to our friend Pompey.

Tell me, I conjure you, by all that you hold dear, what you think of Pompey's conduct; I mean in leaving Rome? For my part, I can only say, that it was the most absurd of all measures. Would you have left Rome; you could have done no more had the Gauls been at her gates. It is public liberty, he may say, and private happiness, and not walls, that constitute our country. I did no more than Themistocles before me, when the walls of his Athens were too feeble to stand the shock of a barbarous inundation. But Pericles, almost fifty years after, followed another course, when he

¹ *Orig. Lucretino tuo sole.* Lucretum was a country seat belonging to Atticus, in the Sabine country, remarkable for its fine air.

he did not possess a foot of ground that belonged to Athens without her walls. And our forefathers, when all Rome was lost, retired to and defended her citadel.

*Such glorious Actions of our Sires are told,
How rich in Virtue were the times of old¹!*

On the other hand, if I may judge, from the resentment of the municipal cities, and the general talk, he will be able to extricate himself from the consequences of this measure. I do not know how it is at Rome, and I beg you will inform me; but here, every body complains bitterly, that the city was abandoned by her magistrates and senate, and the flight of Pompey himself made a wonderful impression upon the public. In short, it has had a very contrary effect to what we imagined; for now it is the general opinion that no concession ought to be made to Cæsar. Tell me what is likely to be the event.

My employment here is not very troublesome, for Pompey has appointed me to be an inspector of Campania and the maritime countries, on whom the levying of the armies, and the direction of affairs devolve there. I was therefore thinking to have no fixed abode. I make no doubt that you

¹ *Orig. Οὕτω περ τῶν προσθέντων εὐνομιᾶς καὶ ἀνδρῶν.* I have translated this verse out of the ninth book of Homer's Iliad.

you are now perfectly aware of Cæsar's hostile designs and that you know the sentiments of the people, and the general state of affairs. I wish you would write to me upon all these heads, and that too very often, because they are things which constantly change; and indeed I feel repose when writing to you, or reading your letters.

EPISTLE XII.

ONLY one letter has come to my hand from you, dated the 19th, and intimating that you had written me another, which I have not received. But I beg you will write me very often, not only what you know or hear, but what you suspect, and above all your sentiments of what I should do, and what I should avoid. As to my informing you, as you desire, how Pompey intends to proceed; I do not believe he knows it himself, at least none of us do. I saw the consul Lentulus at Formiæ upon the 21st, and I have likewise seen Libo¹; but all is full of consternation and confusion. Pompey himself has taken the rout of Larinum, in which place, as well as Luceria, Theanum, and in other cities, of Apulia, he has troops quartered. It is not determined, whether

¹ His daughter was married to Pompey's second son.

whether he will make a stand somewhere in Italy or cross the sea. Should he remain in Italy, I am afraid his army will be too weak. Should he leave it, I shall be entirely at a loss how, where, or when to act. For as to Cæsar, whose usurpation¹ you so much dread, I think he will leave nothing bad undone. His progress is not to be stopped by the suspension of all public business, by the absence of our senates and magistrates, nor by shutting up the treasury. But as you write, the event will be soon known.

Having said this much, I ask your pardon for writing to you so often, and so fully. But by this my spirits are composed, and at the same time I am willing to induce you to answer me, and above all to advise me how I am to act, and upon what terms to proceed. Am I thoroughly to espouse the cause of Pompey? I am not deterred, by a sense of danger from doing this, but by resentment that all things are conducted without wisdom, and without my sanction; or should I hesitate to declare in Pompey's favour, and after amusing him by fair professions, side with the prevailing party? Alas! what would not the public then say! My character, not only as a Roman, but as a friend, deters me from this. Yet I am frequently overpowered by the anxiety

¹ Orig. *Θαλασσιμον* literally; whose imitation of Phalaris you dread.

anxiety I feel for the interest of our young men. Distracted as I thus am, though perhaps you are not less so, write to me somewhat, and above all, your thoughts in what manner I am to proceed, should Pompey leave Italy. Both Manius Lepidus¹, for I have been with him, and Lucius Torquatus, are resolved, in that case to abandon his interest. As to myself, I am embarrassed with my Lictors, amidst many other things; and never did I know so perplexed a crisis. For this reason I do not expect from you certain conclusions, but conjectures, nay, doubts and perplexities respecting the state of affairs.

It is next to certain, that Labienus has left Cæsar. In that case, if he had gone to Rome, while the magistrates and the senate were there, he would have been of great use to our party. It would have intimated, that the best of his friends had condemned him as a traitor to his country. The fact is indeed so, but at the present juncture it is of less use, because our party cannot avail itself of it, and I believe that Labienus himself repents what he has done. Yet after all, it is possible that his having left Cæsar is false; we, however, depend upon it as a fact.

You

¹ He had been consul in the year of Rome 687, as Torquatus was the year following, and therefore both of them, like our author, were of consular rank.

You write me, that you confine yourself to your family; yet still you may acquaint me with the sentiments of the town, whether Pompey is loved or Cæsar hated in it; and with your thoughts concerning my wife and daughter, whether they ought to live at Rome, or with me, or in some place of safety? Upon all these subjects, and upon any other that occurs, I beg that you will write, or rather that you will scribble to me.

EPISTLE XIII.

I AM entirely of your mind with regard to the affairs of Venonius¹. I look upon Labienus to be a hero. We have not, for these many years, had so noble an instance of Roman spirit; had it no other effect, it has that of galling Cæsar; but I am in hopes of seeing it productive of more solid consequences. I am in love with Piso likewise, and I can foresee that the dislike he has signified of his son-in-law's² conduct, will

¹ He was one of our author's friends. The business here spoken of was of a private nature, and of no consequence to us.

² Cæsar was married to the daughter of Piso, who was the same Piso whom our author has so bitterly inveighed against in other parts of his works. It seems he had left Rome upon his son-in-law's approach, as not choosing to join with him.

will make a great impression on the public. You may now form a judgment of the nature of this war, which is civil, not because it is occasioned by civil differences, but because one desperate bold citizen has attempted the overthrow of the civil constitution. But then we are to consider that he is master of a powerful army, and that many join him from hopes and promises; his ambition grasps every object. Such is the man to whom Rome, deprived of the means of defence, but stored with riches, has been surrendered. What have we not to apprehend from a man who looks upon Rome, with all her edifices public and private, not as his country, but his prey?

But what, or how, he will do without a senate or magistracy, I am at a loss to know, since he has abolished, not only the spirit, but the forms of the constitution¹. But where, or when, are we to emerge, headed, as we are, by a general so uninformed, that he was a stranger to the important situation of Picenum². His misconduct is a
sufficient

¹ Orig. *Ne simulare quidem poterit quicquam πολιτικός* (secundum statuta reipublicæ).

² Cæsar had got the start of Pompey, by making himself master of the country of Picenum, which is at present part of the marquisate of Tivoncono and Abrudso, and lies between the Adriatic sea, Umbriæ, and the country of the Sabines; it, in a manner, covered Rome from Cæsar, especially as it was full of strong passes and towns.

sufficient proof of his inability. Not to mention the faults he has been committing for these ten long years, what terms were not preferable to his shameful retreat from Rome? Even at this time I am ignorant of his designs, but I am incessantly endeavouring to be informed of them by letters. Nothing can be more unmanly or unmeaning than the whole of his management. I see no forces, nor any place where forces can be quartered or employed, though it was in order to raise forces, that it was thought proper he should remain near Rome, while all our hopes rest upon two legions that have been decoyed into our service, and are almost hostile to our cause; for our levies have hitherto been of men who have been pressed into our party, and dread nothing so much as they do fighting.

With regard to an accommodation, we have lost the opportunity. What will happen hereafter, I cannot foresee. Either we have, or our general has, been guilty of sailing out of harbour without a rudder, and committing ourselves to the mercy of the storm. I am therefore at a loss how to dispose of the two young men. Sometimes I am for sending them into Greece, that they may be out of the way. At the same time, I am filled with apprehensions concerning my wife and daughter, when I reflect upon the approach of barbarians;¹ but I am somewhat relieved when I

¹ Cæsar's army was full of Gauls.

remember that Dolabella is amongst them. I beg you would consider in what manner I am to act in respect to them. In the first place, I am to provide for their safety; for I must take care of them whatever becomes of myself: In the next place, to guard against being censured by the public for leaving them at Rome, at a time when she was abandoned by all her worthy citizens.

The same consideration occurs with regard to yourself and Peduceus¹, who has written to me; for both of you rank so high, that as much will be required of you as of our most illustrious citizens. But that is a consideration I must leave to yourself, as I am now applying to you for advice concerning myself and my family. What I have farther to recommend to you is, that you will do all you can to discover and inform me of what is passing, and of what you apprehend will come to pass, which I cannot dispense with in you. Any one can tell me what is doing; from you, I expect to learn what is to be done. *He is the best prophet, who conjectures well*². Pardon my loquacity, which, while I am writing to you, soothes my anguish, and at the same time, invites you to give me an answer.

P. S.

¹ Sextus Peduceus was a common friend to our author and Atticus.

² This is a verse of Euripides. Μαντις θρασυτος εστιν αυταζευκαλος.—E.

P. S. I did not for some time comprehend the riddle of the Opii¹ from Velia, for it is more unintelligible than Plato's Timæus; but I understand it now from what you have said in calling these Opii of Velia, Succones; this word gave me trouble, but furnished a key to all the rest of the passage, and it agrees in the main with Terentia.

I saw Lucius Cæsar at Minturne upon the 25th of January, in the morning. This cold clod, for I cannot call him a man, was charged with propositions so absurd, that I imagined Cæsar designed them as a ridicule upon all negotiations, especially as he gave so important a commission to so inconsiderable a creature. I can account for his conduct no other way, unless (which may possibly be the case) the fellow has seized some random expressions of Cæsar, and interpreted them into a commission for himself.

Labienus, whom I think a truly great man, upon the 22d instant came to Theanum, where he had a conference with Pompey and the consuls. What the import was, and what the result, I will write you when I am better informed. On the 23d Pompey set out from Theanum, for Larenium, and lay that night at Venafrum². Labienus seems to

¹ This is a private affair, and the reading in the original is so uncertain, that we can make little or nothing of it.

² This was a town in Campania, situated on the river Volturno.

to have inspired us with some hope. But as yet I have nothing remarkable to write to you from this place. I give more attention to news from Rome; in what manner Cæsar carries himself with regard to Labienus¹, what Domitius is doing amongst the Marsi², Thermus at Iguvium³, and Attius at Cingulum⁴; how the people of Rome stand affected, and what your conjectures are, as to the final event. I beg you to write to me frequently respecting these things, and give me also your opinion how I ought to dispose of my wife and daughter, and what resolutions you have adopted in regard to yourself. Had I written this with my own hand, it would have been longer, but the humour in my eyes obliges me to make use of an amanuensis.

EPISTLE

¹ He carried himself like a wise and a great man. He appeared so far from being disconcerted to Labienus leaving him, that he sent after him all his equipages, baggage and attendants.

² Their country lay towards the north of Campania Diroma in Italy.

³ This was a town in Umbria, and was possessed by Curio for Cæsar, the troops of Thermus having disbanded upon Curio's approach.

⁴ It lay in the country of Picenum.

EPISTLE XIV.

I WRITE this on the 27th of January, (the humour in my eyes being abated,) as I set out from Calvi¹ to Capua. On the 25th, Lucius Cæsar delivered Cæsar's proposals to Pompey, while he was at Theanum with the Consuls. The terms were approved of, on condition, that he should withdraw his troops from all the towns seized by him, which lay beyond his own government. If he would do that, it was agreed that he should return to Rome, and that the senate should ratify the treaty. At present, I am in hopes we shall have peace; because Cæsar thinks he has gone too far, and Pompey that his own army is too weak. It was Pompey's pleasure that I should go to Capua to forward the levies, in which the Campanian planters are not a little backward².

I was misinformed as to what I wrote you upon the strength of Torquatus's intelligence with regard to Cæsar's gladiators at Capua. It must be owned, Pompey has quartered them very judiciously,

¹ *Orig. Cales*. This was a town in Campania near Capua.

² Cæsar, during his consulship, had established a colony at Capua. The original here is, *Parum prolixè respondent*, and alludes to the custom of enrolling soldiers, by calling over the names of those they wanted to enlist, to which the latter answered, when they entered the service.

diciously, two in each family. There were five thousand Secuti¹ in the fencing school, and they threatened to break out. This was a measure very serviceable to the public. As to our ladies, of whom your sister is one, I beg you to take care that we do nothing unbecoming our character in keeping them at Rome, after all the other ladies of quality have left it. This is no more than I wrote both to them and to you before. I entreat you to give them your advice to leave the city; especially, as they can, for a season, be very conveniently lodged upon those estates by the sea-side, where I command. As to any offence my son-in-law may take at this, I am not to answer for it. It is of more consequence to me to consider that ours are the only ladies who have remained at Rome. I should be glad to know what resolution you, and Peducéus, have adopted in regard to your departure, and what you think of the present situation of affairs. For my part, I incessantly advise for peace, however unfavourable the terms, as more advantageous than the most justifiable war. But this must depend upon chance.

EPISTLE

¹ The Secuti were a species of gladiators. But it is ridiculous to think, that Cæsar, at such a time as this, would have kept such a number of Gladiators shut up in a fencing school. We learn, however from concurring passages in history, that the number of Gladiators, he had at Capua, was considerable.

EPISTLE XV.

EVER since I left Rome, I have not omitted writing you a letter every day, not that I have any business of importance to write, but that I may converse with you in your absence, which, next to conversing with you in person, gives me the greatest pleasure in life. Upon my arriving at Capua yesterday, being the 21st of January, I had a meeting with the consuls and many others, of our house. All of them wished that Cæsar would draw off his troops, and stand to the terms he had proposed. Favonius was the only man who expressed his dislike of his imposing terms upon us. But he was very little regarded in the meeting, for Cato himself preferred submission to civil war¹. He declares, however, that he intends to be present in the senate, when the terms of the accommodation are debated, if Cæsar can be brought to draw off his troops. Thus, he dislikes going to Sicily, where he might do great service,

¹ Orig. *Cato enim ipse jam servire, quam pugnare mavult.* Monsieur Mongault translates this, *Caton même préfère la servitude à une guerre civile.* This I think is too harsh upon Cato's character, especially as the words will admit the sense I have given them. *Servire (viz. Tempori)* is common with Cicero.

service, and he intends to be present in the senate, where, I am afraid, he will do great harm. As to Posthumus, who, according to the senate's express resolution, was to have gone to succeed Fuffanus in Sicily, he refuses to stir without Cato, and lays great stress on the service he can do in the senate, by his interest and abilities. Thus the employment has devolved upon Fannius¹, who is sent to command in Sicily.

We have here a great variety of opinions as to public matters. It is generally imagined, that Cæsar will not stand to his proposals, which he is thought to have made to divert us from making the necessary preparations to oppose him in the field. For my own part, I am of opinion, that he will stand to them so far as to withdraw his troops from the towns not in his government. For he will have gained his ends, if he should be made consul, and the conclusion of his career will be less guilty than its commencement. But still we must endure his attack. For we are shamefully unprovided both as to troops and money, having left to his mercy not only the private property, but the public treasury of Rome. Pompey is set out to take upon him the command of the legions² under
Attius

¹ Posthumus, Fuffanus, and Fannius, though very ordinary persons, made themselves men of importance about this time

² These were legions in Picenum.

Attius, attended by Labienus. I am impatient for your opinion in respect to all these matters. I am now thinking of departing immediately for Formiæ.

EPISTLE XVI.

I BELIEVE I have received all your letters excepting the first, in a regular order, according to their dates as they were sent by my wife. My letters dated from Capua the 27th instant, inform you of Cæsar's proposals, the arrival of Labienus and the answers returned by the consuls and Pompey, with other matters. We are now in great suspense concerning two points. The one is, how Cæsar will proceed upon the answer which Lucius Cæsar was charged with to lay before him. The other is how Pompey will act, who writes to me, that in a few days he shall be at the head of an effective army, and gives me hope, that, when he arrives in the Picenum, we shall be in a condition to return to Rome. He has with him Labienus, who takes it for granted, that Cæsar's army is but weak, and his desertion has put our friend Pompey in high spirits.

Having received orders from the consuls to be at Capua by the 5th of February, I set out in my
way

way thither for Formiæ on the 30th of January, on which day I write this at three in the afternoon, immediately upon the receipt of your letters at Calvi. I approve of your measures in respect to my wife and daughter, and have written to them to follow your directions. If they are not yet set out from Rome, there is no hurry until we see how matters are situated.

EPISTLE XVII.

YOUR letter was to me both kind and gratifying. I thought of sending the boys into Greece at that time, when I perceived arrangements were making for abandoning Italy. As to myself I should have gone to Spain, though that would not have been so convenient for the young men as for me. So far as I can judge, both you and Peduceus may now remain at Rome without molestation. For Cæsar has no reason to suspect you to be attached to the interests of our friend Pompey, who has left the city in a more defenceless state than was ever done by any other general. I cannot help still being sarcastic¹. Now you doubtless know the answer which

¹ *Videsne me etiam jocare?* The point of our author's joke in this place has been little felt by the commentators, whatever

which Pompey sent to Cæsar by Lucius Cæsar, and the letter he sent him by the same hand, for they were written and delivered with a view of making them public. I have blamed Pompey in my own mind, as he himself has a very perspicuous stile, for employing our friend, Sextius, in drawing up a writing of so great importance, especially as it is to be made public; nor, to say the truth, did I ever see any thing more in the stile of Sextius¹. But from Pompey's letter it is plain, that Cæsar has been denied nothing, that he has obtained all, and more than he demanded; and, as he has obtained his demands, impudent as they are, he would be the worst of madmen should he break off the accommodation. For what right had he or you, or any man to say I will do so and so, if Pompey will go to Spain, and if he will withdraw his troops from Italy? Yet even this has been complied with, though I own

ever might have been its effect on Atticus. The sarcasm was simply this. Pompey behaved so ill to all his friends in Rome by leaving them in so defenceless a state, that they had sufficient reason to abandon his cause, and consequently had nothing to fear from his rival Cæsar. "Your friend, by deserting, has proved your enemy, and thus serves to make him, who has hitherto been an enemy, your friend." This remark was the more bitter, as Cicero knew Atticus to be still the friend of Pompey, and perhaps of his precipitate retreat.—E.

¹ *Orig. σποριαδιστεν. i. e. more like Sextius more obscure and feeble.—E.*

own the compliance does now come with so good a grace, after the government has been attacked, and hostilities commenced, as it would have done before, when he demanded the dispensation with his absence, while he stood for the consulate. After all, I am apprehensive, that even those terms will not satisfy him. It was no good symptom that he continued his operations during the discussion of the treaty, which he committed to Lucius Cæsar, and before he had any answer. At present, he is said to proceed more violently than ever.

Trebatius indeed writes me, that, on the 22d of January, Cæsar charged him to let me know by a letter, that he would take it as the highest favour if I would return to Rome, for such is the substance of his letter, which is very long; I understood, by what I could learn of every day's proceedings, that, from the moment Cæsar heard of our departure from Rome, he began to use his endeavours to induce the men of consular rank to return. I have therefore no doubt of his having written to Piso and to Servius¹. I am surprised at one thing, that he has neither written to me himself, nor employed Dolabella or Cælius to treat with me. I am however far from disregarding the letter of Trebatius, who I know to

¹ This was Servius Sulpicius, who was thought to be in Cæsar's interest.

to have a sincere regard for me; for I returned him an answer (as I had no mind to write to Cæsar, without his first writing to me) shewing him that what he requested was next to impractical at this juncture, but that I lived on my own farms, and concerned myself neither with public levies nor public business. The truth is, I intend to continue in this situation, till all hopes of peace are over. But should the war continue, I will begin by conveying our boys to Greece, and then I will act with a spirit suitable to my duty and dignity; for I hear that all Italy will soon be involved in the flames of war; Such calamities are brought upon us partly by profligate, and partly by envious, citizens! But we shall know what turn affairs will take in a few days, when we receive Cæsar's reply to our answer. If the issue should be war, I will write you more fully, and if a cessation of arms, I hope to see you in person.

On the 2nd of February, I write this letter from Formiæ, having come hither from Capua to meet the ladies. It is true, that upon the strength of your information, I had written them not to leave Rome: But I understand that the panic is increased in the city. On the 5th instant I am to be at Capua, by order of the consuls. Whatever news Pompey shall bring us, I will instantly impart it to you by letter. Meanwhile,

I am

I am impatient to know your sentiments upon all these matters.

EPISTLE XVIII.

ON the 2nd of February my wife and daughter came to Formiæ, and informed me of all your very obliging behaviour, and good offices in their behalf. I am willing they should continue at Formiæ, together with the two young Ciceros, until we know whether we are to embrace a disgraceful peace or a destructive war. On the 3rd of February (the date of this letter), I set out with my brother to join with the consuls at Capua, where I am ordered to be by the 5th. We hear that the people were wonderfully pleased with Pompey's answer, and that it was approved of in an assembly. I always thought it would; and that Cæsar would lose his interest should he reject it. But should he accept it.—Alas, say you, which is the lesser evil? This is a question I cannot answer, unless I know in what forwardness our preparations are.

It was reported here that Cassius was driven from Ancona¹, and that our troops were in possession of the city. This will be an important service if a war should follow. It is certain, that

¹ This news was false.

that Cæsar, even upon dispatching Lucius Cæsar with his proposals for an accommodation, has carried on his operations with greater vigour than ever, by seizing posts, and forming a strong line of garrisons. What a ruffian, what a robber he is? Can any peace compensate for this wound given to our country's honour? But let us leave off railing, I must temporize and go with Pompey to Spain. This is the only choice that is left me, amidst those public calamities which have befallen us for not guarding¹ our country, while it was in our power to have done it, against the second consulship of Cæsar. But of this enough. I forgot to write to you about Dionysius; but my scheme was to wait for Cæsar's reply, so that
Dionysius

¹ The original here has divided some of the greatest critics. *Hæc opto in malis; quoniam illius alterum consulatum a republica, ne data quidem occasione, repulimus.* Manutius and Corradus think that Cicero here blames his party for wantonly opposing Cæsar, when all he sought was to be consul a second time. But this, though it agrees with the original, is said by Gronovius, not to agree with Cicero's expressions in the ninth epistle of this book, and with the political principles he lays down in his offices. It is, however, certain that our author never mentioned Cæsar's being a consul a second time, in any other light, but that of a lesser evil; and as to the political principles laid down in his philosophical writings, we are to look upon them only as so many problems, which he seldom or never carried into practice, or mentioned when writing to a friend like Atticus.

Dionysius might attend me at Rome, if I should return to that city. But if that reply should be postponed for any time, I was to have invited him hither. I leave it to yourself to say how it becomes a man of learning and a friend to behave to one in my situation, especially when I request his attendants,—But this perhaps is expecting too much of a Greek. If I should be obliged contrary to my wishes to send for him, I will leave you to sound him, for I do not choose to trouble him against his inclination.

My brother Quintus does all he can to get money from Egnatius to pay you. Egnatius wants neither will, nor abilities, for this; but the circumstances of the time are such, that Quintus Titinius, who is frequently in my company, protests, that he cannot defray the expences of travelling, and is obliged to give notice to his debtors, that the interests of their principals shall run on at the same rate as before. Lucius Ligus is said to follow the same course. The truth is, my brother at this time has no money by him; he can get none from Egnatius, nor can he borrow any elsewhere; and he is surprised¹ that you have no regard to his distress, which is in common with that of the public. For my own part,

¹ This confirms what we have observed before of Atticus, that he knew very well the value of money, which he thought the first instrument of pleasure.

part, though, (especially when you are concerned, whom I know to be considerate in all your steps,) I observe the maxim¹ erroneously ascribed to Hesiod, I mean, that of hearing both parties, yet I could not help being moved with his complaints. I thought proper to lay the whole of the matter before yourself.

EPISTLE XIX.

I REALLY am so far from having any thing to write, that I have withdrawn a letter which I was to have sent you, because it was so full of hopes for the best, founded upon my information of the dispositions of the assembly of the people at Rome, and upon my own suggestions, that Cæsar would never reject the terms that were granted him, especially as they were proposed by himself. Meanwhile, on the morning of the 4th of February, I received letters from you from Philotimus, and Furmius, with one to the latter from

¹ Orig. *μὴ δίκην*. *Neque causam supple judicaveris, priusquam quid uterque dixerit, audieris*. This maxim appears to be the same in import with one in use among the Hebrews; which on one occasion was used by our Lord: *μὴ κρίνατε κατ' ὄψιν, ἀλλὰ τὴν δίκαιαν κρίσιν κρίνατε*, *Do not judge from partial appearances but let your decisions be the result of cool unbiassed investigation.*—E.

from Curio, ridiculing the whole of Lucius Cæsar's negociation. We are now reduced to a desperate pass. What to resolve upon I know not, I do not mean with regard to myself, but to the boys. I am, however, now setting out for Capua, where I can be better informed of Pompey's situation.

EPISTLE XX.

THE occasion requires but a few words. I despair of peace. We are unprovided for war. You cannot imagine two more despicable creatures than our consuls. After coming, as I was ordered, to Capua, through a deluge of rain, upon the 4th instant, in hopes of hearing and witnessing our preparations, they were not come here; and when they do come, they will come unprovided and unprepared. As to Pompey, he is said to be at Luceria, to put himself at the head of some cohorts of Atticus's legions, who are thought to be wavering. We are told, that Cæsar proceeds in a very rapid manner, and that he is advancing apace, not with an intention to fight, (for he has no body to fight with) but to cut off our retreat. For my own part, I am determined (nor will I consult even you upon that matter) even to die with Pompey in Italy. But should

should he leave it, what am I to do? The approaching winter, the incumbrance of my lictors, the indolence and oversights of our generals, are so many arguments for my staying behind. My motives, on the other hand, for flying, are, my friendship for Pompey, the cause of my country, and the shame of following a tyrant, who leaves us at a loss to conclude whether he will propose Phalaris or Pisistratus¹ as the model of his conduct. I beg you to extricate me by your advice out of this labyrinth. I know, you are at a loss how to proceed yourself; but still give me what counsel you can. If to-day I hear any thing new, you shall know it, for the consuls will surely be here by the fifth, it being a day of their own appointment. You will write me an answer to this when it is convenient. I have left the ladies and the young gentlemen at Formiæ.

EPISTLE XXI.

BEING nearer the source of our misfortunes than I am, you must hear of them first. I can send you nothing from this to comfort you. I arrived at Capua, by the orders of the consuls, on the 5th

¹ Pisistratus overthrew the liberty of Athens, but ruled with great justice and humanity. Phalaris was a Sicilian usurper, and ruled with great inhumanity.

5th of February, where Lentulus arrived late in the evening of that day. The other consul was not come on the 7th, on which day I left Capua, and lay at Calvi, from whence, on the 8th, I write this letter before daybreak. The accounts I picked up at Capua were, that we are to have no dependance upon our consuls, and that we have nowhere any levies. Our recruiting officers dare not shew their faces, as well on account of Cæsar's being near them, as of our general appearing nowhere, and making no efforts. No body has even enlisted, but this is not owing to want of attachment to the cause, but to the desperate state of our affairs.

Our friend Pompey¹ is now a contemptible thing, below all idea of wretchedness, without spirit, without resolution, without interest, and without industry. I shall not dwell on his dishonourable flight from Rome, his abject application to the towns of Italy, his ignorance, not only of his antagonist's strength, but of his own. But how can you reconcile to common sense what I am going to tell you? On the 7th of

¹ Our author has his cold and warm fits towards this great man, and he becomes, by turns, his admiration and his contempt. It is, however, but doing Cicero justice to distinguish between the person and the character of Pompey. All the littleness he here mentions might be true as to his person, but still as he acted in the character of his country's general, our author's attachment to him is very justifiable and very reconcileable to the duty of a wise and an honest great man.

of February, the tribune Caius Cassius came to Capua, with Pompey's orders to the consuls to return to Rome, which they were immediately to leave, after carrying off the money which was in the sacred treasury¹. Return to Rome!—Under whose protection? Return from Rome?—How shall they obtain leave? One of the consuls wrote back word to Pompey, that he should first make himself master of Picenum. But

¹ There was somewhat extremely absurd in Pompey's conduct in leaving this treasure to Cæsar's mercy at Rome. It had been long collecting in the temple of Saturn, and was not to be employed but upon the last exigencies of the state, such as an invasion of the Gauls. This treasure had three sources, the first was the plunder of the conquered nations, the second was the twentieth penny which was paid *ad valorem* for every slave that was manumitted, and the third was the ordinary revenues of the public. Though Pompey, as I have observed before, was too apt to refine upon his conduct, and generally used a crooked path when a strait one lay before him, yet he seems to have succeeded beyond his expectation in his measure of abandoning Rome, which strikes our author with such amazement. For it awakened the public to a sense of its own danger, and the Romans were struck with horror, which brought them into action, when they saw the first man of their country hunted from place to place. His refinement, however, of leaving behind him his sacred treasure was not so happy. It is plain, that, either he thought Cæsar would not touch it, or if he did, that the detestation of the public would do him more prejudice than the treasure would do him service. But this was reasoning very weakly, as the event showed, and as Pompey found too late; for Cæsar, had by this time actually seized the money, and did more than Pompey himself intended to do.

But all Picenum was by this time lost without our receiving any information of its loss, but by a letter which Dolabella sent to me.

I expect every moment to hear that Cæsar is in Apulia, and Pompey embarked. I am very doubtful what course to pursue. I could be in no such perplexity, but for their shameful conduct; nor indeed was I consulted in any one measure. I will, however, act as becomes my character. Cæsar himself advises me to set about an accommodation, but his letters were written before he had made his rapid progress: I am informed by Dolabella and Cælius, that I am greatly in his favour. My inability to determine is a torment to me. I beg you will give me all the assistance you can by your advice, without neglecting, so far as you are able, to mind my affairs at Rome. I have nothing farther to write amidst this general consternation. I am impatient to hear from you.

EPISTLE XXII.

CÆSAR is now master of all Italy. I know nothing of Pompey, but I believe his retreat will be cut off unless he has already embarked. How incredibly rapid have been the movements of Cæsar! How dilatory those of our friend! But I am averse to reflect upon the man whose condition grieves and torments me. You have

some reason to apprehend a proscription and a massacre, not that these are necessary to forward the conquests or establish the power of Cæsar; but I can perceive by whose counsels he is directed.¹ Let us hope, however, for the best.

I am of opinion that I must abandon these towns. I am at a loss what to do. Do you act as shall appear best to you for my interest. You may talk with Philotimus, and my wife will be at Rome by the 13th. But how am I to proceed? Through what seas, through what lands am I to follow a man, without knowing where he is? By land how can I overtake him, and how can I reach him by sea? Shall I then surrender myself to Cæsar? Supposing, as many assure me, I could do it with safety, can I do it with honour? By no means. What then am I to resolve upon? I fly, as usual, to you for advice. My difficulties

¹ Our author's judgment of measures seems all along to have been much more just than his judgment of men. Hereasons very accurately, and his conjectures are generally verified; but his characters are neither true nor consistent, as we have observed on various occasions. Nothing could be more distant from the truth than what he hints of Cæsar, who the least of all mankind was susceptible of any sanguinary influence, and in public matters always judged for himself. It is true, he sometimes made use of very bad men under him; but they were generally such as could do his business, nor did he ever suffer them to be guilty of any excesses, and even his favourite Antony sometimes severely felt the effects of his displeasure for his extravagance.

ties are inextricable. But still I beg you will let me know whatever suggests to you, and what you are resolved upon yourself.

EPISTLE XXIII.

THE evening of the 9th of February, Philotimus informed me by a letter, that Domitius was at the head of a strong army, which had been joined by the battalions from Picenum, under the conduct of Lentulus and Thermus; that Cæsar was apprehensive his communication would be cut off, which was very practicable to be effected; that the patriot party at Rome had recovered their spirits, and that the rebels were, in a manner, thunderstruck. Though I am afraid this good news is little better than visionary; yet this letter from Philotimus has brought to life Manius Lepidus, Lucius Torquatus, and the tribune, Caius Cassius, who are with me at Formiæ. For my own part, I am afraid they are not so well founded as the accounts of our being almost surrounded by the enemy, and that Pompey is retiring from Italy. We have received the mortifying news that Cæsar is in pursuit of him. Cæsar in pursuit of Pompey!—What! To put him to death! And shall we not all join to hazard our lives in his defence? This reflection I know,

I know, causes you likewise, to sigh. But what shall we do? We are vanquished and undone; in short we must, yield at discretion.

Meanwhile, upon the strength of Philotimus's letter, I have altered my resolution which I mentioned to you of sending the ladies back to Rome. I reflected that it would occasion a great deal of talk, as if, finding the ruin of our country to be unavoidable, I had sent off the women beforehand, by way of preparation for my own return to Rome. With regard to myself, I am of your opinion, not to hazard a wandering perilous flight, which could do no service to my country, and none to Pompey, for whom it would be my pride, as it is my duty, to die¹. I will therefore remain, even though I should be forced to live.

You ask me what are we doing. I tell you that we have lost all Capua, that there is an end of our levies, that our affairs are desperate, and that we are all upon the point of flight, unless a junction of Pompey's troops, with those of Domitius, should take place. But in a day or two we shall come to a certainty as to these matters. I have sent you, at your request, a copy of Cæsar's letter; I have received many intimations from different hands, that he is extremely desirous of obliging me. I shall not decline his favours, provided they are not inconsistent with the patriot conduct I have hitherto observed.

¹ Orig. *Pro quo emori cum pie possum, tum libenter.*

EPISTLE XXIV.

IT is true, my spirits were not much raised by the letter I received from Philotimus, but it gave great joy to every body else in the neighbourhood. But behold, next day, Cassius received a letter from his friend Lucretius at Capua, with an account that Nigidius had been sent to Capua by Domitius, and gave out that Vibillus, with a few soldiers was making the best of his way through Picenum to join Pompey; that Caesar was at his heels, and that Domitius was not three thousand strong. He adds, that the consuls had abandoned Capua. I make no doubt that Pompey is flying, and I wish he may escape. I think with you that I ought not to join in his flight.

EPISTLE XXV.

CEPHALIO arrived here, and put into my hand a letter from you, which in your manner was written rather to comfort, than to fortify me, just after I had sent off to you the melancholy, but I am afraid too well grounded accounts sent by Lucretius from Capua to Cassius. It is the last thing

thing in the world I should believe, that (as all of you write from Rome) Pompey is at the head of an army. The reports here are very different, and the reverse of what I wish. How afflicting is the thought that the man¹ who has always succeeded in the worst, should now fall into the best of causes. How shall we account for this, but that he was skilled in the low and easily acquired arts of cunning and dishonesty, but possessed not those great abilities which are necessary to steer aright the helm of government². But in a little while I shall know the event; I will then lose no time in writing to you.

EPISTLE

¹ Meaning Pompey, to whom he pays no great compliment. The truth is, Pompey had not so narrow a genius as our author generally represents him. He was certainly formed by experience, if not by nature, to be a great man and no other Roman had so great an art in balancing parties as he had. His ambition reached no farther than being the first man in a well regulated commonwealth; and though his power was perhaps a little unconstitutional, yet he did not so much court it, as it was forced upon him by the necessity of the times, nor did he ever flagrantly abuse it. Perhaps he sometimes contributed to that necessity; but notwithstanding that, our author's censure of him here is certainly too severe, if it implies that he was never concerned in any other than dirty practices.

² The original here is very perplexed. I read it *Nisi, illud eum scisse; neque enim erat difficile: hoc nescisse*. This sentiment, as I have translated it, is a very fine and a very true one. *Scire* here signifies that kind of knowledge which rises from experience and practice, and Pompey was a stranger to the arts of command during a civil war.

EPISTLE XXVI.

I CANNOT say the same thing happens to me, as you imply happens to you in your expression "As oft as I have a gleam of hope." At present however, I cannot say, that the hope, which as you say, dawns on you, shines upon me. My spirits begin to rise in consequence of the letter which came from Rome concerning Domitius and the Picentine battalions. For these two days every one has put on a more cheerful aspect, and no longer thinks of flying as was intended. Cæsar's menacing¹ Manifesto is despised. In short, our reports concerning Domitius give us comfort, those concerning Afranius, courage.

I take it very kind that you, in so friendly a manner, advise me to declare myself, as little as possible, for either party. "But above all, add you, take care not to seem to be biassed in favour

¹ In the original here is inserted a line of Ennius, as is thought, translated from Euripides,

Si te secundo lumine hic offendero, Sub. cras moriere.

Euripides seems to have put it in the mouth of Creon, threatening to kill Medea, if he found her at Corinth two days longer. Here it expresses the effect which Cæsar's menaces produced on the minds of the public.

vour of the rebels." It is possible that I may be thought to be so. I refused taking upon me any command in a civil war, while an accommodation was on foot. Not but such a war would have been warrantable; but I had smarted before for being concerned in a measure much more warrantable. The truth is, I was unwilling to have for my enemy, a man to whom the greatest man of our party offered a second consulate with a triumph, "for his most glorious actions," to make use of the offerer's own remarkable expression. I know the man, and I know my own reasons for fearing him, if there should be an accommodation; but if war should take place, I will do my duty to my country.

My wife has written to you concerning the twenty thousand serteces. I did not choose to trouble Dionysius while I thought I should be obliged to be in motion. As to what you write of his profound regard for me, I have returned no answer to it, because I was every day expecting to come to some fixed resolution. I am now of opinion that our boys will pass the winter at Formiæ; I know not whether I shall do the same, for in case of a war I am resolved to be with Pompey. I will take care to acquaint you with every thing I can depend upon. I am of opinion that a foul and bloody conflict will be
the

the event; unless indeed it be averted by a sudden inroad of the Parthians, which, as you must be aware, will either separate or reconcile the contending armies.

CICERO'S

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK VIII.

EPISTLE I.

AFTER sending off my letter to you, I received one from Pompey, upon the subject of what has been done in Picenum, (according to his intelligence from Vibullius) and the levies of Domitius, with which you are acquainted. His hopes were not however so sanguine in his letters, as those of Philotimus were in his. I should have sent you a copy of the ¹ letter itself, were not my brother's
slave

Orig. Ipsam tibi epistolam misissem. But he certainly means no more than a copy of Pompey's letter, since the hurry the slave was in, could be no reason, why he could not send him the original.

VOL. II.

L

slave in a hurry to depart; but I will send it to you to-morrow. Pompey, however, towards the close of his letter, writes thus with his own hand. "In my opinion you ought to come to Luceria; you can be no where in greater safety." Now, from this expression, I conclude, that he gives up the towns, and the sea-coast here, for lost; nor am I at all surprised that the man, who has abandoned the head should likewise sacrifice the members, of the empire. I immediately sent him in answer an express by one of my attendants, that I gave myself no concern, where I could be with safety, and that if I could serve either him, or my country, I would instantly repair to Luceria; but I admonished him, if he expected supplies of provisions from the provinces, that he should secure the sea-coast. I perceive my advice is to no purpose; but as I then declared my opinion for his keeping possession of Rome, so I declare it now for his not leaving Italy. By all appearances, he intends to make Luceria the general rendezvous of his forces; not that he is resolved to make good that post, but that he may the more readily escape, if he should be pursued by Cæsar.

You are, therefore, to be the less surprised at my backwardness in embracing a party, which never paid the smallest regard to the means, either of negotiation or conquest; but have ever kept their eye upon those of a shameful, ruinous retreat.

retreat. But it seems I must follow; that I may take my chance, whatever it may be, with men of worth, rather than seem to abandon them. And yet, I can perceive, that the city, already filled with men of wealth and fashion, will be crowded when they leave these municipal towns. I should be of their number, were I not encumbered with my troublesome Lictors; for I never shall be ashamed of the company of Manius Lepidus, L. Volcatius, and Servius Sulpicius; for I believe every one of them to be as wise as Domitius, and as determined as Appius.

Pompey is the only person who influences me on this occasion, and that not upon the principle of regard but of gratitude. For what regard is owing to a man who, loved Cæsar, when all others dreaded him; and, when he began to dread him, thought that the rest of mankind ought to go to war with him. I will go, however, to Luceria, though, I believe, I shall be no very welcome guest there to Pompey; for never can I make it a secret, that I am extremely disgusted with the conduct of the party. Could I sleep, I would not harass you with such long letters: But should you be similarly disposed, I give you leave to pay me in the like coin.

EPISTLE VIII.

THE reports you have written me, the matters, which you have heard, but have disbelieved, because they were incompatible with my attachments, your own sentiments upon what occurs are all welcome to me. My first letter to Cæsar was from Capua, and was an answer to that which he sent me concerning his gladiators. It was short but civil; and so far from reproaching, it highly commended, Pompey; for I could not write otherwise, consistently with my wish to effect an accommodation between them. If Cæsar has parted with a copy of mine, I wish it may become as public as possible. I wrote my next letter to him this very day; and I could not avoid doing it, as both he and Balbus had written to me. I have sent you a copy of mine, and I believe you will be displeased with nothing that is in it. If you are, point it out to me, that I may know how to avoid the like for the future. Perhaps you will tell me, I ought not to have written at all: but would that have stopt the mouth of calumny and caprice? Well, I will do all I can to please you.

You desire me to call to mind what I have done, what I have said, and likewise what I have written. This, I am sensible, is the effect
of

of your kind, your friendly concern; but it is plain, that your judgment is very different from my opinion of the conduct, which upon this occasion, it becomes me to pursue. For my own part, I know of no leader or general, in any country, who ever acted more disgracefully than our friend has done. Sorry I am, that in abandoning Rome, he abandoned his country, though to fall in our country, and for our country, is of all deaths the most glorious. You seem to me to be insensible of the danger and distresses of our situation. For, at present, you are even enjoying yourself at home. But believe me, you hold it only during the will and pleasure of the most profligate of mankind.—Is it possible to figure to ourselves scenes of greater distress, of greater wretchedness, than this, to see us, like vagabonds and beggars, wandering about with our wives and children; our hopes reduced to the precarious life of one man, who, year after year, is brought by sickness to the gates of death; ourselves, not driven, but deluded, out of our country, which we have abandoned, not that it might be preserved for our return, but that it may be plundered and burnt in our absence. Many of us have forsaken their seats, their gardens in the vicinity of Rome, and even Rome herself; and those, who have not already adopted this measure, will soon be compelled to do it. We are driven to Luceria, even from Capua,
and

and we are now likewise giving up the sea-coast. We are impatient for the arrival of Afranius and Petreius, for the credit of Labienus has fallen very low¹. "Others, you will tell me, say the same of you, and for the same reason."

Of myself I shall say nothing; let others before they censure me, view the dangers of my situation. You keep at home, and all of you are good patriots. What boast at one time did you all make? But who of you now appears against this rebellion, for I can call it by no other name? Vibullius² has made a glorious campaign as you may learn by the letter from Pompey. I will mark the passages most worthy of your observation. You will there see what the sentiments of Vibullius himself are concerning our friend Pompey.

And what means this declamation? I tell you, my friend, I could die with pleasure for Pompey, nor is there a man in the world whom I more regard. But, at the same time, I cannot be

¹ It is no new thing in history, to find a man of great use and authority in one party, of very little importance when he has left it. This happened to be the case of Labienus, and our author very finely applies his case to his own. I cannot here help, once for all, observing, that notwithstanding all the fine things Cicero says, at this critical juncture upon patriotism, public spirit, and the like, he is very much shaken by his own danger, and Cæsar's civilities.

² This is an irony. He was sent by Pompey to repossess Picenum, but found it wholly in Cæsar's hands.

be brought to think, that the salvation of my country depends solely upon his person. You write me, (somewhat inconsistently with your former sentiments,) that if he would leave Italy, I ought to do the same. This is a step that could do no service to my country; it might be of prejudice to my children, and above all it is dishonourable in itself. *But will you then be able to look upon an usurper?* I answer, there is little difference between looking upon his person and hearing his actions. In proof of this I refer you to the example of Socrates, who never abandoned the city, though the government of his country was usurped by thirty tyrants. I have likewise another weighty reason¹ for not leaving Italy, and I wish I had an opportunity to impart it to you in person.

I write this letter by the same lamp at which I burnt yours on the 17th of February, being about to set out from Formiæ to Pompey. Should there be a treaty, I shall have a principal hand in it. But if there should be war, I know not what will be my fate.

EPISTLE

¹ This probably was on account of his wife's bad management of his private affairs, which he very much complained of.

EPISTLE III.

HARASSED as I am with various distresses, I fly to your advice by writing, because I cannot consult you in person. The whole point is this. I suspect Pompey is to leave Italy, and if he should, what would you counsel me to do? That I may assist you in the opinion you shall form, I will lay before you, in a few words, the arguments on both sides, that suggested themselves in my own mind.

Pompey's services to me in my distress, and his friendship to me since, have been very great; his cause is that of my country, so that I ought to embrace his party, and to follow his fortune. Besides, should he leave Italy without me, I must then abandon the company of our best and most illustrious citizens, and become subject to one man. This man indeed gives me many intimations of his friendship, which you know I had made the proper dispositions beforehand to secure, foreseeing the storm that was to happen. Now, upon the whole, we are to consider how far Cæsar is to be trusted in his professions; and, supposing them to be sincere, whether it is consistent with the character of a brave man and a worthy patriot, to live in a city dependent on the will of another, after having, in that very city,

been vested with the highest honours and commands, managed her most important concerns, and borne the most illustrious of all offices, that of the priesthood. Must not he, in that case, expose himself to danger, perhaps to infamy, should Pompey again recover his importance in the government? So much on the one side, now for the other.

Our friend Pompey's conduct has hitherto been in all respects, imprudent, cowardly, and, let me add, the reverse of my public opinion and private advice. I shall not here touch upon his former misconduct in patronizing, strengthening, and arming Cæsar, against the government of his country, in moving for passing laws by force, and against the auspices; in joining the Transalpine Gaul to Cæsar's government, and taking Cæsar's daughter in marriage; in acting as augur upon the adoption of Publius Clodius; in being more zealous to repeal, than to prevent the sentence of my banishment; in continuing the term of his government; in assisting him in all his measures, during his absence; and the struggle he made, even in his third consulship, when he had begun to espouse the cause of the constitution, that the ten tribunes should bring in a resolution to dispense with Cæsar's standing for the consulship in his absence (which resolution he afterwards strengthened by a proviso of his own,) and lastly, in opposing, on the 1st of March, the consul

consul Marcus Marcellus, who moved that the time of Cæsar's government should be limited.

But not to insist upon these matters, could any thing be more scandalous, more precipitate, than his last retreat, or rather, his cowardly flight from Rome. What terms of accommodation would not have been more eligible than the abandoning of his country? The terms were disgraceful, I grant you, but not so disgraceful as such cowardice. "But, say you, he may yet recover the constitution." Let me ask you, when? What steps has he taken for that purpose? Has he not lost all Picenum? Has he not thereby cleared the way for Cæsar to Rome? Has he not delivered over to our enemy both the public and private properties of the people? In short, Rome has now no party, no force; she has no place where her friends, who are willing to defend her, can dare to assemble. As to Apulia, which is now their rendezvous, it is the worst provided part of all Italy, and at the greatest distance from the burden and pressure of the war; and our desperate conduct makes it evident, that our main view is to fly, and to have an opportunity of escaping by sea.

It was with reluctance I undertook that commission to Capua, not because I was desirous to decline it, but because it was to no purpose. But I could see no declared, sincere, concern for their country, in any of our public bodies, nor,
in

in reality, amongst private persons. Our patriots had, indeed, some heavy, sluggish apprehensions as usual, and as I had foreseen, while the fickle populace discovered a manifest bias to Cæsar, and most of them were fond of a revolution. I have declared to Pompey himself, that I would undertake nothing without troops and money. I therefore, did not interfere, because I saw from the very beginning, that his sole intention was to secure his escape. Now, should I be willing to follow him in his flight, how can I do it? I cannot go along with Pompey; for, when I set out to join him, I understood, that Cæsar was in those quarters, so that I could not come with any safety to Luceria. I must undertake a voyage in the dead of winter, upon the Tuscan sea, without knowing how to steer my course. Should I, think you, take my brother along with me, or leave him behind me? Shall I carry my son; if not, where can I leave him? Both are attended with the greatest difficulty, and occasion me much anxiety. Meanwhile, in my absence, how will Cæsar vent his fury on all that belongs to me with more bitterness than upon others, because, he may, perhaps, think he will please the populace by oppressing me!

Let us now consider, how inconvenient it is for me to carry out of Italy these fetters, I mean, my triumphal badges. What place of safety can I find, even supposing my voyage to be favourable,
until

until I join with Pompey? But how, or where I am to do that, I know not. Now, supposing I should remain here, and that I should be at liberty in Italy, my condition will then be the same as was that of Philip, of Lucius Flaccus, and Quintius Mucius, under the tyranny of Cinna, however fatally it ended for the latter. But, foreseeing what happened, he said, that he preferred death rather than to march with arms against the walls of his country. The conduct of Thrasybulus was different, and perhaps, more virtuous. But Mucius acted, as well as Thrasybulus, upon a rational determined principle; and it may be as necessary to comply with the times, as not to lose an opportunity when it presents.

But supposing me to comply, there occurs the following inconveniency from my badges. I shall suppose, but only for arguments sake, that Cæsar will be my friend; if so, he will offer me a triumph. In that case, I must expose myself either to danger from him, or to resentment from our patriots. You must allow me, that this is a painful and inextricable situation, and yet I must determine upon some measure. But upon what? You are not, however, to imagine, that my inclination leads me to stay in Italy, because I have said so much in defence of that measure. In debates of this kind, it very often happens, that where the most words are employed, there is, on
that

that side, the least justice. I would therefore, ask your advice from a most disinterested dispassionate view, upon this important head. I have a vessel, in readiness, both at Cajetæ, and at Brundusium.

But while I am writing this at Calenum, a courier arrives with letters, that Cæsar is marching towards Corfinium, where Domitius is with a strong army, which is eager to be in action. I cannot imagine that our general would leave Domitius behind him, though he has sent Scipio on before him to Brundusium, with two battalions, and though he has sent his orders in writing to the two consuls, that one of them should go over to Sicily at the head of the legion raised by Faustus. But after all, it would be dishonourable to abandon Domitius, who calls upon him for assistance and relief. I have some faint hopes, though others are positive, that there has been an engagement on the Pirenæans, between Afranius and Trebonius, to the disadvantage of the latter, and that even your friend Fabius has come over to us with his battalions; but above all, that Afranius is advancing hither with a strong reinforcement. If those accounts should be true, we may perhaps still remain in Italy.

For my own part, as it was uncertain whether Cæsar would take the rout of Capua, or of Luceria, I have sent Lepta with a letter to Pompey, and for fear of falling into the enemy's hands, I
am

am returned to Formiæ. I think it proper to send you this intelligence, which I write with a heart more at ease than it was, when I began this letter, yet without obtruding upon you my own judgment, but inviting yours.

EPISTLE IV.

DIONYSIUS, who is rather your friend than mine, is a man whose dispositions, though I was sufficiently acquainted with him, yet I was willing to be guided by your judgment, rather than my own; this man, I say, without fearing to contradict the high character you had often bestowed upon him to me, has looked down with contempt upon the state to which he thought I was fallen. I will, however, apply all the means that fall within human foresight, to direct the movements of my fortune by the conduct of reason. Was there a mark of honour, or regard, that I omitted towards that despicable man? This I did to such a degree, that I chose my brother Quintius, and my numerous acquaintance, should call my judgment of mankind in question, rather than suffer him to pass without my distinguishing approbation; and I preferred to assist him in teaching my son and my nephew, rather than procure them any other tutor. Good God! What letters did

did I send him; how full of respect and affection! Indeed, had you read them, you would have thought I was inviting a Dicæarchus, or an Aristoxenus, and not a man, of all others, the most talkative, and the least fit to be a tutor. He has, however, a good memory, but he shall say that I have a better. Yet, he answered those letters in a strain that I would not have made use of towards any man, whose cause I had refused to undertake. For my excuse in such cases, always was, "If I can; if I am not prevented by some other indispensable business." Never in my life did I give so peremptory a denial to a person undergoing prosecution, however mean, however despicable, however guilty, however inimical, as he gave to me; for he gave me without the smallest ceremony, a flat denial. Never did I know a man guilty of so much ingratitude, a vice which implies all other vices. But I have said too much about him.

I have a ship in readiness. I am, however, impatient for your letters in answer to my doubts and difficulties. I hear, that Atticus of Peligni, opened the gates of Sulmo, though he had five battalions in the place, to Antony. You know, that Quintus Lucretius is fled from this place; that Pompey is marching to Brundisium after abandoning us. Our hopes are at an end.

EPISTLE V.

MY last letter was written before daybreak, upon the 22d, and in the evening of the same day. Dionysius, induced I suppose, by his respect for you, for I can put no other construction upon it, paid me a visit. Although he usually repents of any unadvised step he makes, he never in his life acted more consistently than he has done upon this occasion. For, I heard since I wrote to you, that he had not gone three miles, before he goaded¹ me, like a mad bull, with reproaches, which must all return upon himself.—But (see how forgiving I am) I had put into your packet a letter for him, which I desire you will send back to me, and I dispatch Pollux, one of my footmen, for that express purpose. I write you this letter at the same time, to beg you will send it back to my hand, if you have received it, without suffering it to be delivered to Dionysius. Had there been any thing new, I would have written it. I am anxious about the event of the Corfinian business, which will be critical to our country

¹ Orig. Πῶς πολλά ματη κραισσει ἐς τὴν θύρην. Who the author of this verse is, remains uncertain. Literally rendered, it runs thus: *Furious he vainly tosses the dust with his horns in the air.*—E.

country. I beg you will take care that the packet directed to Manius Curius, may be duly delivered; and that you will recommend Tyro to him, requesting in my name to supply him with what money he may require for his charges.

EPISTLE VI.

AFTER making up my last packet, which I finished in the evening, and which I was to send off, as I did, before daybreak, the prætor Caius Sosius, came to my neighbour Lepidus, to whom he had been questor at Formiæ, with the following copy of a letter from Pompey to one of the consuls.

“I received a letter from L. Domitius on the 17th of February, of which I enclose you a copy. Now, though I had not written to you, I know you are sensible, how important it is for our country, that as soon as possible, there should be a general muster, at one place, of all our forces. Therefore, if you please, you will make all possible dispatch to join me, and leave at Capua, such a garrison as you shall judge sufficient.”

He then annexes a copy of a letter from Domitius, which I sent you two days ago. Immortal gods! how my blood runs cold with anxiety for

for the event! I feel, however, a great confidence in the mighty name of our great general¹, and in the terror which his approach will strike into the enemy. I am even glad, as I have suffered nothing from his measures, that I have not altered mine.

I just now learn that your ague has left you; I feel most assuredly in your recovery, the same lively pleasure, which I should have experienced in my own. Tell Pilia from me, that it is improper for her to preserve her complaint any longer, and unsuitable to the sympathy that subsists between you. I understand that my secretary Tyro is also recovered. But, I perceive he has borrowed money from others, and not from Curius, on whom I gave him credit for what he should want. I hope this is owing to the modesty of Tyro, and not to the unkindness of Curius.

EPISTLE VII.

THERE remains but one measure to complete the sum of Pompey's disgrace, I mean, his not succouring Domitius. I am, it is true, almost single in thinking that he will not. Will Pompey,

¹ This with the following passages are miserably defaced in the original, and I have translated it from conjecture only.

pey, then, when he is at the head of thirty battalions, abandon such a Roman, and the noblemen, who, you know, serve under him? If I am not entirely mistaken he will. His consternation is incredible, and he thinks of nothing but flying.

I know you think, that I ought to attend him. Alas! I know the man I ought to fly; but not the man I ought to follow. You mention with applause a saying of mine, which you think ought to be recorded, that I would rather choose to be vanquished with Pompey, than to conquer with Cæsar. I am still of the same mind. But it was with Pompey, such as he then was, and such as I took him to be, but not with this Pompey, who fled before he knew where, or whom, he was flying; who betrayed our interests, who has abandoned our country, and is now about to abandon Italy. If that was my choice, I have had it, for I am already vanquished. In short, I cannot bear to see things I never apprehended, nor, indeed, can I behold with patience, the man by whose means I am robbed, not only of the comforts of life, but of myself.

I have written to Philotinus, concerning my travelling charges, that he should receive the money for them, either at the mint, or from your guests, the Oppii, for there is no getting money where it is owing. I shall afterwards lay before you whatever may be proper for you to know.

EPISTLE IX.

DISGRACEFUL, and therefore miserable, measure! for I am of opinion, that what is disgraceful is the last, nay the only, character of misery. —He¹ augmented the power of Cæsar; of a sudden, he begins to fear him; he discourages all advances for an accommodation; he neglects all preparation for war; he abandons the city; his misconduct loses Picenum; he pins himself up in Apulia, he prepares to withdraw into Greece; he abandons us without even taking his leave of us, or giving us any intimation of such important, such unusual measures. Behold a letter is unexpectedly delivered him from Domitius, and another from him to the consuls. You would then have thought him impressed with all that was honourable, and he appeared to exclaim in a language becoming his character, "Let my enemies assail me with all their strength and all their machinations; honour is on my side, and I will abide by the event²." Of these honourable

¹ Meaning Pompey.

² Orig. Πρὸς τὸν οὐρανὸν, καὶ τὴν γῆν, καὶ τὰς ἀστέρας, καὶ πάντας τοὺς αἰῶνες.
Τὰ γὰρ ἐν μένῳ.

These verses, with little variation, are taken from Aristophanes.

nourable sentiments notwithstanding, he soon takes his leave, and marches for Brundisium. We are informed, that when Domitius, and those under his command, heard of this step, they surrendered themselves. A catastrophe so deplorable, that my sorrow interrupts my writing.—I expect to hear from you.

EPISTLE IX.

I AM by no means uneasy at the information you give me, that my letter¹ has been made public. I myself parted with a great many copies of it. Past events, and our impending situation, make me desirous to bear my public testimony for the terms on which I wish an accommodation.

While I was doing all I could to bring a man, and a man too of Cæsar's character, into the same sentiments, could I take a more ready way to influence him than by insisting upon it, that what I proposed was a measure the most becoming his wisdom? Granting I might give it the epithet of "Admirable," it must be considered

¹ Meaning his letter to Cæsar, which the reader will find after the eleventh letter of the ninth book. I have not altered the usual arrangement of these letters, but this one is evidently misplaced, and in a regular order it ought to have been preceded by our author's letter to Cæsar here referred to.

sidered, that I was speaking to serve my country; in such a cause I can disregard the reproach of servility; in such a cause, with pride could I throw myself at the feet of Cæsar. As to the expression, "Allow me some time;" that is not applicable to the accommodation, but to my own person, to induce him to have some regard to what becomes my character. As to my assuring him that I was against all violent measures; besides the notoriety of the thing, it was proper for me to write in that manner, that my private sentiments might have the greater weight with him; and for the same purpose I added, that I thought he had the better cause. But to what purpose is all this? I wish to heaven that the letter had taken effect.

I even consent that this letter should be read before an assembly of the people, since Pompey himself, in one of his letters to Cæsar, which he published, characterized his achievements as the most glorious that ever were performed; more glorious than those of Pompey himself, than those of Scipio Africanus. This was but using a language, which the exigencies of the time required. Even your friend and you, firm patriots as you are, proposed to meet Cæsar five miles out of town. From whence then is Cæsar coming? What is he doing? What is he about to do? What spirit, what resolution will it give him in pursuing his designs, when he shall see
you,

you, and others of your high quality, crouding to welcome his approach, with joy, not only upon your tongues, but in your countenances? Am I then in the wrong? I do not say that you are¹. But the truth is, every criterion is now confounded, by which it is possible to distinguish what is sincere from what is disguised. Nay, let me appeal to the resolutions of the senate. But this is going farther than I intended. The last of this month I design to be at Arpinum, and then I will saunter round my little villas, with a design to bid them an eternal adieu.

I approve greatly of your measures, which are at once generous² and prudent, considering the times. As to Lepidus, who takes it very kind of me, that I generally spent the day with him, he was always against our leaving Italy, and Tullus was much more so. For the letters which Lepidus addresses to others, are often shewn to me; but I pay no regard to their sentiments. They have made to the republic fewer sacrifices
than

¹ I have translated this somewhat different from Monsieur Mongault, as I think my construction is more natural, there being no occasion for introducing an apostrophe, rising either from the words or the sense.

² This probably was the beginning of another letter, and ought to have the precedence of what is before, as it seems to have been written at that time, when both Pompey and Cæsar were on their march to Brundisium, and the preceding part not till after Cæsar's return from thence.

than I have. But your advice, has, indeed, made a strong impresssion upon me, as it presents me with the means of retrieving all that is past, and improving all that is present.

But think, my friend, what can be more wretched, than for one leader to acquire applause in the vilest, while the other incurs reproaches in the best, of causes; for the one to be esteemed as the preserver of his enemies, the other as a deserter from his friends. Though Pompey shall ever receive from me the tribute of sincere affection, as justly due to him, yet I will acknowledge, that his desertion of his illustrious friends, has, with me, forfeited every claim to praise. What could be more scandalous, if he was afraid, or what more cruel, if he believed, as many think he did, that their blood would prove the strongest cement to his interest? But no more of this subject, reflection upon it gives me pain.

On the evening of the 24th, the younger Balbus called on me in his way to Lentulus the consul, to whom he brought secret dispatches from Cæsar, by the cross road to me, with great haste, and with the promise of a province, if he would return to Rome; but all, I believe, will be to no purpose, without a meeting on both sides. Balbus told me, at the same time, that Cæsar wished for nothing more than to overtake Pompey, and to regain his friendship. The former I readily believe, but cannot help discrediting the latter; and

and I am afraid, that he has shown all this clemency to make the dreadful blow the more secure. It is true, the elder Balbus writes to me, that Cæsar's highest ambition is to give Pompey the preeminence, and to live with him in peace. You may, perhaps, believe this.

Pompey might have left Brundisium by the date of this letter, which is the 25th of February, for he had marched with great expedition, having left his legions at Luceria. This man is a frightful prodigy of vigilance, dispatch, and application. Where all this will end, I am utterly ignorant.

EPISTLE X.

WHEN contrary to my expectation, Dionysius came to wait upon me, I gave him my sentiments with great freedom. I laid before him the necessity of the times, entreating him to tell me what he had resolved upon; and told him, that I desired nothing of him against his inclination. His answer was, that he was quite a stranger to the state of his own affairs; that some people did not pay him, and that the notes of others to him were not yet due; and he spoke somewhat concerning some slaves he has, as a reason why he could not attend me. I acknowledged the justice

tice of these reasons; and parted with him, not with pleasure, as he is the tutor of our boys, but not with reluctance, as he is an ungrateful man. I was willing you should know my opinion of his behaviour.

EPISTLE XI.

You imagine that my mind is much agitated. I am, indeed, distressed, but not so much as you may suppose. There is an end of care, when our resolution is fixed, or when our concern is unavailing. We have still freedom enough to lament, and lamentation consumes all my days, and that without effect, to the reproach, I am afraid, of my studies and learning. I therefore, waste the time in dwelling upon the idea of that man, whom you allow, I have drawn so happily in my writings. Are you quite master of the character of that patriot, in whom should be vested the highest powers of the state? For if I remember right, Scipio thus speaks in the 5th book, "As a happy voyage is the purpose of the pilot, health of the physician, and victory of the general, so the purpose of a chief magistrate ought to be the happiness of his countrymen, that their power may be well founded, their interests

"interests extensive, their renown noble, and their courage virtuous. Such is the office, the best, the most glorious of all human offices, that I allot for my patriot prince.

Never did our friend Pompey, and on this occasion less than ever, think upon this character. Both are rivals in power, but not for making this a flourishing and virtuous government. Pompey did not abandon Rome, because it was untenable, nor Italy, because he was driven out of it; but his original design was, to move earth and sea, to rouse barbarous monarchs, to introduce the troops of savage nations into Italy, and to levy numerous armies. He wishes to renew the tyranny of Sylla, and in this wish many concur with him. Do you imagine, that these two rivals can come to no accommodation? That they can enter upon no agreement? They may, but now or never is the time; though neither of them has our happiness ultimately in view, for that is inconsistent with the interests of both. Thus I comply with your desire in giving my opinion on the afflicted state of the republic. And this, I deliver, my friend, not like the prophecy of Cassandra, when none believed, but as probabilities, which, though calamitous, are likely to be realized. A ruin hangs over us equal to the destruction of Troy; and another Iliad will be requisite to describe

scribe it¹. They who are gone beyond sea, are, I assure you, in a much better situation than we who stay behind. They have only Cæsar to dread, but we both Cæsar and Pompey. Then, you will say, why did not you follow them? I have three answers to this; compliance with your advice, my not meeting with Pompey, and the rectitude of the measure. I tell you again, that by next summer, you will see the bosom of our wretched country trampled under feet, you will see it sinking under the oppression of the vilest slaves. No, I do not so much apprehend a proscription, with which we were so often threatened at Luceria² as an universal massacre. So great, I foresee, will be the conflict of the contending parties. This is my opinion. You, I suppose, imagined I should send you some comfort. No, that is all over; our situation is wretched, desperate, and shameful beyond description.

You

¹ It is not practicable to give a tolerable translation of the original in this place without deviating considerably from the letter of it. I subjoin the author's own words, of which the above version only exhibits the general spirit. Προθεσπίζω, igitur, noster Attice, non ariolans, ut illa cui nemo credidit, sed conjectura prospiciens, *Jamque mari magno.* Non multo inquam, secus possum vaticinari: tanta malorum impendet. *Ross.—E.*

² Pompey often declared that he would consider all the Romans who did not join him, as so many traitors to their country, and Cæsar, that he would consider all who remained neutral, as friends to himself.

You ask me concerning the contents of Cæsar's letters to me. The purport of them is the same with what he has often repeated. He expresses his satisfaction that I take no active part with Pompey, and begs me to continue in the same disposition. The commission given to Balbus was much to the same purpose, but his chief errand was to carry Cæsar's letters to the consul Lentulus, with mighty promises, if he would return to Rome. I calculate, however, that Lentulus must have set sail before Balbus could reach him.

I think it proper you should be acquainted with two cold letters, which Pompey wrote to me, and the very particular manner in which I wrote to him. I therefore enclose you copies of the whole correspondence. I am impatient to know the consequences of Cæsar's hasty march through Apulia, towards Brundisium, and wish it may terminate, like the inroads of the Parthians, in a repulse. I will write to you, as soon as I know any thing for certain. I desire you will let me know the sentiments of our patriots, who are said to swarm at Rome. I know that you do not appear in public, yet for all that, you must have a great deal of intelligence. Now that I think of it, you have received a treatise from Demetrius Magnes, concerning public unanimity. I know it was sent to you, and I beg you will let me have it.

You

You understand what is the subject of my present studies.

THE LETTERS ENCLOSED FROM CICERO TO
ATTICUS, ARE AS FOLLOW.

*Cnæus the Great, Proconsul to Marcus Cicero,
Commander in Chief.*

ON the 29th of January, I learned from Quintus Fabius, who came to me, that Lucius Domitius was marching to join me with eleven cohorts of his own, and fourteen cohorts, which were brought him by Vibullius; that he intended to march from Corfinium on the 14th of February, and that he was to be followed by five cohorts under Caius Hirrus. My opinion is, that you should meet me at Luceria; for there, I think, you will be in the greatest safety.

*Marcus Cicero, Commander in Chief, to Cnæus the
Great, Proconsul.*

ON the 15th of February I received your letter at Formiæ, by which I learned that what had happened in Picenum, was much more to our advantage, than what we were made to believe, and it is with pleasure that I give you joy of the courage and conduct of Vibullius.

Hitherto, I have always had a ship in readiness upon the coast where I command. I thought this precaution necessary, because, by what I heard, and what I feared, it was proper to follow you in whatever course you determined to pursue. At present, as your authority and wisdom have inspired me with fuller confidence, I will remain where I am, if you think Tarracina and its coast can be defended; but the towns at present are without garrisons. For there is in the neighbourhood, none of our order besides Marcus Eppius¹ whom I had stationed at Minturnæ, a vigilant active person. For Lucius Torquatus, a brave and a wise man, is not now with us at Formiæ. He has, I suppose, joined you.

I actually came to Capua that very day you wished for, I mean that on which you left Teanum Sidicinum², for you had a strong desire that I should take upon me the management of affairs there, with the proprætor Marcus Considius³. When I came thither I saw that Titus Ampius was active in recruiting, and that Libo received from him his new levies, and was at great pains to serve

¹ He was probably the same senator whom Cæsar pardoned, after his victory over Scipio in Africa.

² This town lay in Campania, and is called to this day, Teano.

³ He was named to succeed Cæsar in his government of the Cisalpine Gauls.

serve him with all the interest he had in that colony. I remained at Capua as long as the consuls did, and by their orders, I returned to Capua on the 5th of February, where I staid for three days, before I returned to Formiæ.

I am ignorant of the measures which you have determined, and of the manner in which you intend to conduct the war. If you think this coast tenable, as I believe it to be, as it is both convenient and honourable, and contains many illustrious Romans, some person must necessarily be appointed to command it. But if all our forces are to be collected into one point, I will join you, without farther delay, with the greatest pleasure; and, I think, I told you so much the day on which we left Rome together. Should any imagine me too tardy on this occasion, it would give me no concern so long as you are not of that opinion. Meanwhile, if, as I expect, war will be unavoidable, I hope to give you and all others full satisfaction. I have employed Marcus Tullius¹, who lives with me, to be the bearer of this, and, if you please, you may return by him your answer to me.

Cnæus

¹ He was so active an enemy to Cæsar, that he was called the trumpeter of the civil war notwithstanding which, Cæsar generously pardoned him.

Cnæus the Great, Proconsul to Cicero Commander in Chief.

YOUR letter gave me pleasure, and I hope that this will find you in good health; for I perceive you still retain your former virtue, even at this juncture so critical to our country. The consuls have repaired to the army, which I had in Apulia. I conjure you in the most earnest manner, by your constant, your matchless, zeal for our country, to repair to me, that, by our joint counsels, we may administer some relief, and assistance to our languishing government. My advice is, that you come by the Appian road, and make what speed you can to Brundisium.

Marcus Cicero, Commander in Chief, to Cnæus the Great, Proconsul.

WHEN I dispatched that letter, which you received at Canusium¹, I had no suspicion, that the public service was to carry you beyond sea; and I was in great hopes that Italy was the most proper country, either for effecting an accommodation, which, in my opinion was the most desirable

¹ This town lay upon the confines of Apulia.

ble measure, or for defending our country with the greatest glory. Meanwhile, before you could have received my letter, perceiving from the order which you charge Decius Lælius¹, to communicate to the consuls, what your resolution was, I did not think proper to wait for your answer, and I instantly set out with my brother Quintus, and the children to meet you in Apulia. When I came to Teanum Sidicinum, I understood from your friend Caius Messius², and many others, that Cæsar was marching towards Capua, and that he would lay that very night at Esernia³. This, I own, disconcerted me a good deal, foreseeing, if this intelligence were true, that my journey not only must be stopt, but that I must fall into his hands should I advance farther. I therefore went to Calvi to reside there, till I could learn some certainty from Esernia, concerning his motions.

While I remained at Calvi, I saw a copy of the letter you wrote to the Consul Lentulus. I thereby learned that you received a letter (a copy of which you subjoined) from Lucius Domitius, dated the 17th of February, and you wrote that it was of the utmost public importance, that all your troops should rendezvous, as soon as possible,

¹ He afterwards commanded a fleet upon the coast of Asia.

² He is mentioned, vol. i. p. 274.

³ This town lay in the country of the Samnites, near the source of the river Volturno.

sible, at one place; leaving a sufficient garrison at Capua. On reading those letters I fell in with the general opinion, that you were to march to Corfinium with all your forces; to which place I thought I could not safely repair, as Cæsar was encamped before that town.

While we were greatly at a loss how to proceed, we heard at once, and at the same time, both what had happened at Corfinium, and of your marching to Brundisium, and when both I and my brother were resolved to go to Brundisium, we were cautioned by those who came from Samnium and Apulia, to take care lest we should be intercepted by Cæsar, who was upon his march for the very same places to which we were bound, and who would reach them much sooner than we possibly could. Matters being thus situated, neither I, nor my brother, nor any of our friends chose, through rashness, to endanger either ourselves or the public cause, especially as we knew, for certain, that, supposing the road to be quite open, we could not come up with you. Meanwhile we received your letter from Canusium, dated the 20th of February, requiring me to make the best of my way to Brundisium. As I did not receive this letter till the 27th, we concluded that you were before that time at Brundisium, and consequently that our communication with that place, was entirely cut off, and that we were as much prisoners as they who went to Corfinium; for we did not think that a

state of captivity is confined to the condition of those who are actually in the hands of armed enemies, but that it extends to those who are in the heart of a country, surrounded by the garrisons and the posts of an enemy, and thereby prevented from the possibility of escape.

This being our case, my chief wish was, that I had always been in your company. A wish which I intimated to you when I declined the command of Capua, which I did not to avoid trouble, but because I was sensible that that city was not tenable without an army. Now I was unwilling to undergo the fate, which I am sorry has happened to some of our bravest countrymen. However, as I had not the good fortune to be with you, I wish I had known your resolution. For I could have no manner of suspicion, and it would have been the last thing I could have thought of, that the cause of our country could not have been maintained in Italy under your command. In this I do not reproach your conduct, but I bewail the fate of our government; neither do I think your conduct to be the less admirably wise, because I am unacquainted with its motives.

I have always been of opinion, and I believe you may remember it, that we ought first to have attempted an accommodation, even on disadvantageous terms; and next to use all means for the security of the city. Of your intention to withdraw
into

into Italy you never gave me the least intimation. But as I was not vain enough to think that my opinion ought to have prevailed, I followed yours, and that not for the sake of our country, of which I despaired, which now lies in ruins, and which cannot be raised again without a most destructive civil war. But I was attached to you; I desired to be with you, nor shall I omit any opportunity, if any presents, for that purpose.

During this emergency, I obviously perceived that I gave great offence to men who delight in blood. For my open profession, and first wish was peace, not but that I apprehended the same consequences from it, as they did, but still I thought that those were preferable to a civil war. After this, when hostilities commenced, and when you had answered punctually and honourably the terms of accommodation that were offered to you, I took a review of my own conduct, which, honoured as I was by your partiality for me, I thought I could easily justify to you; I recollected that I was the only person whose signal services to our country, had exposed him to a melancholy and cruel punishment; that I was the only person who must again be exposed to the like conflicts, should I exasperate the man to whom, even when we were in arms against him, a second consulship and the most glorious triumph were offered. Thus the profligate citizens appear to have always hoped

to

to find in me a commodious subject of the popular fury.

No sooner did I apprehend this danger than it was openly announced to me; nor was I so fearful of encountering these difficulties, if encounter them I must, as I was anxious to avoid them, if I could avoid them with honour.

You now see the plan of my conduct during our short prospect of peace. Since then our situation has put it out of my power to engage in active service. To those whom I disgust, I have a ready answer, that I never was a greater friend to Caius Cæsar than they are, nor are they better friends to their country than I am. The difference between them and me is, that as they are sincere patriots, and as I have some pretensions to that character, I was for embracing the terms to which I understood you inclined, but they chose to appeal to the sword. As their sentiments have prevailed, believe me, my conduct shall be such, that my heart shall never be wanting to my country as a patriot, nor to you as a friend.

EPISTLE XII.

THE humour in my eyes incommodes me now more than ever. Yet I chose to dictate this letter, rather than not entrust our very good friend
Gallius

Gallius Fabius with a letter for you. It is true, I wrote, the day before, in the best manner I could, the prophetic letter which I earnestly wish may not be verified. But I write this letter, not only because I am resolved not to omit a day without writing to you, but for a much better reason, that I may prevail with you to take a few moments, (and I know it will not cost you more) for laying before me your undisguised sentiments, so that I may fully understand your plan of conduct.

I am as yet under no engagements to either party. I have hitherto taken no steps but what are, not only plausible, but prudent. I cannot surely be blamed for declining the command of Capua in its defenceless condition, because I wished to avoid not only the tardiness of the new forces, but the suspicion of treachery. Neither was I to be blamed, after an accommodation was proposed by L. Cæsar and Fabatus, for not exasperating the man, to whom, after the commencement of mutual hostilities, Pompey offered the consulship and a triumph. Nor is even the last part of my conduct in not abandoning my country justly reprehensible. For though it was a measure that required consideration, yet it was out of my power to pursue it. I could not have supposed that Pompey designed to pass the sea, especially as by his own letters, you, as well as I, made no doubt of his marching to relieve Domitius.

mitius. Upon the whole, I frankly own, that I wanted farther time for considering the conduct that was most honourable in itself, and most prudent in me, to follow.

In the first place then, though you have slightly given me your sentiments, yet I require them more fully upon these matters. In the next place, I desire that you would look a little forward, and form to yourself some idea of what is most becoming for me to do; where or how I can do most service to my country; whether the pacific disposition of a mediator may still be availing, or whether all hopes rest only in the abilities of a warrior. For my own part, my duty is my only standard of conduct; but yet well do I remember your counsels, and had I followed them I should have escaped the embarrassment of these times. I remember, and I remember often with anguish of spirit for neglecting the advices you gave me by Theophanes and Culeo. Well then, let us turn back to the pages we then overlooked, let us adopt salutary as well as honourable measures. But I leave you to your own thoughts, which I desire you to write me very particularly.

I beg likewise that you will inform yourself, and I know you have the proper agents, what my friend Lentulus, what Domitius are doing, or about to do; whether they blame, whether they are angry, and reproach a certain person; — I mean,

mean, whether they reproach Pompey, who lays the whole blame of the miscarriage upon Domitius, as you may perceive by his letters of which I send you copies: These are the particulars I recommend to your care; send me the treatise of Demetrius Magnes upon unanimity, of which he made a present to you.

Cnaeus the Great, Proconsul, to M. Marcellus and Lucius Lentulus, Consuls, wisheth Prosperity.

BEING persuaded, that while we remained scattered, we could neither serve our country nor defend ourselves, I wrote to L. Domitius, that he should make all haste to join me with his whole force; and if he had any apprehensions with regard to himself, that he should send me the nineteen cohorts, which were upon their march, to join me from Picenum. It happened, as I dreaded, that Domitius was surrounded, without having with him forces sufficient for a regular encampment; my nineteen cohorts, and his own twelve, being quartered in three different towns, for he had quartered some of them at Alba, and some at Sulmo; nor, indeed, could he escape should he attempt it. This event you may easily imagine fills me with the greatest alarm. At the same time, that I earnestly desire

desire to deliver so many illustrious Romans from the danger of being besieged, it is impossible for me to relieve them; because I judge it unsafe to march the two legions I command here into those quarters; and of these two legions, I can bring together no more than fourteen cohorts, having thrown a garrison into Brundisium, and taken care of Canusium, which I did not think proper to leave without a sufficient force to defend it.

As I was in hopes that our army would grow stronger, I charged Lælius, with a request, if you thought proper, that one of you should repair to me, and that the other should go to Sicily with the troops you have raised at Capua, or in its neighbourhood, and with the levies of Faustus; and that Domitius, should join them with his twelve cohorts; that the rest of the troops should assemble at Brundisium, and conveyed in transports from thence to Dyrrachium. Now, as things are circumstanced, I am no more able than you are to relieve Domitius, who cannot escape by the Mountains. We are to take care, that the enemy shall neither come up with those fourteen wavering cohorts, nor overtake me in my march. I therefore think proper, and I am joined in sentiments by Marcellus, and the other noblemen of our rank in this place, to march the troops I command here to Brundisium. I therefore request you, to make all possible dispatch to
join

join me there, with as many troops as you can get together. My opinion is, that you give to the troops you have with you, the arms you proposed to send to me, and if any remain, it will be advisable to send them in waggons to Brundisium. I beg, that you will give our friends advice concerning the matter. I have sent you to require the prætors P. Lupus and C. Coponius to join me, and to resign to you the command of their forces.

Cneus the Great, Proconsul, to Domitius, Proconsul, wisheth Prosperity.

I AM surprised at my not hearing from you, and that all my public intelligence comes through other hands than yours. With forces so disunited as ours are, it is impossible for us to be a match for our enemies; but were they united, I am in hopes we may yet be the means of saving our country, and our own persons. Therefore, as Vibullius wrote me, on the 9th of February, that you was about to march from Corfinium to join me with your army, I cannot comprehend why you have altered your resolution. The reason Vibullius intimated to me, namely, that you had intelligence of Cæsar's march from Firmum to the castle of Truentum, was by no means satisfactory

factory. For the quicker the enemy's advances towards you were, your dispatch ought to have been the greater to join me, before Cæsar could have the means of either obstructing your march, or of cutting off my communication with you. I therefore, in the most earnest manner, repeat to you my former orders, to take the very first opportunity of marching to Luceria, before the troops, which Cæsar proposes to draw together, can intercept our communication with one another. Should any endeavour to persuade you to remain as a guard to their properties, you cannot in justice refuse to send me the cohorts which came from Picenum and Camerinum, and which have left behind them all their fortunes.

*Cnæus the Great, Proconsul, to Domitius, Proconsul,
wisheth Prosperity.*

M. CALENIUS brought me a letter from you the 16th of February, informing me, that you intended to observe Cæsar's motions; and should he direct his march to me by sea, that you would speedily join me in Samnium; but should he tarry in this neighbourhood, that you would resolutely oppose him, in case he should attempt to extend his quarters. I am sensible this resolution proceeds from your courage and magnanimity; but
we

we must be upon our guard, lest our being divided may give the enemy a superiority, as his army, which is already strong, is hourly increasing. It is inconsistent with your wisdom, to have an eye only to the number of cohorts, which Cæsar at present commands against you, without reflecting upon the great force both of cavalry and infantry, which he will in a very short time assemble. The letter I received from Bursenius, is an evidence of this fact; for he tells me, and his intelligence is confirmed by my other correspondents, that Curio has drawn all the garrisons out of Umbria and Tuscany, and is marching at their head to join Cæsar. Now, should all those troops join, so that part should be detached towards Alba, and part of them de-file towards you, the consequence will be, that you will not be able to attack, and the enemy, in order to succeed, need only to act on the defensive; neither can you singly, in the face of such forces, send out parties to maintain or to forage your army. I therefore, again, earnestly conjure you, speedily to march all your troops to this place. The consuls have come to the same resolution.

I ordered Metuscilius to acquaint you, how necessary it was for me to take care, that the two legions should not, without the Picentine battalions, come in sight of Cæsar's quarters. You are, therefore, to give yourself no concern, if
you

you shall hear, that I retreat, upon Cæsar's advancing against me. I must take care not to be surrounded; for, both the season of the year, and the disposition of my soldiers, render it impracticable for me to form a regular encampment; nor would it be advisable for me to draw all our garrisons from the fortified places, lest I should be cut off from all retreat. I have, therefore, assembled no more than fourteen cohorts at Luceria. The consuls are either to join me with the troops they have drawn from the fortified towns, or they are to go to Sicily. For we must either have an army strong enough to force our way through the enemy, or we must take possession of such passes as they cannot force. Now, neither of these expedients is practicable for us at this juncture, both because Cæsar is master of great part of Italy, and because our army is neither so well provided, nor so numerous as his. We are therefore to be the more cautious of exposing our country. I again and again conjure you instantly to join me with all your troops. We may yet restore the government, if we act in concert with another; but by being dissipated, we shall become weak; such are my sentiments.

P. S. When I had finished this letter, Sica delivered to me your letter and commission, exhorting me to march towards Corfinium. But that, I think, is what I cannot venture to do, especially

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as I put no great trust in the fidelity of the legions I command¹.

Cnæus the Great, Proconsul, to Domitius, Proconsul, wisheth Prosperity.

YOUR letter of February 17th came to my hand, informing me of Cæsar's having encamped before Corfinium. I foresaw, and forewarned you of what has happened; that as things now stand, he would not venture to fight you, and that he would draw together all his force, to surround you, and to obstruct the communication between you and me, and to prevent your joining the well affected troops you command, with my suspected legions¹. Your letter alarms me the more, because I cannot stake the whole fortune of our country upon the loyalty of the troops that serve under me, nor am I yet joined by those the consuls have levied. I therefore recommend it to you, to do all you can, if it is now possible, to disengage yourself, and immediately to join me before the enemy's junction can be completed: for our new recruits cannot march time enough to this rendezvous, and though they were already come up,

¹ These were the two legions we have already taken notice of, which Pompey obliged Cæsar to part with under pretence of serving against the Parthians.

up, you are sensible how little dependence there is upon raw men who are strangers to one another, against veteran legions¹.

EPISTLE XIII.

THE assistance of my amanuensis, and the shortness of this letter sufficiently intimate, that the deflux of my eyes still continues; and yet, indeed, I have, at present, nothing material to write you. All my hopes rest upon the accounts from Brundisium. If Cæsar has had an interview with our friend Pompey, I shall still entertain faint hopes of an accommodation; but if the latter has passed the sea without seeing him, I am apprehensive of a most destructive war. Are you not now sensible, what a discerning, what a vigilant, what a resolute leader the commonwealth has to contend with. Indeed, if he were to abstain from massacre and rapine, he would become the favourite

¹ If we are to form a judgment of Pompey's conduct by what our author writes of him to Atticus, he must have been a very bad as well as a dastardly soldier. But in fact, he was neither. If he had not so great a genius as Cæsar had, he shewed himself to have a true judgment in the mechanical part of war. The reasons which he gives in this letter for his conduct, are undoubtedly very solid, and must have been admitted to be so by our author, had he not been unreasonably prepossessed against Pompey's person.

favourite of those who dreaded him most. I have had a great deal of talk with the townsmen, and a great deal with the country gentlemen in these quarters; and take my word for it, they have no concern but about their lands, their farms, and their money. You see to what a pass things are reduced. They fear the man they trusted; they love the man they feared. It is with anguish, that I recollect the miscarriages and misconduct that have brought us to this. Thus have I given you my sentiments upon what we are to expect; and I am now impatient for your answer.

EPISTLE XIV.

THE letters I daily send you are, doubtless, irksome to you, as they give you no fresh matter of information, and as I have now no new sources of reflection. But it would be ridiculous in me to send you couriers with blank letters, finding, after all the pains I take for information, that I have no subject to write upon. Now I cannot bring myself to omit the opportunity, offered by my own servants going to Rome, without sending you a letter. And let me tell you, I find some ease amidst my trouble, in conversing, as it were, with you; and much more in reading

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your letters. The truth is, ever since all this hurry and consternation began, we have not had a period so destitute, as this is, of all matter for writing; both because there is nothing new at Rome, nor here, though we are two or three days journies nearer Brundisium than you are. As to Brundisium, the success of these first operations will depend upon the blow that is to be struck there. I am tortured with anxiety about the event; but we shall have more early intelligence than you.

For, I perceive, that Pompey set out from Canusium the morning, and Cæsar from Corfinium the afternoon, of the same day; that is, on the anniversary of the Feralia¹. But Cæsar marches with such rapidity, and quickens the movements of his soldiers with such bounties, that I am afraid he will reach Brundisium sooner than we could wish. Then, you will say, to what purpose should you anticipate uneasiness about an event, that you must be certainly informed of in three

¹ This was a feast in honour of the infernal gods, or the Dii Manes, and in our author's time, it was celebrated on the 21st of February. It seems to have obtained so universally amongst the ancients, that the custom of carrying dishes of victuals to the graves of dead friends, (from which custom the feast took its name) continued in the times of christianity; and I am not sure, that it is, even at this time, quite abolished in some parts of Christendom.

three days? Why, that is true; but as I have already said, I love to converse with you.

You must know, at the same time, that I am now wavering in the resolution which I thought had been entirely fixt. The precedents which you approve of, have not weight enough to determine me. Shew me a bold action performed by any one of the men you quote for their country hitherto; and how are we to look for any glorious resolution from them hereafter? Nor, indeed, do I think those men are to be mentioned with applause, who, in order to carry on the war, have crossed the sea, though, it is true, Cæsar's proceedings are intolerable. For, I foresee, what a dreadful, what a pernicious war this will prove. But there is one man who influences me, the man whom it becomes me to attend in his flight, or to join in his attempts to retrieve the constitution. What say you, will you never fix to one point? Indulge me my friend; I commune with you, as I do with my own heart, and is it not natural for every man in so critical a situation, to be irresolute and fluctuating? I am desirous at the same time to elicit your sentiments; if they are still the same, they will fix me; if they are changed, I will agree with you.

It is absolutely necessary for me, before I can come to a fixed resolution, to know what measures Domitius and our friend Lentulus will take. We have different accounts concerning Domitius.

Sometimes that he is at Tiburtum, the house of Lepidus¹, and that he is to set out with Lepidus from thence; but this too I perceive to be a false report. For Lepidus reports, that Domitius has retreated along bye-roads, though he is uncertain whether to conceal himself or to escape by sea. He knows nothing of the younger Domitius. To this he adds another grievous event, namely, that the elder Domitius had a considerable sum of money seized at Corfinium, which never was returned him². As to Lentulus, I hear nothing concerning him. I beg you would inquire after these matters, and write to me what you can learn.

EPISTLE XV.

ON the 3d of March, Egypta delivered to me copies³ of several letters from you. The first was dated the 26th of February, which you say, you gave to Pinarius, and which I have not seen. In

¹ The original here is irretrievable, so that I must supply it by conjecture.

² This seems not to have been true; for Cæsar himself assures us (in Bello Civili, Lib. i. cap. 22.) that he restored to Domitius all his money, though he knew it had been given him by Pompey, for paying his soldiers.

³ *Orig.* Epistolæ mihi tuas. They seem however only to have been copies.

In that you tell me, that you are impatient concerning the success of the commission with which Vibullius¹ is charged; but is certain, that Vibullius was not even seen by Cæsar, (I perceive, by your next letter, that you know this last circumstance to be true) and that you are impatient to know in what manner I shall receive Cæsar upon his return. I am, you must know, by all means, determined to avoid him. I think you are in the right in your resolution² to retire to your estate in Caonia, and to alter your sphere of life. You say, you are ignorant whether or not Domitius³ has declined his badges of authority. When you do, let me know.

So much for your first letter; your two next, which came to my hands, both of them dated the last of February, have quite unhinged my former resolution, which, as I wrote you before, was then wavering. I am not moved by your expression, *that Pompey is so enraged, as not to spare even*

¹ He was one of those who were taken prisoners at Corfinium, and, notwithstanding what Cicero says here, Cæsar certainly saw him (Vide Bell. Civ. Ibid.) and very probably charged him with such a commission as is here mentioned for Pompey.

² The original here is incorrigibly corrupted.

³ He was entitled to have lictors, and the badges of authority, by being named to be Cæsar's successor in the government of the Transalpine Gaul. If he dismissed that distinction, it was a sign that he approved of Cæsar's pretensions, and would have been an excellent excuse for our author to have done the same.

even Jupiter himself. For our danger is equal from the resentment of either party. Victory does not incline to the side of justice, but to Cæsar, whose superior promptitude commands success. Even the conduct of the consuls makes no impression upon me; for they are as easily moved as a leaf, or a feather. What I owe to myself and my country, is the consideration that gives me, and has given me, all my pangs. Caution clearly requires my remaining in Italy, but the voice of honour seems to call me to leave it; and I am sometimes inclined to prefer, that the many should reproach me for want of caution, than that the few should blame me for want of honour. As to what you inquire concerning Lepidus and Tullus, they have agreed without any hesitation, to be at Cæsar's devotion, and to assist in the senate.

Your last letter is dated the 1st of March, and in it you wish for an interview, and do not despair of an accommodation between Cæsar and Pompey. But, in my present way of thinking, I cannot believe that there will be any interview, or if there is, that Pompey will agree to any terms. You make no doubt that I can be at no loss, in what manner to determine myself, should the consuls abandon this country; that they will do this is beyond all doubt, and it is probable they are already gone. But you are to remember, that, excepting Appius, every great

officer

officer of the republic who attends him, has the right of leaving the country. For every one of them has either a command that authorizes him to do so, such as Pompey, Scipio, Setenas, Fannius, Voconius, Sestius, and the consuls themselves, (whose commissions, in the terms of our ancestors, allow them to visit any province in the empire,) or they are lieutenants to those who bear such commissions. But on this I will be silent; I understand your sentiments, and I am now at little or no loss concerning my own duty. This letter should be longer were I able to write with my own hand; but I am in hopes of recovering in a few days. I send you a copy of a letter from Balbus Cornelius, which I received the same day with yours, in which you will see how much I am to be pitied, when he thus presumes to insult my understanding¹.

*Balbus to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth
Prosperity.*

I CONJURE you, my dear friend, to undertake the important office so suitable to your talents and virtue, of reconciling Cæsar and Pompey, and, divided as they now are by the treachery of evil

¹ In endeavouring to make him believe, that Cæsar was well disposed to an accommodation with Pompey.

evil disposed persons, of uniting them in their former harmony and friendship. Cæsar, believe me, will not only submit to your decisions, but will even own himself indebted to you in the highest degree, if you will attempt this reconciliation. Had Pompey but the same disposition. —But it is rather my wish than my belief, that, at this juncture, he can be brought to any accommodation. But should he suspend his retreat, and recover from his consternation, I should then begin to hope that he would be greatly influenced by your counsels.

With your opinion, that the consul Lentulus ought to remain in Italy, Cæsar is well pleased; to me, I aver, it affords the highest pleasure. For my respect and affection for that consul equal those I feel for Cæsar himself. Had Lentulus indulged me in my usual familiarity with him, had he not again and again avoided conversation with me, I should, this hour, have been less unhappy than I am. For you are not to imagine that any thing gives me greater pain at this time, than to see the man I love beyond myself, a consul without the badges of that office. But should he incline to your admonitions, should he trust me concerning Cæsar's sentiments, should he pass the remaining time of his consulship in Rome, then should I begin to hope that the authority of the senate, your motions, and his mediation, might effect a reconciliation between Pompey and

and Cæsar. Were this to take place, I should no longer feel anxious to continue in life.

I know you will approve of Cæsar's behaviour¹ at Corfinium. Nothing surely could give him greater advantage upon such an occasion, than to prevent the smallest effusion of blood. I am extremely pleased to think that the visit of our common friend Balbus was so agreeable to you. I know that he will substantiate every thing he has said concerning Cæsar, and every thing that Cæsar has written, whatever may be the event.

EPISTLE XVI.

I HAVE now got every thing ready, excepting a secret, and a safe, passage to the Adriatic sea; for it is impossible for me, at this season of the year, to pass by the Tuscan. But, by what means shall I arrive at the place to which my wishes and my circumstances point? For my dispatch must be quick, lest some incident should distract and impede me. It is not Pompey, as is generally supposed, who influences me: he is a man whom, for a long time, I have judged to be void of all political,

¹ *Viz.* The unparalleled clemency with which he used his conquest.

political, and I judge him now to be no less void of all military accomplishments. It is not, I say, he who influences me, it is the public talk of which Philotimus informs me in his letters. For he tells me, that I am reprobated by the men of rank, who, indeed, have no claim to this longer distinction, as having flocked around Cæsar, and sold to him their lives and fortunes.

The municipal towns regard him as a divine being, but without the insincerity they shewed, when they offered up public prayers for Pompey's recovery. But as much merit has been made of the mischief, which the second Pisistratus has not done, as if he had prevented its being committed by another. People hope from the clemency of Cæsar; they fear from the wrath of Pompey. What concourse from the towns to meet Cæsar! What honours they pay him! They fear him, you tell me. I believe they do, but not, indeed, so much as they do Pompey. They are charmed with the insidious clemency of the one, and daunted by the implacable resentment of the other. I, every day, see some one or other of the eight hundred and fifty judges¹, who were devoted to our friend Pompey, and

¹ These judges had been named by Pompey. Three hundred of them were of the senatorial order, and the rest were knights, or commissioners of the treasury.

and who are terrified by some fulminating edicts at Luceria, of which I have no knowledge¹.

Let me therefore ask you, who these men of quality are who are for forcing me away, and yet can remain quiet in their own homes? But, whoever they are, I am afraid of public censure.² Yet I am sensible what I am to hope from those to whom I am going, and that I am about to join a man who bids fairer to plunder than to conquer Italy. What then do I look for? On the 2d of March I look for some news from Brundisium. But what kind of news? The shameful manner in which Pompey has fled from thence, and the progress and marches of his conqueror. When I shall hear any thing certain, if Cæsar should come by the Appian road, I will retire to Arpinum.

CICERO'S

¹ He publicly declared that he would hold all neutral persons to be traitors to their country.

² *Orig. αἰδοῦμαι Τρώας. I fear the Trojans.* Cicero here intimates, that the censure of the aristocratic party, in the peace and security of their own houses, was as unreasonable as that which the Trojans, who were secured within the walls, would have passed upon Hector, had he, in compliance with the entreaties of his wife, declined any longer to exert himself in behalf of the city.—E.

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK IX.

EPISTLE I.

THOUGH, by the time this letter came to your hand, I imagine I may know what has past at Brundusium, (for Pompey went from Canusium the 2d of February, and I write this on the 7th of March, the fourteenth day after) yet I am tortured by impatience to know the event of every hour. I am surprised that I have not heard so much as a rumour from that place,— Surely this silence is very unaccountable. But perhaps I now torture myself to no purpose. But it cannot be long before the pains of suspense terminates.

There is another thing which gives me pain. I
can,

can, by no means, learn where our friend Lentulus, and where Domitius are. I want to know, that I may the more easily learn how they intend to proceed; whether they are to join Pompey; and if they are, which way, or when? At present I hear that the city is crowded with men of quality; and that Sosius and Lupus, whom our friend Pompey thought would be at Brundisium before himself, act upon the Prætorian bench at Rome¹. The people flock from this place to Rome, and even Manius Lepidus, with whom I used to spend the day, thinks of repairing thither to-morrow. As to myself, I shall, that I may be nearer the source of information, remain at Formiæ, and then I design to go to Arpinum, from thence to set out for the Adriatic by the most private road, having first quitted, or entirely dismissed, my Lictors. For I hear that a great many men of honour, who now serve their country, and who have often greatly served her before, are disgusted with my lingering here, and that they reflect with severity upon my conduct, especially when they sit down to their seasonable meals².

We

¹ This news appears to have been false.

² *Orig. Multaque in me, et severe in conviviis tempestivis quidam disputari.* The whole passage appears ironical. These worthy patriots censured his conduct, while they did their country no other service than talking of political measures over their feasts,

We will then go. To merit the character of Patriots, I will invade Italy by land and sea, and rekindle, against myself, the hatred of the wicked, which was before extinguished. In short, I will be guided by the counsels of Lucceius and Theophanes¹. For Scipio can excuse himself either by his appointment to go to Syria, or by the honourable plea of standing by his son-in-law, or by fear, for avoiding Cæsar. As to the Marcelli, they would have staid in Italy, but for the dread of Cæsar's arms. Appius is influenced by the same motive, and by some later causes of disgust he has given to Cæsar; and all the rest, himself, and Caius Cassius excepted, are lieutenants; Faustus is proquestor; and I was the only one who have the liberty of choice.

My brother will attend me, though it is hard that he should be the companion of my fortunes, as Cæsar will be more particularly incensed against him. But I cannot prevail with him to stay behind. Well, we will repay Pompey all that we owe him; for no consideration, but that of his person, influences me; not even the talk of

feasts, which came always in its season, without reflecting on the hardships of those, who without sufficient food and clothing were engaged in the actual services of war.—E.

¹ These were two great confidants of Pompey. The reading here is rather extraordinary, for our author puts Theophani as the genitive of Theophanes. Several instances of the like kind occur.

of those who are patriots only in name; nor the cause itself, the conduct of which is as marked with cowardice, as its end must be ruinous. Such is the sacrifice I make to Pompey, and to Pompey only, and that without solicitation, though he says that he fights, not for himself, but for his country. I am impatient to know whether you are determined to remove to Epirus.

EPISTLE II.

THOUGH I looked for a long letter from you, on the 7th of March, which, if I mistake not, is the day of your confinement, yet I write this in answer to the short line which you wrote me the 5th, some time before your fit. You tell me you are very well pleased at my remaining in Italy, and you continue still in your former sentiments. Now I understood, from your former letters, that you were positive as to my sailing, if Pompey should carry any considerable force out of Italy, and if the consuls should attend him. Can this be owing to your forgetfulness, to my misunderstanding, or to a change in your opinion? But I shall either know your real meaning, by the letter which I expect from you, or learn it by a subsequent one.

We have yet no news from Brundisium.

How

How difficult, how desperate, is my situation? How very minute you are in laying its particulars before me; but how vague in explaining your sentiments as to the conduct I ought to follow? You compliment me upon my not going along with Pompey, and yet you hold forth the disgrace of being present in the senate, where I could not, with decency, approve of any measures which shall be proposed against him. Then surely I must throw myself into the opposition. May heaven, say you, guide you. What then can be done if the one measure is attended with guilt, and the other with punishment. You will obtain, say you, from Cæsar, a liberty to be absent, and to live at your ease. Must I then petition him for such a liberty? How wretched! What if I should not obtain it.—

You will tell me likewise, that I shall thereby preserve my claims to a triumph. But, what if Cæsar should press me to accept of it. Shall I accept of it? That would be disgraceful. Shall I refuse it? He will then think that I have an aversion for all he does, more than he formerly did in the case of the twenty commissioners¹. In exculpating himself, he usually throws on me all the errors of those times, and tells me, that I had such an aversion to him, that I would not even

¹ See vol. i. p. 113.

even accept of a place of honour under him. But how much more will he now be exasperated as the honour of a triumph is more glorious, and he himself more powerful!

You tell me, that you make no doubt that I am out of all favour, with Pompey, at this time. I can see no reason for that, at least, if we consider circumstances. After he had lost Corfinium, he imparted to me his resolution; and will he blame me for not coming to Brundisium, though Cæsar lay between me and that town? In the next place, he is conscious that it very ill becomes him who is so much in the wrong to reproach others, and he knows that I saw farther, than he did, into the weak state of the municipal towns and the newly raised armies; that I was right in the advice I gave on the subjects of accommodation, the city, the public money, and gaining the possession of Picenum. But if, when I am at liberty, I should not attend him, then is his time for being my enemy. That, however, would give me no pain on account of what I might suffer. For what evil is it in his power to do me?

He can have no slavish fear of man, who stands not in fear of death¹.

But

¹ Orig. Τὸ δ' εἶναι δαλὸς, τὸ δ' ἀνὴρ ἀφροντὶς ὄν. This fine verse is preserved by Plutarch, and ascribed to Euripides. Virgil alludes to the same sentiment in the following words of Dido, *Quem timui moritura*.—E.

But the charge of ingratitude fills me with horror, I therefore hope that, as you write, he will gladly receive me, whenever I shall determine to join him.

You tell me, that you would be more cautious in giving me advice, if Cæsar should proceed with moderation. But how can he proceed otherwise than in a desperate manner? Think upon his life, his manners, his past conduct, his present proceedings, his associates, and how he will be exasperated by the power, and even by the inflexibility, of our patriots.

Scarcely had I read your letter, when Posthumus Curtius came to me, in great haste, on his way to Cæsar, with nothing on his tongue, but the victories of Cæsar by land and sea.—Cæsar has conquered Spain, he possesses Asia, Sicily, Africa, and Sardinia, and now he is pursuing his enemies into Greece.—If this is true, and should I follow Pompey, it would not be to assist him in fighting, but in flying. And indeed I cannot bear the talk of those—what shall I call them?—For surely they are not patriots, as they affect to be called. And yet I cannot help being curious to know what they say, and I beg you, in the most earnest manner, to learn what it is, and to inform me of it. As yet, I am an absolute stranger to what has happened at Brundisium. I shall be determined by that event, and

P 2

the

the circumstances of the time. But I will do nothing without consulting you.

EPISTLE III.

THE younger Domitius, on the 8th instant, went by this place to Formiæ, in haste, to see his mother at Naples; and, upon Dionysius, one of my slaves being importunate with him for news, he ordered him to acquaint me, that his father was at Rome. Now, I had intelligence that he was gone either to Pompey or to Spain. I wish I knew the truth of this. For it is of importance to my present difficulties, if Domitius is not yet gone, that Pompey should know that it is no easy matter for me to leave Italy, especially in the winter time, and, filled as it is, with Cæsar's armies and garrisons. For if the season were more favourable, I would pass over by the Tuscan sea, whereas now I can only go by the Adriatic, and my passage to it is shut up. You will therefore inform yourself both as to Domitius and Lentulus.

I have as yet no news from Brundisium, though this is the 9th of March, and by my calculation, either this day or yesterday, Cæsar arrived at Brundisium; for, on the 1st of this month, he lay at Arpi. If we are to believe
Posthumus,

Posthumus, he is gone in pursuit of Pompey, who he thinks, by all he can guess from the wind and the weather, is already sailed. I cannot think that Cæsar will be able to man his transport-vessels. Posthumus is confident he can, on account of Cæsar's great character of liberality amongst the seamen. But it is impossible I can be long ignorant of every thing, be what it will, that is past at Brundisium.

EPISTLE IV.

THOUGH I am relieved from pain, while I am writing to you, or reading your letters, yet all my subject is now exhausted, which I believe is the case with you likewise. As to writing on private familiar subjects, the times preclude it, and we have exhausted all that can be said upon public matters. But that I might not become the prey of indolence and ennui, I have taken in hands some topics of a political nature, but relating to the times, which may soften the bitterness of complaint, and at the same time contribute to my improvement. The topics I mean, I will propose to you in the form of queries.

Whether a man ought to continue in a country that has fallen under the power of a tyrant? Whether in such a case, the downfall of the tyranny is
not

to be attempted, even at the risk of the very being of the state? Whether it may not be proper to watch the ambition of the man, who overthrows an usurper? Whether it is not the duty of a citizen, when his country is oppressed, to assist her by his wisdom and address rather than by arms? Whether it is consistent with the character of a good patriot, to retire, and to be at his ease, while his country is enslaved? Whether any danger is too great to be hazarded for our country? Whether, when she is enslaved, we ought not to march in arms against her and even attack her walls? Whether the man who disapproves of resisting tyranny by arms, ought to be numbered in the list of patriots? Whether we ought not to risk all dangers for our country, in common with our benefactors and friends, though they be fundamentally wrong in their measures? Whether the man who has greatly served his country, and has thereby incurred the severest penalties and hatred, is bound in duty to offer her his services in her succeeding dangers? Whether it is lawful for him out of regard for himself and his family, to decline joining in the opposition made to usurpation.

Such are the subjects in which I exercise myself, disputing on both sides, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Latin, and thereby gradually weaning my mind from its uneasiness, by applying the whole to my present case. But I am afraid,

I shall

I shall become burdensome to you. For, if the bearer of this letter proceeds directly, you will receive it on the very day in which your fit returns.

EPISTLE V.

THE letter which you wrote me upon your birth-day, was full of sound wisdom, tempered with great affection and true prudence. I received it from Philotimus the day after he had it from you. The matters you touch upon are of the most difficult nature. To get to the Adriatic.—To sail on the Tuscan sea—My going to Arpinum—The danger of appearing to fly from Cæsar—Of throwing myself in his way, to compliment him, should I remain at Formiæ.—But the most wretched circumstance is, that I have lived to this sad day, in which I witness what I cannot help, the miseries that thicken every hour. Posthumus has been with me. I wrote to you before, what an air of importance he wore. Fusius likewise came to me, with strange looks, in high spirits, and in great haste to reach Brundisium, sometimes railing at Pompey's treason, and sometimes at the Senate's want of resolution and wisdom. If I cannot bear such insolence in my villa,

villa, can I bear it of Curtius¹ in the senate. But suppose I were to bear this with patience, what will be the event, when my sentiments are formally demanded in the senate? I shall not here speak of the cause of our country, which I think to be irretrievable, not more from her wounds, than the remedies that has been applied to them. But I ask you, how I am to conduct myself in respect to Pompey?

It signifies nothing for me to deny to you, that I am angry with him. For the causes of events always affect us more than the events themselves. When I reflect, or rather when I perceive, that those calamities (than which none can be greater) happened through his misconduct and obstinacy, I blame him more than I do Cæsar. Our ancestors held the day, on which the battle of Allia, was fought, to be more fatal than that on which their city was taken, because the one calamity was the necessary consequence of the other. For this reason, the one day is marked out in the calendar, though the other day is not so much as known to the public. Agreeable to this maxim, when I reflect upon his misconduct, for ten years, including the year in which my banishment happened, without his endeavouring to prevent it, when I reflect upon his misconduct, not to give it a harsher name; when I see his rashness,

his

¹ Curtius Posthumus was a kind of dependant upon Cicero.

his indolence, and his negligence, at this period. I cannot help giving vent to passion. But I have now got the better of all these reflections. I now look back only to the services he has done me, I look back to his dignity in the state. The letters, and the language of Balbus, prevented me from understanding so soon as I wish I had done, that Cæsar has nothing, that he had nothing, in view, even from the very beginning, but to destroy Pompey. You remember that Homer introduces Thetis, the mother of Achilles, as telling him,

*When Hector falls, thou dīst,—Let Hector die,
And let me fall, Achilles made reply.
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.*

In like manner, I ask you, how I am to behave towards a man who has been not only my friend but my benefactor, to a man of his rank, at the head of such a cause. For my own part, I am of opinion that such obligations ought to be recompensed only by life itself.

As to your pretended patriots I have no confidence in them; I no longer feel attached to their cause. I see they are going over to Cæsar, and will soon be devoted to his interest. Do you think that the acts of the municipal towns for public prayers, in behalf of Pompey's recovery, were more extraordinary than their congratula-
tions

tions for Cæsar's victory? This, you tell me, proceeds from fear; but they tell you, they were afraid of Pompey likewise. But let us see what has been done at Brundisium. That may, perhaps, give rise to my pursuing other measures, and writing more letters.

EPISTLE VI.

NOT a word as yet from Brundisium! Balbus writes me from Rome, that he is of opinion, the consul Lentulus had sailed before the younger Balbus could reach him; that he received this intelligence at Canusium, from whence his nephew wrote to him. He adds, that the six cohorts stationed at Alba, had gone over to Curius upon the Munician road; that he learned this by a letter from Cæsar, who, in a short time, was to be at Rome. I will take your advice in not removing to Arpinum at this trying period. And yet, as I intended to have given my son his manly robe at Arpinum, I might have left that as an excuse to Cæsar for my departure. But, perhaps, that very circumstance may give him offence; for why, did I not rather perform that ceremony at Rome? And yet, if meet him I must, I choose to meet him here. As to the place, the manner, and the time of meeting him, these I shall determine hereafter.

Domitius,

Domitius, I hear, has reached his house at Cosa, and is said to be in readiness to sail. If for Spain, I am against the voyage; if to join Pompey, I am for it. But let him go any where, rather than see Curtius. I who am his patron, cannot bear to see him; what then must be the case with others? But, I believe, I ought to be quiet, for fear of exposing my own miscarriages; since my love for Rome, that is, for my country, and my hopes of an accommodation were so strong, that by my conduct, I find myself actually enclosed and imprisoned.

Having written thus far, I received from Capua a letter in the following words, "Pompey has put to sea with all his troops, to the number of thirty thousand men, and is attended by the two consuls, the tribunes of the commons, and the senators who were along with him, with all their wives and children. He is said to have embarked the 4th of March¹, and the winds ever since have been northerly. It is reported he has broken up, or burnt all the ships he did not make use of. This intelligence came in a letter to Capua to the tribune Lucius Metellus, from his mother-in-law Clodia, who is likewise gone to sea."

Hitherto I was anxious and perplexed, and no wonder, considering my situation, because it was

¹ Pompey did not embark till the 15th.

was impossible for me, with all the address I had, to disengage myself. But now, that Pompey and the consuls have left Italy, my anguish rises to agony; my heart fails within me, and my brain turns round; I have not, believe me, the command of my feelings, so sensible am I of the disgrace which now shades my character. That I should not at first have followed Pompey, however, he might have been mistaken! That I should not have been amongst the friends of my country, however rashly they may have proceeded! Especially, as the very persons for whose sake I was so unwilling to trust myself to fortune, I mean my wife, my daughter, and my two boys, were for my joining him, and thought my conduct in not doing so, dishonourable and unworthy of myself. As to my brother, he always said, that he would be guided by my wishes, and submit to them with the most perfect resignation.

I now feel some comfort in reading over your letters from the beginning. In those which you first sent me, you admonish, and beg me not to throw myself away. In the succeeding letters, you express your joy for my having remained in Italy. During the moments in which I read them, but no longer, my sense of shame, in some degree, subsided, but my grief and the fear of disgrace, again overwhelm me. I conjure you, therefore, my dearest friend, pluck these sorrows from

from my soul, or at least, diminish them by your consolations, by your counsels, or by some other means. But I am too deeply entangled for you, for any man, and almost, for any divinity, to extricate me.

I will endeavour to follow your advice, (which you think practicable) to obtain of Cæsar, leave to be absent from the senate, when any measures against Pompey are in agitation. But I am afraid, I cannot obtain that indulgence. Furnius (that you may know what kind of men are to direct us) came from Cæsar, and he tells me, that the son of Quintus Titinius is with him, and that Cæsar is more profuse than I could wish him, in owning his obligations to me. But you will effectually learn from his own letter, which is but short, what he asks of me.

How unhappy it makes me, that you have been indisposed! Were we together, we surely should discover some means of extricating me. Two heads, you know, as the poet¹ says, are better than one.—But let us not review the scene, let us look forward. Hitherto I have been deceived in two circumstances. I flattered myself at first with the hopes of an accommodation, and if that had happened, I might then have retired to a private life, and passed my old age in quiet. In the

¹ This is only the general sense of a verse in Homer.—*Συντε δὲ ἐρχομένοι, καὶ τε προὐ τοῦ εὐνοῦεν.* Il. x. 224. *Of two men who join together, one aids the other in counsel.* Aristotle, in citing this verse, adds, *καὶ γὰρ ἰσηταὶ καὶ πλεονεχτεῖται.*—E.

the next place, I saw that Pompey was about to kindle a bloody, and a destructive war. I imagined, indeed, that a worthy patriot, and a good man, would submit to the most dreadful punishment, rather than be a director, or even a party, in such scenes of misery. I thought death was preferable to the company of such men. Find out, or rather, invent, my Atticus, some remedy of these evils. Nothing can happen so insupportable to me as is my present anguish of spirit.

Cæsar, Commander in Chief, to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

HAVING but just seen our friend Furnius, without being able conveniently to speak with him, as I was upon a hasty march, and as my legions were gone before; yet, I was unwilling to lose an opportunity of writing to you by him, and returning you my thanks, as I have often done before, and, so well, in my opinion, do you deserve from me, that I shall ever feel obliged to you. In the first place, as I am in hopes of being very soon at Rome, I beg that I may see you there, where I may be directed by your advice, interest, authority, and assistance in all things. I return to the object I am pursuing, and
I beg

I beg you will pardon the hurry and shortness of this letter. I refer you to Furnius for the rest.

EPISTLE VII.

I WROTE you a letter, which I delivered for you upon the 12th, but the person to whom I ordered it to be given, is not yet set out. The courier came with such speed, as to arrive on the very day that was mentioned by Sallus, and brought me your letters, which were so full of information, and which reanimated the little spirit yet remaining in me, with some degree of comfort; for I cannot say, that it has quite restored me, and yet you have made me the next thing to it. Believe me, I do not now flatter myself with any happy event, for I can foresee, while Pompey and Cæsar are alive, or even Pompey himself, that the constitution never can be re-established. I therefore, do not so much as dream of any ease to myself, for I calculate upon the worst. I am now under no apprehensions, but lest I may do, or may have done, something that is unworthy of me. You are therefore to be assured, that your letters have restored me to life. I do not only mean your long letters, which are at once so extremely particular and elegant, but even your
short

short ones, which gave me the very great pleasure to understand, that my conduct was approved of by Sextus; an intelligence, the more agreeable to me, as I am sensible, not only of his great affection to me, but of his being a thorough judge of what is right.

As to your longer letter, it not only relieved me, but my friends and family, from our uneasiness. I will therefore, follow your advice, and remain at Formiæ, lest too much notice should be taken of the meeting between Cæsar and me at Rome, and lest he should think, I purposely shun him, if I should see him in either of these places. As to the favour you desire me to ask of him, that I may act with regard to Pompey, in the same manner I did with regard to him, you may perceive by the letters from Balbus and Oppius, of which I send you copies, that I made that request some time ago. I likewise send you Cæsar's letter to them, which, considering the ardour of his ambition, is written with great coolness. But if Cæsar will not indulge me in this, you advise me publicly to declare myself a mediator for an accommodation. No danger shall deter me from that. For, surrounded as I am with dangers, act how I will, if comply I must, why should it not be in the manner that shall do me the most honour? But I am afraid lest this should gall Pompey. I am afraid

Lest

Lest he should shake his Gorgon Locks at me¹.

For you cannot believe how much our friend Pompey wishes to renew the domination of Sylla. I know what I say, and he never made a less secret of any thing in his life, than he does of this. If such, you will say, is his disposition, would you follow him? Believe me, my friend, I follow him for the kindnesses he has done me, not as he is the head of a party. I befriend him as I did Milo;

¹ Μη μοι γοργειν κεφαλην δεινοιο πελωρου. This is a very happy quotation from Odyss. xi. 33. For, as Pliny (Lib. viii. 12.) asserts, Pompey was a man of a stern and terrific aspect, though, from motives of popularity, softened with affected affability. Very similar to this is a very eloquent passage, in a speech of Mr. Burke. "How came Junius to have broke through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontroled and unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the court pursue him in vain. They will not spend their time on me or you; they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broke their toils, is before them. When I saw his attack upon the king, my blood ran cold; not that there was not in that composition many bold truths, by which a wise prince might profit: it was the rancour and venom with which I was struck. When I expected from his daring flight, his fall and final ruin, I behold him soaring higher, and coming souse upon both houses of parliament. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, Sir; king, lords, and commons, are the sport of his fury." Sir Fletcher Norton, the speaker, whom Mr. B. then addressed, was a man of a stern countenance.—E.

Milo; as I did¹,—But where have I got—Then, you will say, you disapprove of his factious principles. No, these are excellent. But, mark what I say, their proceedings have been most scandalous. They set out with a design to starve Rome and Italy, then to plunder and burn the country, and to seize the properties of monied men. But, as I am afraid of the same consequences from the other party, if I meet with no kindness there, I think it would be more eligible for me to suffer all extremities at home. But I conceive my obligations to Pompey to be so great, that I dare not stand the reflection of being ungrateful, and yet, what you urge even upon that head, has in it a great deal of force.

With regard to my triumph, I entirely agree with you, and I resign all thoughts of it with ease and pleasure. You rightly hint, that while I am acting in this manner towards Cæsar, the fine weather for sailing is insensibly approaching. But, you will say, that will only be, if Pompey is at the head of a sufficient army. His army, let me tell you, is greater than we looked for. You need be under no apprehensions for him; though
I promise

¹ Nothing renders these letters so agreeable to a reader, as passages of this kind. We here see the sentiments of our author, stript of all party and personal considerations. Who, after reading his pathetic oration for Milo, can think, that he knew him to be guilty, and that all the concern he took for his defence, was merely a matter of interest and party?

I promise you, if he should prevail, he will not leave in Italy one stone upon another. Then, you will ask, will you attend him in proceedings so inhuman? If I do, it is, most assuredly, against my own judgment, and against the full current of precedents from our ancestors. But I wish to be gone, not so much to assist Pompey, as to avoid being the witness of Cæsar's measures. For you are not to imagine that the fury of his party will either be tolerable or bounded. But you are sensible of all this, that when the laws, the courts of justice, and the authority of the senate, are ruined, neither the private nor the public revenues of the Romans, will be sufficient to supply the lusts, the presumption, the excesses, and the wants of so many needy persons.

Let me therefore be gone from hence, embark where I will. But even that shall be as you advise me. But I must go. We shall certainly receive what you wait for, I mean news from Brundisium. You tell me, that our best patriots approve of my conduct hitherto, and know that I have not left them; and this gives me joy, if there is yet any room left for joy. I will make the most strict inquiry concerning Lentulus; I have committed that charge to Philotimus, who is a man of courage, and a most furious patriot¹.

Now

¹ This is irony.

Now that I am finishing, it occurs to me, that you will perhaps be at a loss for farther subject upon which to write. For we can now write upon nothing but public affairs, and the subject is actually exhausted. But, as your invention is fruitful, and affection (I speak, indeed, from my own experience, and from the effects it has upon my own capacity) is communicative, go on in writing to me as oft as you can. I am somewhat piqued, as I should be no unpleasant companion to you, at your not inviting me to go with you to Epirus. But adieu, for the rest is as necessary to me, as walking and rubbing¹ is to you, and believe me, your letters have restored me to my natural rest.

Balbus and Oppius to Cicero, wish Prosperity.

MANKIND in general are apt to judge of the counsels, not only of humble persons, such as we are, but of those of the highest rank, according to events, rather than motives. Relying, however, on your sincerity, with regard to the business about which you wrote to us, we will give you what, in our opinion, is the soundest advice: it may not, perhaps, be the most prudent, but we can assure you it proceeds from honest

¹ This was one part of the regimen prescribed to Atticus.

nest sentiments and faithful hearts. Were we not perfectly well assured from Cæsar himself of his doing what we think he ought to do, by entering upon a treaty, as soon as he comes to Rome, for accommodating all matters between him and Pompey, we should not continue to press you to concern yourself in that negociation, which must be the less embarrassed, and proceed with the greater dignity, if the whole of it shall pass through your hands, who are a friend to both. On the other hand, as we have always earnestly dissuaded you from fighting against Cæsar, so we never would give our advice for your taking arms against the man, who has so highly obliged you, as Pompey has done, if we knew that Cæsar was determined to stand out, and to push the war against Pompey. But as for all that has happened, we write from opinion, rather than knowledge of Cæsar's intentions. All we can say is, that we cannot conceive how either your rank or your honour, which are so universally acknowledged, can permit you to take arms against either, as you are under such obligations to both: and we make no doubt, Cæsar's good-nature is such, that he will approve of your neutrality. However, if you think proper, we will write to Cæsar, to let us know positively what he intends to do in this matter; and if we receive his answer, we will instantly communicate to you our sentiments upon the same; and we give our word of honour,

honour, that our advice to you shall be suited not to Cæsar's views, but to your dignity; and we know Cæsar's indulgence to his friends too well to fear, that he will be offended at our freedom,

** Balbus to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity, and offers his Compliments.*

AFTER sending off to you the joint letter¹ I wrote with Oppius, I received one from Cæsar, of which I enclose you a copy. You may perceive by it, how earnest he is for restoring public tranquillity, and of accommodating his differences with Pompey, and how very averse he is to all cruelty. It gives me, as it ought, great pleasure that he entertains such sentiments. I am, my dearest friend, as sensible as you are, of what you owe to yourself, your engagements, and your gratitude; and, indeed, I think it incompatible with your duty and your character, for you to take arms against a man to whom you own yourself to be under so strong an obligation. I have experienced the unrivalled humanity of Cæsar in so great a degree, that I know he will approve of my sentiments in this matter, and

¹ I have, after Monsieur Mongault, restored those letters to their proper order, they being misplaced in the common editions of our author.

and I know also, that you will give him the most entire satisfaction, by taking no concern in the war against him, and by not joining with his enemies. This is an indulgence he will not only shew to a person of your great rank and abilities, but he has, of himself, been pleased to dispense with even my serving in the camp, that was to act against Lentulus or Pompey, to whom I own myself to be under great obligations. He added, that he should require no more of me than, at his desire, to do him some services at Rome, and he left me at liberty to do as much for them. In consequence of this indulgence, I now manage and inspect the private affairs of Lentulus at Rome, and perform to him and Pompey, all I owe them upon the footing of duty, honour, and gratitude.

The hopes of an accommodation have been again dropt, but, really, I cannot see for what reason, since Cæsar evinces no disposition but such as we could wish him to display. You ought, I think, if it is agreeable to you, to write to him, and to ask him for a guard¹ as you formerly did (and, as I thought, very properly) from Pompey,

¹ Balbus here artfully puts our author in mind of Pompey's overawing the trial of Milo with his guards. Dr. Middleton, in his Life of Cicero, is of opinion, that the offer of this guard was insinuated to make him Cæsar's prisoner. But I can see no reason for that supposition, when we consider the open manner in which Cæsar acted to all his enemies.

Pompey, in the case of Milo. I am so sure of Cæsar, that I will answer for his respecting your dignity, rather than his own interest. I know not how unguardedly I express myself here, but I well know that every thing I write to you, flows from my entire esteem and friendship for you, and may I die, which I would willingly do for the preservation of Cæsar, if there are many in the world, whom I esteem equally with yourself. I beg you to write to me, as soon as you have come to any resolution upon this matter. For I am in great pains to put you in the way of expressing the affection which you bear, and which, I am confident, you express to both. Farewel.

Cæsar to Oppius and Cornelius¹, Health.

I AM, be assured, extremely glad that you expressed by letters, your very great approbation of what has passed at Corfinium. I will follow your advice with the greater pleasure, as it was always my own disposition to act with the utmost lenity, and to court an accommodation with Pompey. Let us try whether it be possible, by this means, to regain the confidence of the public, and to make our successes durable; since others,

¹ Though Balbus was a Spaniard, yet he took the name of the family of his patron Lentulus.

others¹, by cruelty, fell into detestation, and none of them, excepting Sylla, whom I do not choose to imitate², enjoyed his successes long. Let us shew the world a new method of conquering, and let clemency and munificence be my only guards. I have already formed some schemes, and many more may be formed, for effecting this. I desire you to turn your thoughts to the same subject.

I took prisoner Cnæius Magius, one of Pompey's commanding officers; but, according to the plan I laid down, I instantly dismissed him. He is the second general officer who has fallen into my hands, and whom I have dismissed. If they want to shew their gratitude, they will exhort Pompey to prefer my friendship to that³ of those men

¹ This letter is a noble testimony of Cæsar's wisdom and magnanimity, and as his actions answered the sentiments he lays down here, there is no room to doubt of his sincerity. The persons he means in this passage, are Marius and Cinna, and he was related to both. For Marius married his aunt, and he married Cinna's daughter. Notwithstanding that, he blames their cruel politics.

² Sylla was always the enemy of Cæsar, and pretended to have restored the nobility, and the senate, in the state, to their proper rank and authority; and this he did by deluging the commonwealth with blood. Cæsar was professedly the friend of the commons, but no enemy to the senate, and what he says here is a tacit reproach upon Pompey, who always publicly declared he would imitate Sylla.

³ It is a great short-sightedness in authors who take up the commencement

men who have ever shewn themselves his, and my inveterate enemies; and by whose practices the republic is reduced to its present state.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHILE we were at supper, the night of the 14th instant, Statius brought me a short letter from

commencement of the civil differences in Rome, which ended so fatally for her liberty, only at the time when the breach between Pompey and Cæsar was declared. The best patriots of Rome, viz. Cato, Bibulus, Domitius, and even our author, as we have seen in the foregoing part of these letters, foresaw, and foretold, the miseries that followed from the time of Pompey's intimacy with Cæsar, and they equally opposed the growth of the power of both. But Pompey's popularity, and Cæsar's interest amongst the commons, and with the Marian faction, which was still very strong, bore down every thing before them; because, in effect, they formed a kind of coalition of parties, especially, as by means of Crassus, it was supported by the monied interest, viz. the knights. Notwithstanding this, as the real patriots had great weight, they often found means to open the eyes of their countrymen so effectually, that they went near to overthrow all the power of Pompey and Cæsar, Vide vol. i: p. 143, 144, 145, &c. We are not, therefore, candidly speaking, to imagine, that Cæsar, with all his plausible declarations, ever meant to restore the constitution of Rome, to that equal balance between the people and the senate, which the true patriots desired to effect. This very passage is a proof, that this was not in his thoughts, and that all he wanted was to compromise matters with Pompey, at the expence of Cato, and the rest who had opposed both of them in their growing power.

from you. As to Lucius Torquatus, whom you inquire after, both he, and Aulus¹ are gone; the latter has been gone many days. I am greatly alarmed at the news you write me from Reate, as if a proscription was about to take place in the country of the Sabines. I had, as well as you, heard that a great many senators were at Rome. Pray can you guess why they are leaving² it? An opinion, founded rather upon conjecture than information or intelligence, prevails here, that, on the 22d of March, Cæsar will be at Formiæ. I wish I had with me here that Minerva, who, in Homer, appears under the figure of Mentor, to whom I might address myself,

Say how shall I approach, and how embrace him.

Never was I, in my life, so much at a loss to determine how to behave. I am, however, determined; nor shall I encounter the evils unprepared. I wish you well; for, if I mistake not, you had a fit yesterday.

EPISTLE

¹ Lucius Torquatus had been consul, and Aulus Torquatus had been prætor.

² Viz. To welcome Cæsar, who was then returning to Rome.

EPISTLE IX.

ON the 16th, I received three letters from you, dated the 12th, 13th, and 14th, I will therefore answer them in the order of time. I agree with you, that it is best for me to remain at Formiæ, and, likewise as to what you write of the upper sea; and, as I wrote before, I will do my best to try, whether I cannot reconcile Cæsar to my standing neutral in public matters. You commend me for my writing to you, that I have overlooked the miscarriages and demerits of our friend. It is true, I have, and even to such a degree, that I have even forgotten his unkind proceedings, which you mention against myself. So very willing am I, that my sense of favours should prevail over my resentment of injuries. Let me, therefore, pursue what you recommend, and be myself again. For, in my rural walks, I am incessantly reasoning with myself, and conning over my queries; but some of them are extremely difficult to resolve.

Let our great men be what you will have them to be; but you know the proverb, *Dionysius lived at Corinth*¹. The son of Titinius is with Cæsar.

¹ Orig. Monsieur Mongault, with very great justice, rejects the common application which critics have made of this proverbial

Cæsar. You seem apprehensive, lest your counsels should be disagreeable to me; so far from it, that my only joy in life is in receiving your advices and letters. Fulfil, therefore, your purpose of continually writing to me, whatever comes into your

verbal expression, to our author's person, as if he had reproached himself for leading a life unbecoming his character. But I cannot agree so well with that gentlemen in thinking, that Cicero means here to put Atticus in mind of the mutability of fortune, and that it was possible Pompey might one day or other get the better. There is nothing in the words here, as he supposes, that determines them to that sense, though I own, it is difficult to find out a better. If I were to hazard a conjecture, I would apply it to that thirst of tyranny which led Dionysius to tyrannize over school-boys after he was expelled from his throne. It is in this light that the occupation of Dionysius chiefly strikes our author, rather than in that of the melancholy reverse of fortune. He therefore, perhaps, hints, that the nobility of Rome, were willing to live under either Cæsar or Pompey, provided they still continued to enjoy the power of oppressing slaves, as they had formerly done freemen. *Est autem, says he, (Tuscul. Disput. Lib. 3. Cap. 12.) impudens luctus mærore se conficientis, quod imperare non liceat liberis. Dionysius quidem tyrannus, Syracusis expulsus, Corinthi pueros docebat; usque eo imperio carere non poterat.* "Now it is a most impudent grief for a man to languish with sorrow, because he cannot command the free. Dionysius the tyrant, was so unable to live without power, that he taught boys at Corinth, when he was driven from Syracuse." This passage, I think, goes far to determine the words in question, to the sense I have hinted at. He mentions this circumstance of Dionysius, (*Epist. Fam. Lib. 9. Ep. 18.*) in pretty much the same light, with regard to himself, but jocularly.

your thoughts; you cannot lay me under a greater obligation.

I now come to your second letter. You are in the right, in not believing the number of Pompey's soldiers to be as you have heard. Clodia's letter mentions it to be greater by half. The account of the ships being burnt, is likewise false. As to your commending the consuls, I too commend their motives, but not their measures. For, by their separation, all negotiations concerning peace are at an end; at least, upon the plan which I had projected¹. I have therefore, sent you back by Philotimus, the treatise of Demetrius concerning public unanimity.

For my own part, I perceive a most destructive war, ready to terminate in famine; and yet I lament that I am not concerned in this war, a war so detestable, that though it is the highest crime against nature not to support our parents, yet the leaders of this war have taken their measures for famishing the most venerable, the most sacred of all parents, I mean their country. My apprehensions do not arise from what I conjecture, but from what I heard. For all this fleet from Alexandria, Colchis, Tyre, Sidon, Aradus, Cyprus, Pamphylia, Lycia, Rhodes, Chios,

¹ This happened to be true in effect, for Pompey rejected Cæsar's last propositions, on pretext that the consuls were not with him.

Chios, Byzantium, Lesbos, Miletus, Smyrna, and Coos, is getting ready to intercept the provisions of Italy, and to seize the coasts of the corn-countries. But in what a passion will Pompey return! especially with those who wanted most to save their country, as if they had abandoned him, and not he them, which was the case. My friendship, therefore, for Pompey, goes a great way in determining my doubts, as to my future conduct; for, were it not for that friendship, I should choose to die in my country, rather than to ruin, under the pretext of saving, it.

The north wind, as you conjecture, has certainly conveyed away the consuls. I am afraid, that Epirus will have its share in the public troubles. But do you imagine, there is a place in Greece, that will not be plundered? For, Pompey publicly avows, and demonstrates to his soldiers, that he will out-do Cæsar himself in liberality. Your advice is excellent, that, when I shall see Cæsar, I should speak to him rather with authority, than with mildness. I am determined to do this. I think of going to Arpinum, but not till I have seen him, lest I should chance not to be in the way when he comes hither, or be obliged to ramble after him through very bad roads. I hear, as you write me, that Bibulus is arrived, and that he returned on the 14th.

In your third letter, you tell me, that you expected

pected Philotimus; but he left me only on the 15th, for which reason, my answer, which I instantly wrote to yours, is longer than it ought in coming to your hands. I agree with you in believing Domitius to be at his house in Cosa, and that it is not known how he will proceed. Of all base men he is the basest¹, who maintains, that a consular election may be held by a prætor. But that is in unison with his former behaviour towards his country. This, however, explains Cæsar's expressions in his letter, of which I sent you a copy, that he would be directed by my advice, which is a vulgar compliment,—*By my interest*, which is absurd; but, I suppose, he passes that compliment to me, in regard to the opinion of the senators,—*By my authority*.—Perhaps, he means, the weight which the opinion of a consular carries along with it in the house;—At last, he says, *by my assistance in all things*². When I read

¹ This probably was Lepidus, who was afterwards a Triumvir, and was then prætor. Concerning the affair mentioned here, See Aulus Gellius, Lib. 13. Cap. 14.

² Monsieur Mongault has not evinced his usual accuracy in translating this passage. It plainly refers to Cæsar's letter to our author, *Vide* p. 68. And the identity of the expression in Cæsar's letter, ought to have been preserved here, which Monsieur Mongault has neglected to do. I have been the more minute in this observation, because the political sense of the words, *Consilium*, *Gratia*, *Dignitas*, and *Opes*, which often occur in our author, are very happily determined by this comment of our author upon Cæsar's words.

read your letter, I began to suspect he meant this, or some such thing. For it is of great importance to him, that there should be no interregnum, which he may prevent, if a prætor can elect the consuls¹. Our statute-books, however, tell us, that a prætor cannot lawfully elect the consuls, nor even prætors, and that no such thing ever was done. They cannot by law appoint the consuls, because the higher magistracy cannot lawfully be obtained from the inferior nor the prætors, because they are, with regard to the rights of election, on a footing with the consuls, whose power is supreme. Cæsar will likely desire my decision in his favour, without depending upon that of Galba, Scævola, Cassius, or Antony², than which I should rather be buried alive³. Thus you see what a dreadful storm is hanging over us. I will write you what senators have gone beyond the sea, as soon as I have more certain intelligence. You are right in your apprehensions, concerning the subsistence of Pompey's army, which

¹ He found another way of preventing it, by being named dictator, in right of which office he presided at the consular elections.

² These were all creatures of Cæsar, and perhaps augurs, as well as our author.

³ *Orig.*—*τοτε μοι χανει υπερα χθων.* literally, *then may the earth swallow me up.*

which can be furnished only by extraordinary imposts; nor, is it without good grounds, that you are afraid of those who are about Pompey, and of a dreadful civil war. I am very desirous to see our friend Trebatius, though he is, as you write, always in a state of despondency. I beg you will desire him to make haste to come to me, for it is very requisite I should see him before Cæsar comes this way.

As to Lanuvium¹ as soon as I heard that Phameas was dead, I wished that some of my friends would buy it, I mean, provided our country should continue to exist; and yet, though you are the best friend I have, you did not so much as come into my mind. For, I know how much interest, or how much ground you require for your money, and I saw your books of accounts, not only at Rome, but at Delos². But, though it is a pretty estate, I now value it less, than I did under the consulship of Marcellinus, when the gardens that belonged to it, would have greatly improved the house I then had at Antium, and when the whole might have cost less than the repairing of Tusculanum. I offered him security for five hundred thousand sesterces, and that the money should be advanced to

¹ This seat lay near Aricea.

² The original here is very obscure. I have translated it according to the best authorities.

to Phameas, when he came to Antium to sell it. But he refused it; yet, I suppose, the price of estates is now fallen, on account of the scarcity of money. If you should buy it, it would be extremely convenient for me, or rather for us. I would not, however, have you to reject it on account of the immense expence, as it is very beautiful; though in my opinion every edifice of this kind will soon become the devoted victim of plunder. I have thus answered your three letters. But I am impatient for more, since hitherto your letters have been my only support. March the 17th.

EPISTLE X.

I HAVE nothing to write to you, as having received no news, since I answered yours the day before yesterday. But, as fretting not only keeps me from sleeping, but gives me the greatest pain, while I am awake, I set myself down to scribble somewhat or other, in which I have no manner of meaning, but to converse as it were with you, who are my only comfort. I now see, that I have been a madman all along, and I am tortured by this single reflection, that I did not, as a soldier follows his colours, implicitly follow Pompey. While he was tottering, or rather rush-

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ing into ruin, I saw him on the 11th of January, under such visible consternation, that I knew that very day, what he intended to do. I approved of none of his measures, as he continued to heap one misconduct on another, without writing in the meantime to me, and without thinking of any thing, but how to fly. To tell you the truth, as in the affairs of love, we are disgusted with a senseless, inelegant mistress, so my affection towards him was alienated by the meanness of his flight, and the carelessness of his behaviour. He did not make one step that could induce me to attend him in his flight. But now my love-fit returns, and I am unable to bear the absence of him; books, reading, philosophy, are now altogether destitute of interest and charms to me. Night and day my heart flutters like a bird, as soon as I cast my eyes on the sea, with eagerness to fly over it. I am punished, indeed I am, for my rashness. But what do I talk of rashness? What have I done, but upon the most mature deliberation¹? Had flight

¹ The whole of this paragraph is inexpressibly beautiful, and the manner of it is an infallible proof of its being dictated from the heart. Notwithstanding which, I know nothing in the human system so unaccountable as the passion which our author here pretends to have for Pompey. For my own part, I cannot help frankly owning, that I believe, he mistook the object of his passion, and that all he says here of Pompey, is no other than the result of the tenderness, the delicacy, and the soreness, which

flight been the only question, I would have accompanied his flight with the greatest pleasure, but I was struck with horror when I reflected that this was only the prelude to a war, the most dreadful and cruel that can be imagined, and its consequences impossible to be foreseen. What menaces were thrown out against the municipal towns, and especially against the best of our patriots, and against all who staid behind? How frequent was that saying in Pompey's mouth, "If Sylla had power to do so, shall I be unable to do it?" I own, these things adhered to me.

Tarquin

which he was perpetually feeling for his own character. His whole reasoning, in this letter, turns upon the same principles, and he ingeniously justifies himself to himself, and to his friend from his friend's letters, and from prudential considerations. But to say the truth, if Pompey was that low, mean-spirited wretch, that pitiful politician, and that despicable general our author represents him to be, how can we account for the preference he always affects to give his person, especially as he tells us, his views were more bloody and destructive than those of Cæsar? The truth is, a great part of our author's patriotism sprung from the confidence he assumed from the lenity of Cæsar. He was extremely cautious, while he thought that Cæsar would proceed on the same bloody plan as Sylla, Marius and former tyrants had done, of coming to extremities with him, by leaving Italy to follow Pompey. But when he found, that it was impossible for him to offend beyond the measures of Cæsar's forgiveness, he then resolved to follow Pompey, because, he hereby reconciled patriotism to safety. I should not have been so bold in this observation upon our author's conduct, did it not naturally rise from the whole tenor of these letters.

Tarquin acted unnaturally, when he armed Por-sena¹ and Octavius Mamilius against his country; Coriolanus was a traitor, for soliciting assistance from the Volsci; Themistocles behaved like a patriot, who preferred death; Hippias the son of Pisistratus, was a rebel, for carrying arms against his country, when he fell in the battle of Marathon. But Sylla, Marius, and Cinna, acted under great provocation, and perhaps, with some colour of justice; but what could be more cruel, what could be more fatal, than their victories were?

I wanted to avoid a repetition of the same kind of war, especially as I saw measures of a still more cruel nature in agitation, and in forwardness. Shall I march at the head of Goths, of Arminians, of Colchians, against the city, of which I was called the preserver, of which I was hailed the father? Shall I bring famine upon my countrymen? Shall I introduce desolation into Italy? It first occurred to me, that Pompey was mortal by nature, and that his death might be occasioned by many accidents, but that it

¹ The persons mentioned here, are so well known in ancient history, that I shall not describe them. It may, however, be proper to inform the reader, that Hippias was a Greek, and upon his brother's being killed, he fled to the king of Persia, and persuaded him to make war upon his country.

² *Orig. At Sylla, at Marius, at Cinna recte, immo jure fortasse.* The words *recte & jure* here, are too strong to be translated literally into English.

it was our duty to do all we could, that our city and our country should remain immortal, and still I entertained the flattering hopes of an accommodation, before Cæsar should so far advance in treason, or Pompey in blood.

The whole scene is now changed, and so are my sentiments. The sun, to make use of an expression in one of your letters, seems to be extinguished in the system of the world. As there are hopes while there is breath in the body of a sick man, so I continued still to hope, while Pompey remained in Italy. Here, here I was mistaken; and, (to speak candidly) in this decline of life, after incessant toils, my age seeks to glide into the endearment of domestic repose. At present, should the experiment cost me my life, yet I will try to fly from hence. I perhaps, make this experiment when it is too late, but I was detained by the reasons I wrote you, and chiefly by your opinion.

For, when I came to this place, I perused a bundle of your letters, which I preserve most carefully under seal. Now, in that which you wrote me the 23d of January were these words: "But let us see how Pompey will proceed, and what his views are. Should he leave Italy, I think he will act very wrong, and in my opinion, very absurdly. But we cannot, before then, change our measures." This is written the fourth day after I left Rome. Afterwards on the 25th

of

of January, you write me, "Provided our friend Pompey do not abandon Italy, as he has most absurdly abandoned Rome." There is another of yours of the same date, in which you give this direct answer, upon my asking your advice. Your words are, "But I come to that concerning which you consult me; if Pompey should leave Italy, I think you should return to Rome, for there would be no end of travelling after him in foreign countries." This I own to you, impressed me. And now, I see that an endless war is to attend my wretched flight, which you soften by the term of "travelling in foreign countries."

Now follows your prediction on the 27th of January. "Should Pompey remain in Italy, and should there be no accommodation, I am of opinion, the war would last a long time. But should he abandon Italy, I fear, that its miseries will rage beyond our days." Such then is the war, in which I am forced to partake, to act, and to assist, an endless civil war. Afterwards on the 7th of February, after seeing a little farther into Pompey's views, you conclude your letter thus: "I, for my part, would not advise you to leave Italy, and to follow him in his flight; for that would expose you to the greatest danger, without doing any service to your country, which you may hereafter serve if you should stay in Italy." Show me the patriot or the citizen of public spirit, who would not be swayed by such an admonition, by such

such an advice coming from a man of sense, and a friend?

Afterwards on the 11th of February, upon my again applying to you for advice, you write me as follows, "As to this, you ask me, whether I think a flight in which I am to adhere to Pompey¹, or my remaining here, by which I abandon the cause of our patriots, the most advisable. For my own part, I think at present, that your sudden and precipitate departure, would do no service either to you or to Pompey, and would expose you to danger. I think it more safe, that you disperse, and be on the watch for awhile. But I judge it at any rate, truly shameful to think of flying. Yet this is a shame which our friend Pompey has been meditating for these two years past. So much has his mind indulged in the proscriptions of Sylla². After this, if I remember right, after writing me somewhat in general terms, from which I imagined, I could gather some hints, that you wanted me to leave Italy, you shew your detestation of that in more express terms, on the 19th of February: "For my part, I never gave you the least intimation, that if Pompey should leave Italy, you ought to leave it likewise. Or, if I have given such a hint, it is inconsistent, not only with my own sense, but with common

¹ The original here is corrupted, and can be restored only by conjecture.

² Orig. *Ita sullaturit animus ejus et prescripturit diu.*

common sense." In another passage of the same letter, you say, "Pompey has now no shift but to fly, but as to your leaving Italy, with him, I am still against it, and ever was against it." But you discuss all the difficulties that can occur on this subject, more accurately in your letter of the 22d of February: "If Manius Lepidus and Lucius Volcatius should stay, I think you ought to stay likewise. But still, if Pompey can preserve himself, and make a stand somewhere; I think you ought to abandon the inanimate crew around you¹, and prefer to die sword in hand with Pompey, rather than to reign with those harpies, who shall flock together in the government of Cæsar. After expatiating a great deal to the same purpose, you say in the close of your letter, "But if Lepidus and Volcatius should leave Italy, I am at a loss how to advise you. Even in such an event, I think that what you have done is right, whatever the consequence may be." If you were then at a loss how to advise, you surely can be at none now, as they have remained in Italy.

Afterwards, on the 25th of February, when Pompey was flying, you tell me, "Meanwhile, you will, I doubt not, remain at Formiæ, where

¹ *Nixusque*. Literally *carcases*, meaning, as it appears to me, those idle, vain dependants, whom Cicero had now about him, as *Imperator*. Others, however, take them to be the profligate and needy, who flocked to the standard of Cæsar.—E.

where you can most conveniently hear what happens." On the 1st of March, when Pompey had been five days gone from Brundisium, you write me, "Then we can deliberate, not that I say you are quite free from engagements, but surely you are less involved than you would have been, had you precipitately gone after Pompey. Afterwards on the 4th of March, when you had a fit of the ague, you write me a few lines to the following effect. "To-morrow I will write you more fully as to every thing. Meanwhile, I do not at all repent advising you to stay in Italy. You must, indeed, feel great anxiety, but much less than if you had left Italy. I therefore, am still of the same sentiments, and I am glad you have not changed yours." Afterwards, while I was fretting and alarmed, lest I had exposed myself to disgrace, you write me on the 5th of March. "And yet I am not at all uneasy at your not being with Pompey. If it is necessary afterwards, you will have no great difficulty in joining him, and you will be most welcome to him, join him when you will. But this must be understood with limitation. For should Cæsar proceed in the same sincere, moderate, wise manner, he sets out with, I see we shall have great reason to advise farther upon what is proper for us to do." On the 9th of March you write me, that my remaining inactive is greatly approved of by our friend

friend Peducius, whose opinion has a great weight with me.

These expressions comfort me, with the thoughts that I have hitherto done nothing that is disgraceful. I leave it to you to support your own opinion, not that I require to be satisfied, but that others may be satisfied likewise. If I have not erred hitherto, I will take care of what is to come. Exhort me to persevere in this, and assist me with your thoughts on that head. We have heard nothing concerning Cæsar's return. I am rewarded for writing this letter, by the satisfaction I have had in perusing all yours.

EPISTLE XI.

YOU must know that our friend Lentulus is at Puteoli. I no sooner learned this, which I thought an improbable piece of intelligence, from a traveller, who said that he saw and knew him upon the Appian way, while the windows of his carriage were open. I then sent some slaves to Puteoli, to find him out with a letter from me. It was with difficulty that they found him skulking about his country-house; and he returned an answer to my letter, in which he greatly magnifies his obligations to Cæsar, and adds, that
he

he has entrusted Caius Cæcius to inform me of what he intends himself to do. I expect him this day, which is the 20th of March. Yesterday Matius paid me a visit. Upon my honour, I think him a discreet, wise man, and he has always been reckoned an adviser of peaceable measures. He expressed strong disapprobation of Cæsar's present proceedings, and his dread of the vultures around him, as you term them.

As we have had a great deal of conversation together, I showed him Cæsar's letter to me, of which I sent you a copy, and I begged to know of him what he meant by the expression, that he was willing to be directed by my advice, interest, authority, and assistance in all things. His answer was, that he made no doubt Cæsar applied to me for my assistance and interest in bringing about an accommodation. I wish to heaven, that in the present distressful state of the country, it were practicable to serve it by my wisdom, or my exertion. As to Matius, he was very positive that Cæsar's sentiments were pacific, and he promised himself to recommend pacific measures to him. But Crassipes had paid me a visit the day before, who said, that he had left Pompey, upon the 6th, at Brundisium, and they who came from thence on the 8th, say the same thing. All of them and Crassipes amongst the rest, agree that Pompey's followers, very imprudently, you must be sensible, throw
out

out threatening speeches, avow themselves foes to the nobility, and enemies to our municipal towns; that they breathe proscriptions, and profess themselves to be so many Syllas! This is the language of Luceius, of all Greece, and especially of Theophanes!—Yet, upon such men, depend all the hopes of our country's preservation. On their account my eyes are strangers to sleep, and my soul to rest, and yet I am impatient till I associate with men so unlike myself, that I may avoid the public pests that form the other party. Into what seas of blood, do you not think Scipio, Faustus, and Libo will embark, now that their private affairs are entirely ruined: should they prevail, what cruelties will they not inflict upon the citizens of Rome?

What pusillanimity they impute to Pompey! He has given up the thought of going to Spain, and intends to seek concealment in Egypt, Arabia Felix, and Mesopotamia. But there may be nothing in these wild reports. It is however, certain, that the schemes of Cæsar are desperate, and those of Pompey dangerous; I am impatient for a letter from you. Ever since I left Rome, I have not permitted a day to pass without writing to you: I have sent you a copy of my letter to Cæsar, and I imagine that it will have some effect.

Cicero,

Cicero, Commander in Chief, to Cæsar, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

HAVING read your letter, which I received from our friend Furnius, in which you propose I should return to Rome; I was not surprised at your desiring to avail yourself of my advice and authority, but I was at a loss for your meaning in requiring my interest and assistance. I however, flattered myself, that, consistently with your admirable and matchless wisdom, you were willing I should co-operate with you for re-establishing the happiness, the peace, and the tranquillity of our country, for which I am qualified both by my disposition and character. If this be your wish, if you are concerned for the safety of our friend Pompey, and for a reconciliation with him, and with the country, you can, indeed, find no man more proper than I am, to be employed in such a cause. I took the most early opportunity of recommending pacific measures both to him and the senate, nor have I taken the least concern in the war ever since hostilities commenced, as judging you to be injured by a war, which was kindled by those enemies, who envied you the honours decreed you by the people of Rome. But, as on that occasion, I not only promoted your pretensions

pretensions to those distinctions, but likewise solicited others to join your party, so, at this time, I am sensibly concerned for the dignity of Pompey. For it is several years since I singled you both out as the objects of my chief regard, and as my most particular friends, which you still are.

I therefore desire, or rather, I most earnestly beseech and conjure you, that, in the midst of your important proceedings, you will bestow a moment's attention to this thought, how I may acquit myself through your indulgence, as an honest, grateful, worthy man, towards a person whom I remember to have imposed upon me the greatest obligation. Had this request regarded only my own person, I flatter myself you would grant it. But I am of opinion, that the sincerity of your professions, and the interest of our country, require that you should select me out of those few, whose situation fits them to endeavour to reconcile you and Pompey, and to restore the public tranquillity.

I already returned you my thanks for your kindness to Lentulus, and for thus saving the man who had saved me. But when I read his letters which he wrote me with a heart full of gratitude for your generosity, I thought that the favour done to him was done to myself. If you approve of my gratitude to him, I beg that you will

will give me an opportunity of shewing the like to Pompey¹.

EPISTLE XII.

WHILE I was reading your letter of the 20th of March, I received one from Lepta, with an account that Pompey was surrounded, and that the

¹ This is the celebrated letter for which our author has apologized before. Notwithstanding all he says in that apology, it can scarcely be denied, that he goes too far when he says, that he thought Cæsar had the juster cause, if he was sincere in what he says at other times, of his abhorrence of Cæsar's proceedings. The whole letter, however, gives us a most beautiful picture of the goodness of our author's heart, and at the same time, of his exquisite delicacy and good breeding. The worst that can be said of it is, that it is not written in the spirit of a severe patriot, and that it is not such as Cato, Brutus, Bibulus, or any of the high republicans, would have dictated. It was, however, conceived in the most proper terms for conciliating Cæsar. Our author was indeed mistaken, and so have all his apologists, and none more than Dr. Middleton, in imagining that either Cæsar, or the patriots, had any great opinion of our author's integrity or wisdom, I believe they despised and distrusted both, but that did not prevent his being of great importance to either party, and, in fact, he was of a character very proper for acting as a mediator, if either party, was sincerely disposed to peace, perhaps much more so than he could have been, had he been less pliable.

the entrance of the harbour was occupied by armed boats¹. My tears, I protest, prevent me from thinking or writing any farther. I send you, therefore, the copy of his letter. What wretches are we who did not, all of us, hazard ourselves along with Pompey! And now the same melancholy news are confirmed by Matius and Trebatius, who met Cæsar's couriers at Minturnæ. My misery now is such, that I wish for the fate of Mucius².

But how generous, how clear, how well digested were your advices concerning my journey, my voyage, my meeting, and my conversation with Cæsar. What you proposed was at once honourable and prudent. But as to the invitation, you give me to Epirus, it is the act of a friend, of a generous friend, and a brother!

I am surprised at the behaviour of Dionysius; Scipio did not entertain Panætius more honourably than I did him, and yet he basely neglects me in my present degradation. I hate, and ever shall hate the man. I wish I could be revenged upon him, but I will leave him to be his own tormentor.

Now, now, my friend, is the time for your considering what I am to do. An army of Romans
besiege

¹ We have a full account of those operations in Cæsar's first book of the civil war, to which I refer the reader.

² Quintus Mucius Scævola was killed by order of the younger Marius.

besiege Pompey. He is blocked up by a ditch and a rampart; he is cut off from flying. Yet are we alive? Does Rome still stand? Do her prætors sit in judgment? Are her Ediles preparing their sports? Are her men of worth laying out their money at interest? But what am I doing? Shall I madly run about? Shall I rouse the loyalty of our municipal towns? The great will not follow me, the mob will deride me; they who aim at a revolution, now (especially that they are successful and in arms) will lay violent hands on me. What then is your opinion? How would you advise me to put an end to the miseries of such a life? My sorrows, my torments are redoubled, now that some people will think me either prudent or happy, for not having followed Pompey. My sentiments are the reverse, for I have always wished to be with Pompey, not to share in his victory but in his distress. Let me now implore your letters, let me have recourse to your wisdom or your kindness—All is now desperate.—We are not without remedy.—I have not now even a wish to form, but that Pompey may be delivered by the clemency of his enemy.

The report concerning the blockade¹ I believe
not

¹ *Orig. ουκ εστι στυμος λογος.* This seems to have been the beginning of another letter, written by our author

not to be true. Dolabella indeed, writes me, upon the 13th of March, from Brundisium, that Pompey was upon the point of sailing, and the day of his flight would be fortunate for Cæsar. But this account is very different from that contained in the letters, of which I have before sent you copies. Here indeed, it is rumoured that Cæsar is determined to pursue and exterminate him; but the intelligence is neither later, nor is the authority better, than that of Dolabella.

EPISTLE XIII.

ON the 22d instant, I received your letter, in which you postpone the giving me any advice, until we can know what has been done. You are certainly in the right of it. For, indeed, at present, I cannot bring myself to think, far less to resolve, upon any thing. And yet Dolabella's letter invites me to resume my former thoughts. For the wind was very fair on the 18th, and Pompey, I suppose, availed himself of it. The quotations I collected from your letters, were not
meant

author after receiving one from Dolabella. The Greek here is an hemistic of the first line of a poetical recantation written by Stesichorus, after he was struck blind in consequence of composing some abusive verses upon Helen, and is mentioned by Plato in his Phædrus.

meant in the way of complaint of you, but of comfort to myself. For I was not so much vexed by my distresses, as by an apprehension that my ill conduct, or rashness, may have given offence. But now, my apprehension has subsided, because my proceedings and conduct have been agreeable to your advices.

You write me, that the obligations, I seem to be under to Pompey, are magnified by my own sense of gratitude, beyond his real merits. It is true, I have always exaggerated them, and the rather, that he may not think I retain the smallest memory of former grudges. But, supposing I did remember them, yet still his behaviour towards me, at that critical juncture, ought to be now my guide with regard to him. When it was in his power he gave me no assistance, but he was afterwards my friend to an excess, for what reason I know not; I therefore ought to befriend him in my turn. In one circumstance our fortunes are alike, that both of us have been deceived by the same men¹. But I wish that it were in my power to do as much service to him, as he could have done to me; I have, however, the most grateful sense of what he did. But at present, I know not how I can serve him in any respect, and if I could, I think I ought to assist

¹ Meaning the optimates, or men of quality, such as Bibulus, Hortensius, and Lucceius, whom Cicero bitterly complained of in the preceding letters.

assist him in his preparations for this destructive war. All I mean, is not to give him umbrage at my remaining in Italy. But, by heavens, I cannot at the same time, be an eye witness to, I cannot bear a part in, those calamities which you may now figure to yourself.

But I have been the more dilatory in my departure, because it is no easy task for a man to resolve voluntarily to leave his country without the smallest hopes of seeing it again. For I perceive Cæsar to be very strong in infantry, in cavalry, in shipping, and in auxiliaries from Gaul; but Matius, I believe, exaggerated their number, when he said they had engaged to maintain for him at their own expence, ten thousand foot, and six thousand horse. But, supposing this to be a boast, yet it is certain that he is very strong, and he will not, like Pompey be obliged to maintain them by extraordinary contributions, for he will have the riches of all Rome at his command. And add to this, the enterprizing spirit of Cæsar; the weakness of our patriots, who are enemies to the war, for no other reason, but, as you write, because they have given him just cause of disgust. Yet I wish you had pointed out the persons you meant by this hint. Cæsar, however, has been more moderate than he appeared to be at setting out, and the common people have lost the great affection they had for Pompey. As to our corporations and country gentlemen, they dread Pompey,
and

and hitherto they seem to be fond of Cæsar. The situation therefore of the latter, is such, that supposing he is unable to conquer, yet I cannot see how he can be defeated.

For my own part, I dread not so much the enticing persuasion, so much as the coercive power which this man possesses. For, as Plato says, the requests of princes always carry the necessity of complying with them. I perceive, you are against my remaining any longer in an inland situation. This indeed, I do not myself like, but I am here undiscovered, and I was faithfully served. Could I have the same conveniences at Brundisium, I would choose to go thither. But I could not there remain without being discovered. However, as you write, we can come to no positive resolution till we are farther informed.

I am not very anxious about apologizing for my conduct to the patriotic party. What a description did Peduceus give me of the long entertainments they gave and received! What elegancies, what luxuries were there! Well, I will allow them to be patriots, but not better than myself; they would give me uneasiness were they in reality better.

I was mistaken with regard to the house of Phameas at Lanuvium; I was dreaming of that
at

at Troy¹, for which I formerly offered five hundred thousand sertes, but that is worth more. I could, however, wish that you would buy it, if you have the smallest hopes of being able to enjoy it. You perceive from this long letter which is swelled into a pamphlet, what strange things we see every day. Our friend Lentulus is quite inconsolable at Puteoli, as Cæcius tells me. He knows not how to proceed. He is afraid of incurring infamy from what happened at Corfinium. He thinks he has done as much as he ought for Pompey; he is impressed with the generosity of Cæsar, but when he knows the whole truth, the impression will be more lively.

Here I have a piece of news that will surprise you. This is the worst of all our miseries. Pompey has sent N. Magius to treat of peace with Cæsar, and yet he continues to be besieged, I would not believe this, had I not yet received letters from Balbus, of which I send you copies. Read them, I beg of you, and especially the last paragraph from Balbus, that most deserving person², whom our friend Pompey presented with the ground for building his country house, and whom he treated with more distinction than he did any of us. It is on that account the poor gentleman

¹ This was a place in Italy, between Ardea Laurentum, and Antium, so called from a colony established there by Æneas.

² This is irony.

gentleman is tormented. But, that you may not read the same thing twice over, I refer you to the letter itself. As to an accommodation, I have lost all hopes of it. Dolabella's letters of the 15th of March, breathe nothing but war. Let me, therefore, remain fixed to my resolution, wretched and desperate as it is; for nothing can be more wretched than my present situation.

Balbus to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

CÆSAR has sent me a very short letter, of which I transmit you a copy. From its shortness, you may perceive how very much he is hurried, as he has used so few words upon so weighty a subject. I will inform you farther when I receive any fresh intelligence.

Cæsar to Oppius and Balbus, wisheth Prosperity.

ON the 9th of March, I arrived at Brundisium, and have invested it, Pompey is within the place. He sent N. Magius to me to treat of peace. I answered him as I thought proper. I was willing you should be instantly informed of this. When I shall have any prospect of an accommodation,

dation, I will let you know without loss of time.

Now my dear Cicero, it is impossible for you to conceive, how much I am tortured, now that I have again hopes of an accommodation, lest some accident should happen to prevent it. All I can do at this distance, is to express my wishes. Were I there in person, I might, perhaps, be of some use. At present, I am on the rack of impatience.

EPISTLE XIV.

ON the 24th, I sent you copies of the letter to me from Balbus, and from Cæsar to him, and the same day I received a letter from Q. Pedius, at Capua, informing me, that Cæsar had written to him on the 14th of March, in the following terms.

"Pompey keeps within the town. I am encamped before the gates. We are attempting a great and a tedious work, on account of the depth of the sea; but I had no choice left me. We are casting up mounds from both points of the harbour, in order to force Pompey to pass beyond seas, with the troops he has at Brundisium or to block him up in the harbour."

Where is now the accommodation, which Balbus said had put him upon the rack of impatience?

ence? What can be more bitter, what more cruel, than this intelligence? It is even given out for certainty, that Cæsar says, he will avenge the blood of C. Carbo, of M. Brutus¹, and of all who were butchered by Sylla, in conjunction with Pompey; that Curio does nothing by his orders which Pompey had not done by Sylla's, that he had restored² to their rights of standing for public offices, those who could not by the old laws have suffered banishment; but that Pompey had restored traitors from exile. That Cæsar farther complains of Milo's being banished³ by force, but that he will offer no violence to any who are not in arms against him. One Bæbius,

¹ Carbo was killed in Sicily by Pompey's order; and Marcus Brutus, father of the famous Brutus, who headed the conspiracy by which Cæsar fell, was killed by the same orders, after surrendering Modena to Pompey.

² The original here is desperate, and I have translated it according to the most probable conjecture I could form. It is however necessary for the reader to know, that Pompey was under a kind of a necessity of proceeding severely by some new laws, which had passed against those who were guilty of public corruption, which was then excessive at Rome.

³ It has been objected to Cæsar's character, notwithstanding his complaining of Milo's banishment, that he did not recall Milo when it was in his power to have done it. But I cannot see how this affects Cæsar, since Milo might have been guilty, and a very dangerous citizen, and yet the measures taken by Pompey to over-awe his trial, might have been very unjustifiable; and in fact, our author thought, and knew them to be so.

bis, who was sent hither by Curio, on the 13th, and is a fluent speaker, talks of Cæsar in a quite different strain, but nobody knows any thing of this same Bæbius. I am absolutely at a loss how to proceed. I am convinced, Pompey is embarked before this time; but we shall know all in two days. You have sent me no letters, even by Anteros; but, I am not surprised at that, for what can we write? and yet, I write to you every day.

P. S. Since writing the above, I received, before daybreak, a letter from Lepta at Capua, with an account, that Pompey embarked the 15th, and that by the 26th, Cæsar would be at Capua.

EPISTLE XV.

AFTER writing you the letter which brought you the account, that Cæsar was to be at Capua by the 26th, I received a letter from Capua, that he was to be at Curio's house, in Alba, on the 28th. As soon as I have seen him, I will go to Arpi. Should I obtain the indulgence I ask for, I will comply with his terms; otherwise, I will follow a course of my own. He writes me, that he has posted one legion at Brundisium, another at Tarentum, and a third at Sipontum; and the whole

whole seem to me to be disposed in such a manner, as to block up every passage by sea; while his own motions point towards Greece rather than Spain. But those are distant events. At present, I am uneasy about the manner of my meeting with him; for the time is at hand, and I tremble with the dread of his first proceedings. I suppose, he will endeavour to obtain a resolution of the senate; and a sentence from the Augural college in his favour. I shall be either hurried with him to Rome, or plundered in my absence. He will authorize a prætor, to create the consuls, or name a dictator; both which proceedings are unconstitutional. If Sylla, however, could from a regent procure himself the appellation of dictator, why may not Cæsar do the same? I can conclude upon nothing, but that I am in danger of being treated as a Q. Mucius by the one party, and as a L. Scipio by the other.

By the time you have read this letter, I shall perhaps, have had a meeting with Cæsar; You will perhaps reply, *you have suffered heavier trials than these*; No, not by my banishment. For then I was supported by the hopes of being speedily recalled; and by the discontent of the public. At present, I intend to leave Italy, without the smallest encouragement to hope, that I shall ever return. Our corporations, and country gentlemen, so far from being discontented

ted with Cæsar, are afraid of Pompey's cruelty and resentment. Notwithstanding all this, to stay with Cæsar is what I most dread, and to be with Pompey is what I most desire; to be his companion, not in fighting, but in flying. Meanwhile, you delayed giving me any advice, till we should know what had happened at Brundisium. We know it now; and yet I am as undetermined as ever.

I can scarcely flatter myself that Cæsar will give me the indulgence I am to solicit, notwithstanding all the strong reasons I shall urge to obtain it. But I will instantly send you a most exact and verbal account of our conversation, as soon as it shall happen. Do you, my friend, exert all your affection to assist me, by your concern and wisdom. Cæsar comes on so fast, that I cannot have a previous meeting with T. Rebilus, as I proposed. I must proceed, without the smallest preparation! and must speak what my own wisdom may dictate without the dread of that Nestor. Whatever I shall do you shall forthwith know. I have no copy of the proposals you ask for, sent by Cæsar to the consuls, and to Pompey. While I was upon the road, I sent you those brought by Egypta, by which, I suppose, you may gather the substance of the others. Philip is at Naples, and Lentulus at Puteoli. Endeavour to learn where Domitius is, and what he intends to do.

You

You tell me that I have written in a harsher strain of Dionysius, than is usual with my natural temper; but you see by this how much I retain in me of the old Roman. Indeed, I thought that you would have been more sensibly affected, than I was, by his behaviour. For, not to mention that I imagine you ought to resent every injury offered to me; that fellow, in some measure, insulted you by behaving with so much insolence towards me. But how far that may be any concern of yours, I leave to yourself; for I will not impose on you the burden of resenting my quarrels. For my own part, I hardly thought him in his senses, but now believe him a base rascal: And yet he has done more harm to himself than he has done to me. You have managed very well concerning Philargirus¹. The cause you defended, had truth and justice to support it, for he abandoned me rather than I him.

After sending off my letter, of the 25th, the servants, whom I had sent to Matius and Trebatius brought me a letter from them, of which the following is a copy.

EPISTLE

¹ This person seems to have been one, to whom Dionysius had complained of our author's treatment of him, and was set right by Atticus.

*Matius and Trebatius to Cicero, Commander in Chief,
wish prosperity.*

UPON our leaving Capua, we understood on the road, that, on the 17th of March, Pompey sailed from Brundisium, with the remaining part of his forces; that, next day, Cæsar entered that town; that he made a public harangue; that he set out from thence to Rome, where he will arrive some time this month, and, after staying a few days, will proceed to Spain. As we have this account of Cæsar's march from undoubted authority, I have thought proper to send back your servants, with the most early information of it to you. I have what you recommended to me very much at heart, and I will solicit it when opportunity offers. You will see Trebatius Scævola, before you see Cæsar or me.

P. S. Since writing what is above, we understand that Cæsar will be at Beneventum on the 25th; on the 26th, at Capua; and on the 27th, at Sinuessa. You may depend upon the truth of this.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVI.

THOUGH I have nothing new to write you, yet I write this, that I may not let a day pass without sending you a letter. I heard that Cæsar was to spend the 27th at Sinuessa: I received a letter from him, the day before, in which he tells me, he hopes to be assisted not by my property but by my influence¹. After I had written him a letter of compliment upon his generous behaviour at Corfinium, he sent me the following answer.

Cæsar, Commander in Chief, to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

YOU know me too well to be mistaken in the judgment you have formed of my hating nothing so much as I do cruelty. Now, besides the great pleasure, which I take in clemency as a virtue, it gives me triumph, it gives me joy, that you approve of my conduct. I am not in the least concerned at the report, that they, whom I restored

¹ There is a low jingle in the original. *Jam opes meas, non, ut superioribus litteris, opem expectat.*

tored to liberty, have gone off, that they might renew the war against me. For I wish for nothing more than that both they, and I, should act like ourselves. I earnestly desire you to be at Rome, that I may continue, in all my measures, to make use of your counsels and your aid. You must know that I hold in high estimation Dolabella your son-in-law. I hope he will comply with me in this request, and indeed such is his politeness, his good sense, and his kindness for me, that he cannot do otherwise¹.

EPISTLE XVII.

ON the 28th, the date of this letter, I expect the arrival of Trebatius. I will determine upon the manner of addressing Cæsar by what I shall learn from him, and from the letters of Matius. Mortifying situation! for he doubtless will press me to come to Rome. For when he was at Formiæ, he publicly intimated his pleasure for a full senate, to assemble by the 1st of April. Shall I then refuse him?—But why should I anticipate matters.—I will not lose a moment in writing

¹ It is hard to say whether the magnanimity, or politeness of Cæsar, in this letter is most conspicuous, or whether our author's criticism, which we observed in the last note, or his distrust, if he did distrust Cæsar, is most absurd.

writing to you. I will resolve, according to my conversation with him, whether I shall go to Arpi, or to some other place. I intend to give my son the manly robe at that place. I beg you to turn your thoughts to what I shall do afterwards, for vexation has rendered me quite stupid. I want to know whether Curius has written any thing to you concerning Tyro. For, according to what Tyro writes to me himself, I am apprehensive of his health. They who have seen him give me little satisfaction; and let me tell you, that even this is no small addition to my other great afflictions; for his care and assiduity would be extremely useful to me in my present situation.

EPISTLE XVIII.

I HAVE followed your advice¹, in both points. For my conversation with Cæsar, was such as might

¹ The reader cannot but observe, from this letter, how much our author's stile is influenced by his situation. He speaks as one out of breath, after a terrible fright in half broken, short sentences. Meanwhile I am still confirmed in my former opinion, that though his attendance at Rome, would have been of use to Cæsar, yet that Cæsar did not think him of so much importance as he seems to imagine himself to be. Even our author's firmness,

might rather induce him to have a high opinion of my integrity, than to return me thanks for my compliance. I remain firm in declining to go to Rome. I was, however, mistaken in thinking he would be compliable¹. Never did I see a man less so. He told me, that my refusal was a condemnation of his conduct, and that my not going to Rome would keep others back. My answer was, that my case and theirs differed widely. After much talk; Then come, said he, and set on foot an accommodation. What, upon my own terms? You are sure, replied he, I will not prescribe to you. Then, I will endeavour, said I, to persuade the senate to oppose your going to Spain, and your transporting your army into Greece. I will enlarge, continued I, in the most pathetic

firmness, and Cæsar's behaviour to him, confirm the suspicion. For if he talked in the steady manner he here represents, and if it was of such importance for Cæsar to have him at Rome, and not to join Pompey, we cannot imagine he would have suffered him to depart at liberty. The truth is, there is a wide difference between the compliments, and the sentiments, of so great a man as Cæsar was. It is possible Pompey would have been a little more serious with our author; but Cæsar, who had a passion for that true glory which descends to posterity, wanted to win Cicero, rather than make him his enemy, if it could be done without prejudice to his ambition.

¹ *Orig. Facilis*. If Cæsar was so very incomplicable, how came he to leave our author at liberty to act as he pleased, after he had so frankly declared his sentiments to be against all his measures.

pathetic manner, upon the fate of Pompey. These are matters, says Cæsar, which I will not have mentioned. So I thought, answered I; but I will not be present, because I must either mention these matters, and many others, which I shall indispensably be obliged to do, if I should appear at Rome, or I must not go thither. At last, to get rid of the subject, he desired me to take time to consider. I could not refuse that, and thereupon we parted. I am, therefore, convinced, that Cæsar does not love me. But I love myself, and that is more than I have been used to do for a long time¹.

But to change the subject, what a train accompanies him. In the deadly band, as you used to call his adherents, was the freedman of Eros Celer. In what a ruinous cause is he embarked! What desperate troops he heads! There might be seen the son of Servius, here the son of Titianus. What a crew was there in the camp which blockaded Pompey! Cæsar was there at the head of six legions; he is vigilant, he is daring, I see no end of our calamities. Now, if ever, you are to

¹ This is one of the many beautiful reflections which arise from nature and the honesty of the heart, and distinguish our author's letters to Atticus beyond any epistolary compositions, either ancient or modern. For my own part, I cannot help wishing that he had oftener than he did, laid aside the man of learning, and the statesman, for he is always the great man, when uninfluenced by fear or vanity.

to give me your advice, for this is the last crisis. Cæsar threw out, however, at the close, an alarming situation, I had almost forgotten "if he was debarred from the advantage of my counsels, he would take *advice from others* where he could get it, and that he would hesitate at nothing.

You will ask me, have you then seen the man? I have seen him just as you had described him. Did you not sigh? I certainly did. Well, tell the rest of the sequel. I have nothing farther to add. He instantly went to Pedum¹, and I to Arpi. There I will wait for the return of the swallows². Meanwhile, you will say, you ought not to harass yourself with what cannot be helped. But alas! I am about to follow a leader who has committed many gross blunders. Well, I wait for your letters. We have not now the resource we used to have, of examining *how things will turn out*. My meeting with Cæsar, was to be the period of our deliberation, and as I doubt not of his being much dissatisfied with it, we are, consequently,

¹ This was a city of Latium, lying between Tybur, Præneste and Tusculanum.

² Orig. *Ααλαγισσαν*. *Garrientem* sup. *hirundinem*. There is some ambiguity in the Greek phrase, and uncertainty in the reading. I have translated it according to the most probable opinion, that Cicero means, he would take the advice of Atticus in waiting till summer was pretty far advanced, that is, till the swallows began to chatter, before he went to join Pompey.

consequently, to be the more speedy in resolving and acting. As you love me, therefore, you will write me a letter, and that too upon what ought to be my conduct in regard to the commonwealth. I am extremely impatient for a letter from you.

EPISTLE XIX.

I HAVE chosen to invest my son Cicero at Arpi, with the manly robe, because we were absent from Rome, and indeed, my neighbours of that corporation regard this as a high compliment; but yet I felt great sorrow and dejection, both amongst them, and in all the places through which I passed; so dismal, so gloomy is the prospect of the impending convulsion. Levies are raising, and taking up their winter quarters. If such proceedings are burdensome, even when occasioned by true patriots, when the war is just, and its prosecution moderate, how intolerable must they be, when carried on by the most furious ruffians, and in the prosecution of a most unnatural civil war.

Now, you are not to imagine, that there is in all Italy one unprincipled man, who has not joined Cæsar. I saw the general rendezvous of them

them at Formiæ. I was well acquainted with them beforehand (nor, indeed, did I ever look upon them as any other than beasts of prey,) but I never before saw them in one group—Let me be gone then, go where I will—Let me bid adieu to all my concerns—Let me be gone, I say, to Pompey, who will be more thankful for my having joined him, than if I had fled with him. We had then great hopes; at present (I speak for myself) we have none¹, and I am the only man of the party who has not left Italy, because he was afraid of Cæsar. And yet, I call heaven to witness, I do not act thus for the sake of my country, which I take to be entirely ruined, but to avoid the imputation of ingratitude, towards a man who relieved me from the misfortunes which, indeed, himself inflicted, and because I cannot be a witness to the present or future measures, that must certainly be in agitation at Rome.

I suppose, by this time, some resolutions have
passed

¹ Orig. *Tum enim eramus in maxima spe; nunc, ego quidem, in nulla.* Monsieur Mongault translates this, *Car alors nous avoins de grandes esperances, & il ne nous en reste plus.* I have in another place observed, (*Vide* translation of the orations, Vol. II.) that no translator or commentator has attended to the meaning of the particle *quidem*. And this passage, from so excellent a translator as Monsieur Mongault, is a fresh proof of it.

passed the senate; I wish Volcatius¹ may have had the direction of them, but that will be of no avail. All will be compelled to be of one mind. Servius, however, will be the most untractable, for he sent his son with Pontius Titinianus to the army, in order to kill, or at least, to take Pompey. Titianinus was, indeed, influenced by fear. But as to Servius—But let me desist from passion—Let us come to some resolution, even though it were burdensome, and to me the most forlorn of all, that of continuing to breathe²,—As the ports of the Adriatic sea are shut up, I will embark at a port from the Tuscan sea; if I find difficulty at Puteoli, I will go to Croto, or to Thuria³, and thus we, excellent citizens, and eminent patriots, must act as professed pirates.

¹ He was of a moderate character, and one of the most ancient amongst the consulars.

² I cannot see, admitting the reading laid down by Grævius, and followed by Monsieur Mongault himself, why both of them should look upon this passage as irrecoverable and irreconcilable to sense. I imagine, that whoever compares it, as I have translated it, with other passages of our author's works, will think it contains a sentiment very agreeable to Cicero's manner. It was no new thing in our author, when pressed by misfortunes, as he is in this place, to deliberate both with himself and his friends, whether or not he should live. The reader may consult Vol. I. page 181, 183, 184, 196, and almost the whole of the third book of these epistles.

³ This sea-port lay upon the gulf of Sarentum, and is likewise called Cybaris.

rates¹. For I can see no other method by which we can carry on this war. We are now skulking to Egypt; we are not in a condition to face our enemy, and there is no depending upon the prospect of an accommodation; but I have already sufficiently bewailed these melancholy circumstances.

I beg you will inform me in your letters by Cephalio, of all that is done or spoken at Rome; if, indeed, I can suppose people there still to retain the use of speech. I followed your advice, especially as to the dignity I kept up in my interview with Cæsar, and in my continuing firm, not to go to Rome. Finish what you have begun. Write me punctually (for matters are now come to a crisis with me) all that you want, and all that you wish to have done. And yet I see no choice that is left.—Write to me, if any thing of consequence occur to you; write to me even things of no consequence.

CICERO'S

¹ We have already seen, that he accused Pompey of a design to famish Italy, by cutting off all provisions by sea.

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK X.

EPISTLE I.

ON the third of April, after coming to my brother's house at Laterium¹, I received your letter, which soothed my sorrow more than any other circumstance since these troubles began. It is of great consequence to me, that you approve of my firmness of resolution, and the manner of my behaviour. As to the approbation which you say I have received from our friend Sextus, it gives me as much joy, as if I had received it from the judgment of his father, of whom I always had the greatest opinion. Well do I remember,

¹ This place lay near Arce.

remember, on that day, it was the 5th of December, what he said to me when I was conversing with him on a certain subject. His words were,

*Yet in a mighty deed, I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire¹!*

His authority therefore is still alive with me, and his son, who is his express image, succeeds to my regard for him. I desire that you will remember me to him most sincerely.

Though the time you mark out for my coming to some determination, cannot be far off (for that venal speaker² has, I suppose, before now, closed his harangue, and something I suppose, has been done in the convention of the senators, for I cannot call it a senate), yet still you hold me in suspense; though I am the less so, as I am perfectly convinced that you are fixed in your opinion how I ought to proceed. What else can be the meaning of your telling me, that Flavius is to go for Sicily at the head of a legion, and that he

¹ Orig. Μη μαν ασπενδει γε η, ακλειως απολοιμην,
Αλλα μεγα ε'εξας τι, η εσομαι νοισι πυθεισθαι.

This is a verse taken from Homer, who puts it in the mouth of Hector when he saw that his death by Achilles was inevitable. The translation is Mr. Pope's.

² Several characters in Rome answer to this expression, but we are not certain who the particular person was, whom Cicero meant.

he has entered upon his commission; that many wicked schemes are in readiness or in agitation, and that more will follow? For my own part, I pay no regard to the law of Solon, our countryman¹, which made it death for any person in a civil commotion, not to take one party or the other; and unless you differ in opinion from me, both I, and the young men, will retire from this scene of tumult. But I am more inclined to the other resolution. However, I will do nothing with precipitation, but wait for your advice, and (unless you may have written another letter before) for the letter which I desired you to send me by Cephalio.

You write me not, as a thing you have heard, but as a suggestion of your own, that I must be drawn to Rome, if an accommodation should be set on foot. For my part I cannot see what room there can be for any such proposal, since Cæsar appears to be entirely determined to strip, if he can, Pompey, both of his army, and his government, unless the same venal orator can persuade him to be quiet, while the mediators are passing and-repassing. I see nothing now to hope for, or that can be done. It is a political question of moment, whether a good patriot ought to deliberate with a tyrant, even when virtuous

¹ Alluding to his own fondness and that of his friend for Athens.

virtuous measures are the subject of deliberation. Should I therefore, chance to be invited (which, indeed, is very improbable, after his disgust at the freedom with which I spoke my mind respecting an accommodation); but, I say, should it so happen, write me in what manner you think I should behave; for this will be one of the most critical periods in my whole life. I am extremely glad, that you are pleased with what you hear from Trebatius who is a worthy man, and a good patriot, and your repeated exclamation of *most excellent*! gives me a satisfaction, that is unusual to me in my present situation. I am extremely impatient for your letter, which, I suppose, by this time you have sent off.

Your¹ friend Sextus and you, have preserved the same dignity of behaviour which you recommended to me. Your cousin Celer is not so wise as he is witty. What my daughter told you concerning the young men, is true. Your remark concerning Marcus Antonius is not in reality so sad as is reported. The agony I am now in, is like that of death. I must either possess freedom amongst rebels, or join the patriots at the risk of my life. I must either follow the latter in
their

¹ This probably was the beginning of another letter, and which is often the case with those letters, it has probably slipped into this through accident, or carelessness.

their madness, or oppose the former in their treasons. Either measure is attended with danger, but what I am about, is neither safe nor shameful.

I am not of opinion, that the person who sent his son to Brundisium with proposals of peace, will be employed as a deputy¹. I have heard no mention of him, and I think so much the better. As to peace, my sentiments are the same with yours, that their pacific overtures have no sincerity, but that their preparations for war are in good earnest. Should I therefore happen to be deputed, I shall have the less reason to write, or even to consider about my behaviour².

EPISTLE

¹ Monsieur Mongault has translated this in a different sense and upon a reading from Grævius, which I do not find to be warranted, nor indeed has either Grævius or he admitted it into their text. Meanwhile, I have retained the common reading, because I think it makes as good, if not better, sense as that adopted by the French translator. The person alluded to here, seems to have been either the elder Balbus, or the elder Sulpicius, most probably the latter.

² The reason of this is, because he knew that Cæsar's party were not in earnest, as he mentions immediately before, and not because (as Monsieur Mongault is fond of supposing) no body spoke of our author for a mediator. For both Cæsar and Balbus, and many others, had mentioned him as the most proper person to be employed. I likewise think Monsieur Mongault is a little mistaken in the latter, as well as in the former, part of this paragraph; but it is of no great importance.

EPISTLE II.

I WAS to go to Minturne, when I received your letter from Cephario, the 5th of April, and, after staying there the next day, I intended to leave it without delay. I have, however, remained in my brother's house at Arce, it being a more private place, till I can hear something more certain, and in the meanwhile, all may be done, that can be done without me. The chattering of the swallows notifies the approach of summer. I am in a fever till I am gone, but how, or where, is still a question.—Upon this I shall deliberate, and will be determined by those who are qualified to advise.—Meanwhile do you, my friend, continue, as hitherto, to assist me as far as you can with your advice. My situation is so inextricable, that I must leave all to chance. My endeavours are hopeless; and it would be next to a miracle, should they be successful.

I am against that visit from Dionysius, with which I am threatened in my daughter's letter. It would be very improper at this time, and I should be sorry that a fellow, who hates me so much, should entertain himself with my misfortunes, especially as they are so great at present. But I think you have little reason to resent my quarrel with him.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III.

I HAVE nothing to write, though I am desirous of writing to you. There are some things, however, that I am curious to know.—Is Cæsar gone?—In what state has he left Rome?—Whom has he left to command in Italy?—Who are the officers, to whom he has assigned particular governments, and the administration of public affairs?—Has he sent, and was he sanctioned by the senate in sending, any deputies to Pompey and the consuls to treat of peace?—These are the points I desire to know of you, and, for that purpose, I trouble you with this letter. It will therefore be kind, and obliging in you, to inform me of these matters, and of whatever else may concern me to know. I will wait at Arce for your answer. This is the second letter I have written you on the 7th of April; and yesterday I wrote you one longer with my own hand. I am told you have been seen in the pontifical palace¹; I cannot blame you. For if it is a fault to appear in public, I have been guilty of it myself.

I am impatient (yet I know not for what reason)

¹ *Orig. Regia.* This was a place in which the greatest men in Rome used to assemble in public, for the sake of company and conversation, as we do at court, or other public places.

son) for a letter from you. I beg, however, you will write to me, even though you have nothing to write; only let me be assured of this from your own hand. Cæsar, in his letters, forgives me for not coming to Rome, and tells me that he is very far from being disgusted with my refusal. I am not at all sorry at what he writes me, that Tullus and Servius complain to him, that he has not shown to them the same indulgence which he has to me. How ridiculous these men are to send their sons to an army, which besieges Pompey, and yet scruple to assist in a senate, that is called by Cæsar. Meanwhile, I have sent you the copy of Cæsar's letter.

EPISTLE IV.

I RECEIVED several letters from you the same day, all of them most accurately penned, but I never shall be tired of reading that which approaches the size of a volume. The pains you took in writing it, I assure you, were not lost, if you meant thereby to oblige me in the most sensible manner. I therefore, earnestly desire you to repeat your favours as often as you can, and while you can, that is, as long as you know how to direct to me.

It is now time, if possible, for me to finish, or
if

If I cannot finish, to moderate, which is no more than I can do, these my daily lamentations over the state of the public. I bid adieu to all reflections upon the dignity, the honours, and the exalted station of life I have forfeited. I am now only to reflect by what means I rose to them, how I discharged them, and in what estimation I lived with the public. In short, it is a consideration with me in my present calamities, what difference there is between me and the men, for whose sakes I have lost my all. I mean the men, who thought they could not have a sufficient range for ambition, without driving me from my country. But you see what has been the catastrophe of their coalition and iniquitous association. Cæsar, who was one of the parties, in the glow of resentment and treason, is so far from relenting, that he is every day, making new accessions of power. After driving Pompey from Italy, he now endeavours to pursue his person in one country, and to strip him of his government in another. He is so far from declining, that, in some measure, he arrogates to himself the appellation of tyrant, which, in fact, he merits. Pompey, the other party, who could see me crawling at his feet without raising me, who said, that he could do nothing against the will of Cæsar, this man, I say, after escaping from the power and the sword of his father-in-law, makes preparations, by sea and land, to carry on

U 2.

a war,

a war, not indeed, unjust in itself; but not sanctified by the love of country, not justified by necessity, yet still, a war, which, if he be conquered, would prove fatal; and even should he conquer, it would be pernicious to his country.

Yet, glorious as were the previous actions of these mighty generals, I cannot give them the preference to mine; nor can I think them greater in all their enjoyment of the pomp of fortune, than I was, when I encountered her storms. For what enjoyment can a man have of himself, who either abandons or oppresses his country? And if I am right, as you say I am, in what I have written in my philosophical treatises, that the only source of happiness is virtue, and that nothing can be wretched but what is dishonest; both these great men must surely be wretched to the last degree, who never thought of the interest and honour of their country, but sacrificed them to their love of public power, and private emolument. What peace, what comfort therefore, do I feel within myself! Conscious as I am, that, while it was in my power, I served my country with success; that at least I ever judged of her affairs, as if I had the spirit of divination, and that, fourteen years ago, I foresaw the very tempest in which she is now overwhelmed.

I will go then, attended with a good conscience, as my companion. My heart, indeed, is heavy,

heavy, but not so much on my own and my brother's account, for both of us are in the decline of life, as on account of our children, whom I sometimes look upon as pledges deposited in our hands, and to whom we ought presently to entrust the guardianship of our country. One of them, at least, is endued with filial piety, and therefore he does not give me so much pain¹. —But as to the other—surely nothing in life ever gave me such sorrow and concern,—he has been so far spoiled by his father's and my indulgence, that I dare not mention what he dares to do; besides, I am impatient for your letters; for you informed me, that you would write me more at large, when you had seen him. I never showed him any indulgence but what was tempered with much severity, and have even checked him, not in single or trifling errors, but in great and numerous offences. But his father's indulgence ought rather to have endeared him to him, than to be so monstrously abused by him.

We

¹ Orig. *Quorum quidem alter, non tam (quia majore pietate est) me mirabiliter excruciat.* I have here supplied a parenthesis, which the sense evidently demands, rather than introduce a sense not to be warranted. Monsieur Mongault translates this passage, *L'un m'afflige infiniment, moins parce qu'il est mon fils que pas que j'ai vu un bon naturel.* It is impossible this excellent translator could have mistaken the passage as he has done, had he attended to the signification of the particle *quidem*, the mistaking which, I have so often observed, has led all translators into gross blunders.

We were so much concerned at the letters he wrote to Cæsar, that we even concealed them from you, but I perceive that he has rendered his father's life miserable. I dare not express to you, the affection which he pretended, when he set out upon his journey. All I know is, that, after he had been with Hirtius, he was sent for by Cæsar; that he informed him of my being, at heart, an utter enemy to all his schemes, and that I intended to leave Italy. Thus much I write, though with a trembling hand. But our indulgence could never have brought him to that; it must be owing to his own perverse nature. It was this, and not their father's conduct, that corrupted Curio, and the son of Hortensius. The concern which my brother feels, renders him ashamed to shew his face; nor is he so anxious about his own life, as about mine. He, my Atticus, is the object to whom you are to administer comfort, if you can. All the comfort that suggests itself to me is, the possibility that our information may be either false or exaggerated. But, supposing it to be true, what can be done, situated as I am, and ready to take my flight? For did our government still subsist, I should be at no loss how to proceed in the proper terms either of severity or mildness. Either resentment, grief, or fear, may have given my pen a severer edge in this matter, than is consistent with either your or my affection towards the young man.

man. But if the allegations are true, you will pardon me: if they are false, you will gratify in undeceiving me. But, however the matter may turn out, you are to impute nothing either to the uncle or the father.

Having written thus far, I received a message from Curio, that he was about to pay me a visit, he having arrived at Cumæ last night, being the 13th of this month. If his conversation with me should disclose any thing that you ought to know, I will subjoin it in the sequel of this letter.

Curio has gone past my house, and sent me notice, that he would, very soon, wait upon me. He hastened to Puteoli; there he harangued the people: when this harangue was over, he came to me and staid with me a long while. How shameful was his conduct!—You know the man.—He was as frank as ever.—In the first place, he asserted as a fact, that all who had been banished by the Pompeian law, would be recalled, with the view of employing them in Sicily. He made no doubt of Cæsar's becoming master of both Spains; that after that, he would lead his army, in person, against Pompey, wherever he may be, and that Pompey's destruction alone could put a period to the war; that what passed nearer Rome was of little consequence, and that Cæsar was so much provoked at the opposition he met with from the tribune Metellus, that he intended

intended once to have killed him¹, which, if he had done, it would have occasioned the slaughter of many others; that many advised him to adopt cruel measures; that he was, neither by principle, nor by nature, averse to shed blood, but because he thought clemency would strengthen his interest with the people; and that, if he once lost their confidence, he would manifest his thirst for blood, and that he was alarmed, when he understood that the populace took offence at what he had done in regard to the public treasure. Curio added, that it was for this reason he had not ventured to effect the firm resolution which he had formed of convening the people, and that when he left it, he was greatly confused and disconcerted.

I next came to question Curio what prospect he had,—where were the forms, where the substance of our constitution? He frankly told me, that all his thoughts of that kind were at an end. He was afraid of Pompey's fleet, and he said, if it should act that he must abandon Sicily. What, said I, is the meaning of those² six lictors who attend you? If you received them from the senate, why

¹ This was for opposing Cæsar's seizing the public treasure at Rome.

² He reserved them from Cæsar, as being pro-prætor; none but consuls and proconsuls were attended with twelve, and none had them encircled with laurel, but those who had gained a victory.

why do they wear laurel? And, if from Cæsar, why are they so few? I was content to have them, replies he, from a clandestine¹ resolution of the senate for he had no other means to get them. But, continues he, Cæsar hates the senate more than ever, and told me, *I will be the source of public honours*. I still urged him, why have you no more than six lictors? I might have had twelve, replied he, but I declined it.

How desirous said I to him, was I to request of Cæsar, the favour, I hear, he has granted to Philip². But I feared I should not prevail with him, because he did not prevail with me. He would have granted it, answered Curio, with pleasure, and you may consider yourself as having already gained it; for I will write him in any terms you please, that you and I have settled that matter between ourselves. What signifies it to him where you are, if you are not in the senate-house? You could have given him no manner of disgust by leaving Italy. Upon this I told Curio, that I wanted to retire and live in solitude, and the more so, because I was attended by lictors. He approved of the resolution. Well then, said I, I must go to Greece through your province, because the coasts of the Adriatic

¹ See Vol. I. p. 293, 294.

² Though he was nearly related by marriage to Cæsar, yet he gave him leave to remain neutral.

Adriatic are guarded by soldiers. Nothing, said he, in the world can give me greater pleasure; and here he profusely complimented me. Thus far therefore I have succeeded, that I shall be able to embark, not only openly, but with safety.

He has deferred, till another time, all conversation about other matters; and if any thing worth writing should occur, then I will communicate it to you. There are some things, however, I have forgotten to mention; such as, whether Cæsar expects an interregnum. Whether—but what am I talking about?—Curio told me, Cæsar had offered the consulship to him, but that he refused it for the next year. There are other things besides, that I must learn of him. In short, he swore, (but oaths cost him nothing) that Cæsar is extremely well pleased with me. I appeal, said he, to what he wrote to Dolabella. Well, what was that? said I. Curio then assured me, that when Dolabella was desirous I should come to Rome, Cæsar, in answer, returned him many thanks, and told him, that he was not only satisfied, but pleased at my not coming. What can I say more? I begin to be more at ease, and my concern at my family's treachery, and my nephew's conversation with Hirtius, is now abated. How desirous I am, that the young man were worthy of his family, and how very unwilling I am to suspect him.—

But

But still, where was the occasion for his meeting Hirtius? There must be something, though I hope not much, in the report.—And yet, I am surprised that he is not returned.—It cannot be long ere we know the whole truth.

You are to pay the money due to me from the Opii, to my wife; for there is now no security to be had at Rome for money. Do you, however, assist me by your advice, whether I shall travel to Rhegium by land, or embark directly here. As it will be some time before I depart, I shall have new matter to write to you as soon as I see Curio. I beg you will continue your inquiries concerning Tyro, that I may know what he is about.

EPISTLE V.

IF I mistake not, I wrote you very fully before concerning my future plan. As to the day of my departure, all I can say for certain is, that it will not be before the change of the moon. Curio's conversation with me the day after I last wrote to you, was pretty much in the same strain as before, only he was more frank in owning, that he could not foresee the end of the present disorders. What you mention concerning the management

nagement of my nephew, is hardly¹ practicable; I will, however, do all in my power; and I wish you would do the same. But, I shall deal with him with all the strictness which you propose to do. I have written directly to Vestorius concerning my daughter, who was very importunate to me on that head.

Vectenus was more reasonable in his conversation with you than in his letters to me, but I am extremely surprised at the inaccuracy of his account. For, after Philotimus told me, that that message might be bought of Canuleius for fifty thousand serteces, and even cheaper, if I should apply to Vectenus, I accordingly wrote to desire Vectenus to abate the price, if he could, which he promised to do. He lately wrote to me, that he had purchased it for thirty thousand serteces, and desired me to let him know the person to whom I had a mind it should be conveyed, and that the 13th of November was the day of payment. I answered him too angrily, though my language was tempered with facetiousness. But now, that he acts as a man of honour, I have nothing to accuse him of, and I have written to let him know, that you have informed me of the whole affair. I desire you to give

¹ The original here is a Greek proverb. *Ἀρκάδιον με αἰτεῖς*, *You ask Arcadia of me, you solicit of me a difficult task.*—E.

give me every information about your journey, how, and when, it is to be. April the 17th.

EPISTLE VI.

NOTHING but the weather detains me in this place. I will act an open part, whatever revolution may take place in Spain. Do not you, however, divulge a syllable. I have, in my former letters, opened to you all my schemes; which is the reason why this letter is so short, besides my being hurried in getting ready for my departure. As to the younger Quintus, *I have given him a severe lecture.*¹ You know the passage to which I allude. The advices you give me afterwards, are both wise and friendly. But every thing will be practicable with me, if I can be sufficiently guarded in respect to him. This is a difficult point.—He is a strange medley; he has nothing about him that is ingenuous, nothing that is sincere. I wish you had undertaken the management of him, for his father is too indulgent to him, and slackens the severity of my discipline. I could manage the youth, were it not for the father: this you might do; but I cannot blame you for not attempting it

¹ This expression is from Terence.

it—it is a great task. We are authentically informed, that Pompey goes through Illyria to Gaul. I must now see how, or which way I am to escape.

EPISTLE VII.

FOR my part, I approve of your going by Apulia and Sipontum, and of all the caution you use, for I think your situation is different from mine. Not but we are under the same ties to our country, but our country is now out of the question. The dispute is, who shall be our sovereign? In this dispute, the most moderate, the most virtuous, and the most upright commander, whose success hereafter, is connected with the very existence of the Roman people, has been worsted. But should this man be sovereign, he will use his power with the insolence and cruelty of Sylla. In such a dispute, therefore, you ought to declare yourself openly for neither, but consult your own interest. But my case is far different; for I am so tied down by obligations to Pompey, that I cannot be ungrateful; but yet, I think, I need not to attend him in the field, but retire to Malta, or some other little town. You will tell me, that is doing no service to the man, to whom I am unwilling

unwilling to appear ungrateful. But give me leave to say, that it is more than Pompey himself, perhaps, would have required. But time will prove this. Let me at any rate be gone, nor need I hurry before the fine season comes on, since Dolabella commands the Adriatic sea, and Curio the streights of Sicily.

I entertained some hopes that Servius Sulpicius would give me some explanation, I therefore sent him a letter by my freedman Philotimus. If he will behave as a man, I cannot wish for a better companion; but whatever may be his conduct, I will still act like myself. Curio staid some time with me; he thought, that Cæsar was dejected by the disapprobation of the populace, and felt little hope of Sicily, if Pompey should sail there with his fleet. I received the younger Quintus with great affection; I see, that his whole motive was his love of money, and the hope of obtaining a sum from Cæsar. Even that is very bad, but I am in hopes there is no foundation for the crime of which we suspected him. But his conduct, viewed in this favourable light, is unpardonable. Now, as to his present offence, I suppose, you will not impute it to our indulgence, but to his natural disposition, which we endeavour by every means to correct. You may settle to your own mind the business of the Opii Velienses.

I shall

I shall look upon your house at Epirus, as upon my own; but I believe, I shall not go near that quarter.

EPISTLE VIII.

THERE is now an end of corresponding upon subjects which may be dangerous, as our letters may be intercepted; and this is no more than the thing itself manifested; that you hinted, and I foresaw. But as my daughter often writes to entreat me to wait the event of what is doing in Spain; as she always tells me, that you are of the same opinion, and as I understand so much from your own letters, I think, it is very proper for me to acquaint you with my sentiments on that head.

I should deem that measure extremely advisable, if I could agree with you in thinking, that my conduct ought to be regulated by the event of the war in Spain. One or the other of these events must happen; that Cæsar (as I wish he may) will be beaten out of Spain; or the war will be protracted; or if Cæsar, as he bids fair to do, will reduce that country. Should Cæsar be beaten, I leave you to judge, what a welcome, what an agreeable guest, I must be to Pompey; for in this case, I believe Curio himself would
forsake

forsake him if the war be protracted. I see neither an object, nor an end of my waiting. The event will be that I must submit, if we be beaten in Spain. My opinion is directly the reverse; for, I think, I ought to leave Cæsar when he is victorious, rather than if he is vanquished, while he is sure, rather than while he is doubtful, of success. Should he be victorious, I foresee a general massacre, the plunder of private property, the return of exiles, a general bankruptcy, the advancement of the most profligate to the highest places of government, and a tyranny insupportable, not only to Roman citizens, but to Eastern slaves.

Could I behold such indignities in silence! could I hold up my head, and deliver my vote on the same side with Gabinius, or that he should have the precedence! Could I see your client Clælius, the Plaguleius of Caius Atticus, and such fellows, mingling on the same bench with me! But why do I name my enemies only, I could not see even the friends I have defended in the senate-house without indignation, nor converse with them without dishonour. But what, if there is reason to apprehend, that I shall not be at liberty even to enter the senate-house? For Cæsar's friends write me, that he is by no means satisfied with my reasons for not being there at the last meeting. Shall I then force myself upon him, when I cannot do it but with
VOL. II. X danger,

danger, after having rejected his friendship, when I might have had it with advantage?

In the next place, you are to consider, that the affairs of Spain will not be decisive of the whole war, unless you imagine, that if Pompey should be beaten there, he will lay down his arms. Now he proceeds wholly upon the plan of Themistocles; for he thinks, that whoever are masters of the sea, must be consequently masters of the world. He therefore, never made it a principal point to defend the two Spains in person, but he made it an object from the very beginning, to have a strong fleet at sea. When the time comes, therefore, he will set sail for Italy with a mighty naval armament. And then, what a figure shall I make by being thus neutral; for then I must declare myself on one side or other. Should I declare myself¹ against the naval force, this would not only involve me in misery, but reflect, the greatest dishonour on my character.

What my friend, you will ask, was it for this that you did not join Pompey? No, I will not follow the fortunes of Pompey, and our other leaders. For, I find, I am either way in danger; from the one party, by not doing my duty, and from the other by doing it; and so distracted are public affairs, that I can steer no course but what is full of perils. Let me therefore at once resolve not

¹ All this passage is irretrievable in the original, and translated only upon conjecture.

not to pursue, with danger, the measure that I might avoid with safety.

Then, say you, why did you not sail with Pompey? I tell you, it was out of my power to do it, and I refer you to the days and dates of our letters. At the same time, I will frankly confess what I might easily have concealed; I was perhaps in the wrong, in laying too great a stress upon a certain circumstance in which I was deceived. I flattered myself with the hopes of an accommodation, which, if it had taken place, would occasion me, however unwilling, the enmity of Cæsar, even when in friendship with Pompey. This evil I had previously experienced, when they acted in harmony, with each other.

It was the dread of this that occasioned my indecision. But if I instantly determine, I shall remedy the whole; if I delay, every thing is at stake.

And yet, my friend, I own I am swayed by maxims of high authority, which I gather not from the collection, that Appius has made for the use of our Augural college, but from Plato in his treatise upon tyrants; for I can, by no means see how Cæsar can stand much longer without falling, even though he should receive no opposition from us. When he had the advantage of success and novelty to recommend him to a needy, desperate populace, he incurred their bitter displeasure in six or seven days. Add to this, that, in two favourite measures, he was forced to throw off the mask; for he laid aside his gentleness, in

his behaviour to Metellus, and he confessed his poverty when he plundered the treasury. Consider, besides, the character of his associates or servants in power, for not one of those, to whom he must entrust the management of provinces abroad, and of the government at home, was able, for two months, to manage his own private concerns.

Your own sagacity will supply other reflections, which I cannot here collect together. Take a cool survey, however, of what I have laid before you, and you must conclude that Cæsar's reign can scarcely last for six months. But should I be deceived, I will bear with my disappointments, as many other illustrious Republicans have done before me, unless you should suppose that, like another Sardanapalus, I should choose to die upon my couch, rather than go into a glorious exile, like Themistocles, who according to Thucydides, could form the most accurate judgment of present, and the most probable conjecture of future events. And yet had this great man been mistaken, he might have avoided the misfortunes he afterwards encountered. Yet he was mistaken, though, according to the same historian, he could discern, beyond other men, the right and wrong in conduct, while yet veiled in their effects. Notwithstanding his superior discernment, he could not find out means to escape the envy of the Lacedæmonians, and his own countrymen,
or

or to get rid of his engagements with Artaxerxes. Never had that night been fatal to Africanus¹ though the wisest of men, or the victories of Sylla so bitter to the artful Marius, if neither of them had ever been mistaken in his measures.

Meanwhile, I remain firm in my belief of the oracular maxim above-mentioned. Never will it deceive me, never can it happen otherwise: Cæsar must fall, either by his enemies or of himself; for he is, to himself, the greatest of all enemies; I am in hopes to live to see that day. But it is now time for me to think upon an immortal rather than a perishable life. For, should my days be abridged, it makes but little difference with me, whether I see this tyranny already established, or foresee its establishment in a time yet long to come. As these are my sentiments, my chief concern should be not to obey those men, against whom the senate has armed me, by entrusting to me, the commonwealth in a season of extreme danger².

You are now possessed of all the particulars which give me concern; and such is your affection for me, that, had I not requested it, you would have interested yourself in them. Indeed
I know

¹ He was privately strangled upon his couch, in the night time, but the murderer was never found out.

² Because he had not entered Rome after his return from Cælicia, and was supposed to be one of those commanders in chief to whom that commission was addressed.

I know of nothing farther I have to write you; I wait only for a fair wind to sail. And yet I cannot help saying, that I never had more reason to write, than when I am to tell you, as I do now, that, of all your expressions of friendship to me, none gives me greater pleasure, than that most endearing kindness and concern you have taken with regard to my daughter. It gives her, as well as me, the most sensible pleasure, and let me tell you, that her firmness of mind is worthy of admiration. With what fortitude does she bear the misfortunes of the public, and with what indifference the little asperities in her domestic concerns. But, above all, what spirit does she shew, at this time, when I am obliged to leave her. Notwithstanding our mutual attachment and sympathy, yet still her main concern is, that I should act, and that mankind should speak of me with honour.—But not too much of this, lest I should begin to melt.

While I am here, I beg that you will write me what you hear from Spain, or concerning other matters, and I perhaps, may send you some news before my departure, especially as my daughter believes that you have not left Italy on this occasion. I must try to obtain from Antony the same favour I obtained from Curio, and get liberty to retire to Malta, upon my promising to take no part in this war. I wish I can find him
as

as condescending, and as obliging to me, as Curio was. It is reported, that he was to arrive at Mycenum the 2d of May, but he sent me beforehand, a letter, which is far from giving me pleasure, and of which the following is a copy.

*Antoninus, Tribune of the People, Proprator, to Cicero,
Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.*

IF my affection for you were not even greater than you imagine, I should not have been so alarmed at a rumour which prevails respecting you, especially as I think it to be false. But, because I love you beyond measure, I am forced to own, that I think report is of great consequence, even though it be unfounded. I cannot believe that you are about to go beyond sea, as you have such a value for Dolabella, and for Tullia, your excellent daughter, and as you are held in such high estimation by us all, that, your dignity and honour, are, I solemnly aver, almost dearer to us, than they are to yourself. And yet, I did not think myself at liberty, as a friend, to disregard the talk, even of worthless men, because I thought my conduct towards you ought to be the more delicate, on account of our former differences, which arose rather from jealousy
in

in me, than from any demerit in you. I therefore beg you will believe, that, excepting my friend Cæsar, there is no man whom I hold more dear than yourself; and you may be convinced, at the same time, that Cæsar has a particular regard and friendship for Marcus Cicero.

Therefore, my dear Cicero, I beg that you will enter into no engagements, and that you will disregard the friendship of a man who first did you an injury, that he might afterwards put you under obligations to him; and on the other hand, that you will not fly from the man, who, supposing him (which is impossible) not to love you, desires you to remain in safety, and in full possession of your honours. I have sent my very good friend Calphurnius, as my special messenger, to let you know how very great my concern is about your life and dignity.

The same day Philotimus brought me a letter from Cæsar, in the following words :

Cæsar, Commander in Chief, to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

THOUGH I am convinced you will do nothing that is rash, nothing that is imprudent, yet so much am I impressed with public report, that I thought proper to write to you, to beg of you,
by

by our mutual affection, that you will make no advances in a cause that is now tottering, after declining to make any, even while it stood firm. My successes, and the defeats of my adversary have been so very great, that you will both sensibly violate my friendship, and hurt your own interest, if you do not follow fortune. It will not be thought that you embrace their cause (for that is the same as when you declined to assist in their counsels) but that I have done something which you have condemned; which is the most severe thing that can happen to me from you; and I conjure you, by that friendship which you owe to me not to do it. In the last place, what is more suitable to the character of a worthy, peaceable man, and a good citizen, than to take no concern in civil dissensions? This is a conduct which some approved of, but could not follow because of danger. After you have seriously reflected on the tenor of my actions, and the evidences of my friendship, you will find no course more safe, or honourable for you to pursue, than to decline having any hand in this dispute. Dated the 16th of April on the road.

EPISTLE IX.

THE arrival of Philotimus, whose repeated falsehoods in behalf of Pompey, prove his want of
prudence

prudence and regard for truth, has overwhelmed me and all my friends. As to myself, I am petrified. We were, all of us, persuaded, that Cæsar had slackened his progress, but now he is said to have given it wings. We heard that Petreius had joined Afranius, but that news is now far from being confirmed. In short, we are here of opinion, that Pompey, at the head of a great army, has passed through Illyria to Germany, and this news is said to be founded on indisputable authority. I am therefore of opinion, that I ought to retire to Malta till matters come to a crisis in Spain; and I can find it, from Cæsar's letters, to be pretty much his sense that I should do so, for he tells me, that I can do nothing more honourable, or safe, than to decline having any hand in the dispute. Where, say you, is all the spirit you showed in your last letters? I possess it still undiminished. But I wish to heaven that my difficulties reached no farther than exposing my own life. I am sometimes melted by the tears of my family, who entreat me to wait for news from Spain. I have a letter from Marcus Cælius containing the same request; it is written in a most pathetic strain, conjuring me, not rashly, to betray to misery, my fortunes, my only child, and all my friends; our boys could not help crying bitterly when they read this letter. My son is, indeed, the most resolute, and, for that reason, he gives me
with

with the greater concern, for his chief care is, that I may act with honor. To Malta therefore, let me go, and from thence—where you please. Do you, however, even at this time, continue to write me, especially if you hear any thing concerning Afranius. If I shall have any conversation with Antony, I will write to you what has passed, but I will take your advice, not hastily to believe him. It would be both difficult and dangerous for me to conceal myself in Italy. I wait for Servius, till the 7th, at the request of his wife and the younger Servius. I am glad that your ague is abated. I have likewise sent you the copy of my letter from Cælius.

Cælius to Cicero, Health.

BECOMING quite distressed by your letters, which discover that you think of nothing, but what is very dismal, without fully explaining what it is, (though I cannot say that you have not given me a hint as to the nature of what troubles you) I immediately wrote you this letter.

My dear Cicero, I beg and conjure you, by your fortunes and by your children, to form no resolution inconsistent with your welfare and dignity. I assure you by all that is solemn, that what I have foretold you was no groundless intimation,

mation, but the result of undoubted intelligence upon my having an interview with Cæsar, and learning what his sentiments would be, should he be successful. If you imagine that Cæsar will hereafter follow the same maxims of conduct, by releasing his enemies and offering terms of peace, you are mistaken. He now meditates, he now speaks, nothing but what is terrible and vindictive. He has left the senate in a passion, and it is certain, he is stung with the opposition he has met with; nor, indeed, will there be hereafter any means left of appeasing him. If therefore, you love yourself, if you love your only son, your family, if your hopes of what is to come are dear to your mind, if we, if your excellent son-in-law have any influence with you, you will not desire to ruin our fortunes, or to force us, upon the cruel alternative of hating and forsaking the party upon whose success our own safety depends, or of impiously harbouring a thought prejudicial to your welfare. You are likewise to reflect, that you have already, by your hesitation, incurred all you can incur of Pompey's displeasure; and to declare yourself against Cæsar, now that his success is certain, after refusing to oppose him when it was doubtful; to follow a party that is routed, after declining it when it made a stand, is the height of madness. Take care my friend, lest, while you are afraid
of

of not appearing patriotic, you mistake the nature of true patriotism.

But if I cannot bring you wholly over to my sentiments, let me prevail with you, at least, to wait the result of what passes in Spain; which, I foretel to you, will fall into our hands as soon as Cæsar appears there; and what hopes the other party can have, if they lose Spain, I am no more able to discover, than I am your object in joining those who are defeated. Cæsar had heard what you declined communicating to me, and our first compliments were scarcely over, when he informed me of all he had heard. I pretended to be ignorant, yet I begged of him to write to you in such a manner, as might induce you to remain in Italy. He carries me with him into Spain, which is the only reason why, before I came to Rome, I did not hasten to you wherever you might be, and in person labour with the greatest earnestness for your continuing in Italy.

Think, my dearest friend, again and again, before you utterly ruin yourself and your family, nor deliberately plunge into a ruin, from whence you can see no means to escape. If you are impressed by what the nobility, on the one side, may say; if you are unable to bear the insolence and arrogance of certain persons on the other side, my opinion is, that you should choose some town that is not affected by this war, and reside there till the present dispute is over, which will soon
take

take place. Should you do this, I shall think you have acted wisely, and at the same time, you will give no offence to Cæsar.

EPISTLE X.

How blind was I not to foresee what has now happened! I send you Antony's letter. I frequently assured you by letter that I was not opposing the views of Cæsar; that I would have joined Pompey, if it were not for the regard which I feel for my son-in-law, and for the friendship of Cæsar; that, nevertheless, I had some thoughts, though not a fixed resolution: of leaving Italy, because I hated to be parading about with my lictors. Now you will see what a surly answer he returns me.

"Your conduct is by no means candid and explicit. For that man who desires to be neutral, remains in his country; the man who goes abroad, seems to have formed some judgment of the one party or the other. But I am not any longer at liberty to judge whether it is right or wrong for you to leave Italy. My charge from Cæsar is to suffer no man to leave it on any account. There is, therefore, no merit and

and no importance in my approving of your resolution, since I must act up to the letter of my orders. My opinion is, that you should send to Cæsar, and ask that favour of him; I have no doubt of your obtaining it, especially as you promised to have a regard for my friendship."

This is the whole of his laconic¹ epistle². I must, by all means, elude this man³. He was to arrive here in the evening of the 3d instant, and therefore, perhaps, he will come to my house tomorrow. I will endeavour to mislead him⁴. I will

¹ Or *Laconic Mandate*, both because it was short, and because the Lacedæmonians had a peculiar way of conveying their orders to their generals.

² Orig. *σχυτάλην λακωνικὴν*. The Lacedæmonian *Scytale* which appears to be the parent of our *Schedule* is accurately described by A. Gellius, lib. xvii. 9. and also by Plutarch, whose account, as being shorter, I will here copy. "The Lacedæmonians commanded Lysander home by their *Scytale*, the nature and use of which was this: When the magistrates gave their commission to any admiral or general, they took two round pieces of wood, both exactly equal in breadth and thickness: one they kept themselves, the other they delivered to their officer, so that when they had any thing of moment which they would secretly convey to him, they cut a long narrow scroll of parchment, and rolling it about their own staff, one fold close upon another, they wrote their business on it. When they had written what they had to say, they took off the parchment, and sent it to the general—he applied it to his own staff.—E.

³ Orig. *Omnino excipiam hominem*.

⁴ Orig. The original here is very perplexed, and nothing certain can be made out of it.

will tell him, that I am far from being in any hurry, and try to persuade him that I will write to Cæsar. I will then withdraw privately with a very small retinue, and I make no doubt of getting off, and eluding their most vigilant searches. I wish I knew where to find Curio.— With the assistance of fortune I shall succeed. My anguish is very great, but I hope my conduct will be worthy of myself.

I am greatly concerned at your complaint¹, I beg you will take some remedy for it in the infancy of the disease. I am pleased with what you write me concerning those of Marseilles². Continue, I pray you, to inform me of whatever you learn. I could wish to go to Sicily, if I could do it in the public manner I had concerted with Curio. Here I wait for Servius Sulpicius, at the request of his wife and son, and I think it will be necessary for us all.

As to Antony, he carries about with him the actress Cytheris³ in one open carriage, and his wife in another; he has likewise seven close carriages, in which are conveyed his female, or perhaps, his male favourites. You see what a melancholy death we are likely to meet; nor, I think,

¹ The complaint was, as the original implies, δυσουρία a difficulty of urine, in consequence of the stone or the gravel.—E.

² They had their gates shut against Cæsar.

³ She was a famous courtesan, and the same whom Virgil mentions under the name of Lycoris.

think, can there be a doubt of Cæsar's making a general massacre upon his return, whether he returns victorious or vanquished. For my own part, if I cannot find a ship, I will escape in a bark from these assassins of their country; but I will write you farther after seeing Antony.

I cannot help loving my nephew; but I can plainly see that I am not beloved by him. Never did I see any creature so perverse in his dispositions, so regardless of his relations, and so unaccountable in his notions. The torrent of my affliction is intolerable. But I take care of him, and shall do so, as you require me; his genius is wonderful, and pains must be taken to form his morals.

EPISTLE XI.

MY last letter for you being sealed, I did not choose to send it by the bearer I proposed, because he was a stranger; I therefore did not deliver it that day. Meanwhile, Philotimus arrived and brought me a letter from you. As to my brother's character which you mention in that letter, I know him to be somewhat irresolute, but he has nothing about him that is insincere, nothing that is deceitful, nothing that is incapable of being directed to the best purposes, and

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Y

nothing

nothing that you may not set to right with one fair word. In short, though he is very often in a passion with his friends, yet he loves them all dearly, and me, he loves beyond himself. As to his writing to you of your nephew, in a different strain from what he wrote to your sister of her son, I think there is nothing in that. What you write me concerning the young man's journey, and your sister, is the more vexatious, because the juncture is such, that it is not in my power, as it would otherwise be, to remove the inconveniences you mention. But you see how wretched is our situation, and how desperate are our affairs.

As to the money matter between you and my brother (who often speaks of it to me) he does not want the inclination, but the means, to pay you. But if, now that I am flying, Q. Axius does not pay me the thirteen thousand serteces, which I lent his son when he was going to be married, and excuses himself on account of the times; if Lepta, if others do the same, I own I cannot help being surprised at your pressing my brother so hard, for the paltry sum of twenty thousand serteces. For, take my word for it, he is as much straightened as he appears to be, and yet he has given orders for that payment to be made to you. Do you ascribe his delay to the love of money, and his unwillingness to part with it?

No

No man is less so. But enough concerning my brother.

As to his son, the father, no doubt, indulged him always too much; but then indulgence does not instil the principles of falsehood, avarice, and hatred of relations; of haughtiness, arrogance, and intractability. But he likewise possesses the bad qualities which arise from indulgence; but these are to be forgiven: for some allowances should be made for his being so young a man. As to his other bad qualities, I love him so well, that they give me more disquiet than my own present calamities. They do not arise from my indulgence.—By no means.—They are rooted in his nature, and yet, were I at liberty, I could eradicate them. But so unfortunate are the times, that I must bear with every thing. As to my own boy, I manage him with great ease; for nothing can be more tractable than he is. It was from compassion to him, that my conduct has been hitherto so unactive, and the more desirous he was that I should exert myself, I was the more afraid, lest my resolution might be cruelty to him.

Antony came to this place last evening. Perhaps he will pay me a visit, and perhaps not, because he signified his mind to me in writing. But you shall know without delay what happens. At present I keep myself very retired, but what shall I do with the boys? Should I put them on

Y 2

board

board a small bark, what anxiety must I feel on their voyage; for I remember what pangs I felt, even in the summer time, when they sailed in a flat-bottomed Rhodian boat¹. Then what must be now my concern should they be at sea in the severe season? I am surrounded with miseries. Trebatius was with me. He is a kind friend, and a good patriot; what dreadful accounts, good heavens, did he give me! Even Balbus aspires to a seat in the senate. But I will give Trebatius himself a letter for you to-morrow. You tell me, Vectenus is my friend, I therefore believe him to be so; though I joked a little too severely with him upon his writing to me in a peremptory manner concerning his money. If he took that otherwise than I meant it, I beg you will soften him. In the address of my letter to him, I call him no other than a monied man, and in return he addressed me only as proconsul. But as he is a man of sense, and has an affection for me, I cherish the same for him. -Farewel.

EPISTLE XII.

WHAT will become of me? Is there a wretch, is there a man, on earth, I will not say more distressed,

¹ *aperta* in an open boat.

tressed, but more disgraced than I am? Antony says, that Cæsar gave him a particular charge concerning me, and this he told to Trebatius, for as yet he has not seen me. What shall I do? For nothing prospers with me, and my best concerted schemes are frustrated. For, in gaining Curio, I thought I had succeeded in every thing. He had written in my favour to Hortensius; the commanding officer at Rhegium was entirely in my interest, but little did I think that Antony had the least notion of my designing to escape by sea. Whither now shall I turn me? I am hemmed in on every side.—But no more tears—Let me embark, unfavourable as the season is; let me privately creep into some transport vessel, for I must, by all means, take care not to afford any pretence for saying, that my voyage is stopped from a concerted plan of my own. I must sail for Sicily, and after reaching it, I shall determine what farther views to pursue, provided that matters succeed in Spain. At the same time, I wish that what we heard from Sicily may be true, though I cannot say it is as yet very probable. It is said, that the Sicilians, in crowds, resorted to Cato, and entreated him to make a stand, and promised they would give him all the assistance in their power; that roused by their patriotism, he began to raise men. I do not believe this news, for the authority on which it rests is very doubtful. I am, however, entirely convinced,

convinced, that that province is tenable. But we must hear news from Spain.

Caius Marcellus is in this neighbourhood, in the same predicament with myself, unless indeed, he greatly dissembles. I have not, however, seen him, but I have heard of him from one of his most intimate friends. I beg you will write me, if you have any news; and as soon as I come to any fixed resolution, I will instantly write to you. I will exercise a stricter discipline than ever over the younger Quintus. I beg you will destroy the letters in which I have mentioned him to you in too harsh a manner, and I will do the same by yours, for fear any thing should transpire. I wait for Servius, but I expect no firmness from him. You shall know what passes between us, whatever it may be.

It is but just, that I should acknowledge myself in an error. But did I mistake only in one instance? Or rather, have not all my measures, however deliberately planned, proved unsuccessful. But let me forget my past misfortunes, and endeavour only to prevent future miscarriages. You desire me to weigh all the consequences of my flight. What consequences?—All that can happen are so plain, that should I avoid them, I must here remain in disgrace and distress; and should I despise them, I am in danger of falling into the hands of ruffians. But consider in what misery I am. Sometimes I am
tempted

tempted to wish to receive some injurious treatment from Cæsar's party, that I may appear to be hated by the tyrant. But, if the way which I wished to escape by, had been open before me, I might then have done somewhat, which, according to your wish and desire, might have justified my dilatoriness. But I am watched with surprising strictness, and I suspect even Curio himself? I must, therefore, proceed either by force or cunning; if by force, I may encounter a storm in my passage; if by cunning, I may be overreached by them; and in case I do not succeed what a stigma would it fix on my reputation. Honour impels me to Pompey, nor must I decline the most hazardous enterprises.

I often revolve with myself the example of Cælius Caldus. Could I act any way like him, I would lay aside my resolution of flying. I hope that Spain is still firm in our interest. The behaviour of those of Marseilles is not only of great advantage to our cause, but a proof to me, that things go well in Spain; because if they did not, and if the Marseillians knew so much, they would not venture to act as they have done; for they lie near Spain, and have good intelligence. I agree with you, that what happened in the theatre was a sure proof of the people's hatred of Cæsar. I perceive, that the legions, which he raised in Italy, are very ill disposed to him. But he has not a greater foe than he is to himself. You
rightly

rightly fear his abandoning himself to all excesses, which he certainly will do, if he grows desperate. This is the reason why I ought to attempt something in the spirit of Cælius, but I hope with better success. But you shall instantly know the step which I shall first take.

I will discipline the younger Quintus, and decline no trouble in reforming him; for he has good dispositions, and if he had not; yet they might be acquired by cultivation, unless indeed, you maintain that virtue is not an acquired, but an instinctive principle.

EPISTLE XIII.

YOUR letter was most agreeable to my daughter, and indeed, to myself; every thing you write affords me pleasure; continue therefore, to write whatever can give us hope. You have no reason to dread the lions¹ of Antony. Surely no man ever affords more merriment. I will give you a sketch of his conduct as a statesman. He had issued letters for the Decurions² of the corporations

¹ It appears from this passage, that Pliny and Plutarch were mistaken in saying, that Antony did not drive his chariot with lions before the battle of Pharsalia.

² There is a great variety of readings; here I have followed that of Minutius, as making the better sense.

to attend him, and accordingly the four magistrates went to his villa early in the morning. But, in the first place, Antony slept till it was nine o'clock, and afterwards, when he was told that the Neapolitans and Cumæans (for Cæsar is most incensed at them) were attending him, he ordered them to return next day, because he was about to bathe, and to take physic. This past yesterday. Now, to-day he intends to go over to the island Anaria.¹ He is very positive, that all exiles will be recalled. But I will leave that subject, for somewhat that concerns myself.

I received a letter from Axius. Thanks concerning Tyro. Vectenus has acted like my friend. Vestorius, I have paid. Servius is said to have lain at Minturnæ the 6th of May: to-day he was to be at the house of Caius Marcellus, in Liternum². Early to-morrow morning he will visit me, and furnish me with fresh matter for a letter, and now I have written you all I have to say³.

One thing I am surprised at, that I have not received so much as one messenger from Antony, especially

¹ This lay upon the coast of Campania. Its modern name is Ischia.

² This lay on the sea side, between Cumæ and Minturnæ.

³ The conciseness of this paragraph is very remarkable, though very natural to a man in Cicero's condition, who hurries over the mention of private affairs, because of his attention to those of the public.

especially as he has been so complaisant to me hitherto. Perhaps he is unwilling to deny to my face, that he has received some more severe orders with regard to me. But I neither would have asked his favours, nor would I have trusted them, if he granted any. I must think of somewhat. I beseech you to let me know, if you hear any thing from Spain; for now is the time for receiving intelligence from that quarter, and the expectation of every body here is so great, that if good news should come, they think every thing would be over with Cæsar. For my part, I think, that by our keeping Spain, the war will neither be finished in our favour, nor will our losing it render our affairs desperate. I believe somewhat has happened to keep back Silius, Ocella, and some others. I perceive, that you likewise, are detained by Curtius, though, if I mistake not, you have a passport.

EPISTLE XIV.

WHAT a miserable life this is! The evil we fear is less tormenting than is the long continuance of that fear. Servius, as I wrote you before, after coming to Literna the 7th of May, paid me a visit the next day. That I may not keep you in suspense, we have not agreed upon the

execution of any one measure. Never did I see a man in such a dreadful consternation. And yet indeed, all his fears are well grounded.—That Pompey was incensed at him—that Cæsar was not his friend—that the consequences of victory to either of them would be terrible—that the one was cruel, the other audacious; but above all, that both of them must be in want of money, and that it was impossible for them to be supplied, but by the plunder of private property. During all this conversation, he wept so much, that I was surprised the long continuance of his sorrows did not exhaust his tears. As to myself, the defluxion of my eyes, which hinders me to write to you with my own hand, is not occasioned by weeping; but it is very often troublesome, because I cannot sleep. Therefore, collect every circumstance that can give me comfort, and write it to me, not in the way of speculation and argument, for I have those comforts at home; but, I know not how it happens, the disease is too strong for the remedy. Let your information to me, therefore, be concerning Spain and Marseilles; and indeed, Servius gives me great hopes from thence, and likewise tells me, that there is good foundation for the report concerning the two legions. You are to entertain me, therefore, with these and similar occurrences, and indeed, a few days must bring us some information.

But

But I now return to Servius.¹ We put the conversation entirely off till the next day; but he shewed himself very loath to leave Italy, and expressed himself more inclinable to wait peaceably at home for the event, whatever it may be. He reflected bitterly upon his son for serving at Brundisium against Pompey. He remained determined in one resolution, which was, to go himself into banishment, if the exiles should be recalled. My answer to all this was, that he might be sure they would, and that other measures equally pernicious, and of which I gave him many instances, were executing every day. All this served only to increase his apprehensions, and not to raise his spirits, so that I think, I ought rather to keep my purpose from him, than advise him to follow the same resolution. I therefore, place no reliance in him. I have been still thinking of imitating the conduct of Cælius, ever since you mentioned him.

EPISTLE XV.

WHEN Servius was at my house on the 10th instant, Cephalio arrived with your letter, which gave me great hopes of seeing better days from what

¹ Notwithstanding all that our author mentions here of this nobleman, he actually went over to Pompey, and after the battle

what you tell me concerning the eight cohorts, for even those who are quartered in this neighbourhood, are said to be deserting Cæsar. Funiulanus, that same day, brought me another letter from you, confirming the same news. I gave him full satisfaction as to his own affair, and you have the merit of making me his friend. He has not yet paid what he owes me, which is a considerable sum, neither is he reckoned rich. He promises indeed, to pay me at this time, and only waits for another person's paying him. If he shall be with you, and deposit the money in your hands, you may give it to the letter-carriers for my use. Eros, the freedman of Philotimus, will tell you how much the sum is. But let us proceed to matters of more importance.

The time approaches for following, as you advise, the example of Cælius. I am therefore upon the rack, whether I ought to wait for a fair wind. A standard ought to be erected, and then people will flock to it. I am entirely of your opinion as to declaring myself openly, and therefore that I ought to be gone. But, in the meanwhile, I expect a letter from you. I act not in concert with Servius: all his plans are attended with dangers and difficulties. He is the only man I have known to be more timorous than Caius Marcellus,

tle of Pharsalia, he made his peace with Cæsar, who gave him the command of Greece.

Marcellus, who repents of his having been consul, and who, to his dishonour, is said to have instigated Antony to prevent my departure, to keep himself, I suppose, in countenance for my remaining in Italy. As to Antony, he went on the 10th to Capua. He sent me word, that he was ashamed to visit me, because he believed I was angry with him. I will therefore, be gone, and in the manner you propose, unless I am prevented with the hopes of acting in a more important character¹. But that can scarcely happen so soon. Allienus, the prætor, however, thinks, that if I do not, one of his colleagues may; I wish the thing were done, it matters not by whom.

I approve of what you tell me concerning your sister, and I spare no pains upon the younger Quintus, of whom I hope for the best. As to my brother Quintus, you must know he is distressed about the money he owes you, but he has not as yet been able to obtain any money from L. Egnatius. That was a modest proposal of Axius concerning the twelve thousand sertes, for he has several times written me, desiring me to answer all the demands of Gallius for money. But if he had not written to me, I could not have done otherwise. And indeed, I often promised to do this. But he was for my doing it instantly.

Are

¹ Meaning his imitating Cælius, by declaring himself the head of a party against Cæsar in Italy.

Are these the people who are to help me in my difficulties? But may heaven reward them as they deserve; I will however, let you know more another time. I am glad that you and Pilia have got rid of your ague; I intend to make an excursion to Pompeianum, while my ship is taking in victuals and other necessities. Pray return my thanks to Vectenus for his zeal to serve me. If you can get a bearer, send me a letter before I depart.

EPISTLE XVI.

I HAD delivered a letter for you upon a variety of subjects, when, early in the morning, Dionysius paid me a visit. I would not only have been civil to him, but would have pardoned him all that is past, had he come to me in the same disposition, which you intimated in your letter to me at Arpinum. I mean that he would come and do all that I should desire him. Now, what I desired, or rather, what I wished for, was, that he would give me his company. His refusing that so flatly as he did at Formiæ, was the reason why I sent you so many bitter letters against him. Last time I saw him, (after using a very few words) the whole of what he said came to this, that I must pardon him, because the situation of his

his affairs did not suffer him to attend me. I was greatly mortified, but I said very little to him in answer. The conclusion I have formed, is, that he looks with contempt upon my fallen fortunes. What shall I say more? You will be perhaps, surprised that I am afflicted upon his account, at a time when I am overwhelmed with such a weight, and such a variety of distress. When I wish that he may be your constant friend, I am wishing that you may be always happy; for while you are so, Dionysius will be your friend.

I am in hopes to execute my design without danger. For I will dissemble deeply, and observe narrowly, so far as I can, provided I can have such an opportunity to sail as I wish for. As to every thing else, it shall be taken care of as far as human foresight can avail. I beg that you will write while I am here, not only what you know and hear, but what you foresee will happen. Curio writes me that Cato, who might have kept his ground in Sicily with great ease (and had he kept it, he would have been joined by all our patriots) has left Syracuse on the 24th of April. I wish the news to be true that Cotta maintains his ground in Sardinia. If he should, how scandalous will Cato's behaviour appear.

I went to Pompeianum on the 12th, as a blind to my departure, and to my having even any thoughts of it, and that the necessary preparations for my voyage might be made while I
was

was there. When I came to my villa, application was made to me, that the centurions of the three cohorts, which were at Pompeianum, wanted to see me next day, and (for our friend Ninnius told me) that they intended to surrender both themselves and the town, into my hands. But, betwixt you and me, I left my villa next morning before day-break, that they might have no means of seeing me. For what would three cohorts have availed? Supposing them to have been more, how would they have subsisted, or even been kept on foot? I even reflected on the fate of Cælius which you mentioned in the letter I received from you, the day on which I arrived at Cumæ, and I thought, at the same time, that his offer might be made with a view to betray me. I therefore cleared myself of all grounds of suspicion¹.

But before I returned, Hortensius was come to my house, out of his road, to pay his compliments

¹ It is inconceivable, after this behaviour in our author, that any body should be found so unreasonably partial to his memory, as to endeavour to defend him on the head of self-consistency and resolution. We have seen him in former letters, again and again, proposing vast glory to himself, from imitating the conduct of this Cælius, and he said, in his last letter but one, that were a standard erected in Italy against Cæsar, great numbers would flock to it. But when a much fairer opportunity than he could expect, presents, we see how shamefully he abandons it.

ments to my wife. He spoke of me in very honourable terms. I think however, I shall see him in person, for he has sent a servant to inform me, that he will pay me a visit. This however, is a more genteel behaviour than that of Antony, my brother augur, whose mistress, the actress, is carried about in a sedan amongst his lictors. As you have got rid of your ague, and with your ague all your uneasiness, I expect you will pay me a visit in Greece, now that you are quite recovered, and in the meantime, that you will send me letters.

EPISTLE XVII.

HORTENSIUS paid me a visit on the 14th, after my last letter was written; I wish that he had acted on other occasions as he does at this time. How strong were his assurances that he would serve me, and I design to take him at his word. Serapio afterwards came with your letter, and before I opened it, I told him what was true, that you had written to me concerning him. After reading your letter, I entertained him greatly to his satisfaction, and indeed I approve of the man, for he appears to me to be both learned and

and virtuous¹. I have even some thought of using his ship, and to engage him as a fellow-passenger. The disorder in my eyes recurs very often, and though it is not excessively painful, yet it prevents me from writing with my own hand. I am extremely glad that you are quite recovered from your old complaint, and that you have no fresh symptoms of it. I wish I had Ocella here, for the measures I propose, appear to be pretty practicable. We are retarded by the Equinoctial winds, which, at present, are very boisterous². When the mild season returns, my wish is, that Hortensius may remain in his favourable disposition with regard to me; for as to his behaviour hitherto, nothing could be more like that of a gentleman.

As to the passport, you appear amazed, as if I had accused you of some gross crime. You tell me, that you cannot conceive how such a thing could come into my mind. With regard to myself, as you had written me that you intended to go abroad, and as you had taken out a passport for

¹ Probably he meant that he should succeed Dionysius as tutor to his son and nephew.

² Because of the intercalations which we have already mentioned, and the same disagreement between the seasons and the months, in which they ought to have fallen, continued till it was removed by Cæsar. The vernal Equinox ought to have fallen about the 20th of March, and yet this letter is dated the 16th of May.

for your retinue, I thought you might have taken out one for yourself, having heard that no body could leave Italy without a passport¹. You have now the ground of my opinion; and yet I wish to know what you intend to do, and above all things, write me if there is any thing new. Dated the 16th of May.

EPISTLE XVIII.

My daughter was brought to bed in her seventh month, on the 19th of May, of a boy, and I have the pleasure to inform you, that she is in the way of recovery, but the child is very weakly. The dead calms that have happened, have detained and hindered me more than the guards, who watch me, have done. All the promises Hortensius made me, are come to nothing. I therefore, look on him as a very unprincipled man. His freedman, Salvius, has biassed him. Therefore what I write you afterwards, shall not inform you of what I intend to do, but what I have done; for I seem to be surrounded by the Corycæans².

I beg

¹ Atticus could not have taken a passport from Cæsar's party, and in his own name, without tacitly recognizing their right to give one.

² These people, so called from *Corycum*, a promontory of Pamphylia, were remarkable for prying into the secret movements

I beg you, however, to continue to write to me what news you hear from Spain, or from any other quarter, without expecting a letter from me before I arrive at my wished-for harbour, unless I shall write to you when I am on my voyage. But even that shall be with great caution. For hitherto all is heavy and dark. My first movements have been wrong, and so must the rest be of course. I am now bound for Formiæ, and perhaps the furies of ambition¹, will follow me thither likewise. But from what passed between you and Balbus, I have laid aside all thoughts of retiring to Malta. Are you still in doubt that Cæsar looks upon me as one of his enemies? I have written to Balbus that your letter informed me of his kindness, and of the suspicion I am under. I have thanked him for the former; do you clear me with him as to the latter. Did you ever know a man so wretched as I am? I will add no more, lest I should give you pain likewise; I am myself tormented, that the time is come when I can do nothing that is either brave or prudent.

CICERO'S

ments of their neighbours. Hence the name became a proverb expressive of those, who distinguished themselves by their assiduity, in learning and divulging the affairs of others.—E.

¹ Orig. *Furiæ*. Meaning Cæsar's party.

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XI.

EPISTLE I.

I RECEIVED¹ your sealed parcel² from Anteros, but it gave me no kind of information as to my domestic affairs, which renders me the more sensible as the person who managed them is not at Rome,

¹ Almost nine months passed between the date of the last letter of the last book, and that of the first letter of this book. Our author embarked about the middle of June for Pompeii, and the first four letters of this book are dated from Macedonia, and the second must have been written about the beginning of February.

² *Orig. Obsignatum libellum.* This principally was a deed by which Cicero was appointed heir to an estate, and transmitted to him for his signature.—E.

Rome, nor do I know where he is. Therefore all my hopes of keeping my credit, and retrieving my private affairs, must rest on your kindness, which I have so much reason to be convinced of. Should you continue to afford me that, at this critical season, which is so full of misery and distress, I can bear with the greater courage all those dangers which are in common to me with others. I therefore implore and beseech the continuance of your friendship. I have in Asiatic coin two million two hundred thousand sertes¹. By getting that money exchanged for the coin current in our country, you may easily support my credit. If I had not confided in a man² whom you long ago mistrusted, that my credit was unquestionable when I left Italy, I should have taken some more time, and not have left my affairs in such disorder; and the reason, why I have been so long in writing to you is, because, I have but lately learnt the confusion they are in. I conjure you in the most earnest manner, to take upon yourself the whole weight of maintaining my credit. So, that if the party to which I am joined should be successful, I may be restored with them to all my honours, and may have an opportunity to

¹ In Cistophoro in Asia. Vide vol. i. page 113, for an explanation of the word Cistophorus. This Money was part of the arrears due to our author as governor of Silicia.

² This was Philotimus.

to own, that for that enjoyment I am obliged to your friendship.

EPISTLE II.

ON the 4th of February I received your letter, and that very day I executed the deed, by which I accepted the heirship¹. I am now freed from one of my many distresses, if, as you write, that estate is sufficient to preserve me in credit and reputation, though, I perceive, that had it not happened, you would have done the same out of your own private purse. As to what you write concerning my daughter's portion², I conjure

¹ Orig. *Eoque ipse die ex testamento crevi hereditatem.* Atticus had informed our author that a certain person had made him (Cicero) his heir; and in that case, the law required that Cicero should accept of the heirship in a certain time, which was done by a special deed, in the following form; *Cum me N. hæredem instituerit, eam hæreditatem adeo cernoque.*

² When Cicero's daughter was divorced from Crassipes, the latter was at liberty by law, to return her fortune at three payments, which was to go to Dolabella her second husband. Dolabella having sided with Cæsar, and being so excessively profuse, that he had spent his whole private estate, our author was in great perplexity, whether he should pay the remainder of his daughter's fortune, which was to be returned by Crassipes to Dolabella, or not; because, in case of a divorce, which was very probable; between her and Dolabella, she

jure you, by all that is sacred, to take the whole of that affair upon yourself, and to supply my daughter, who is rendered unhappy through my misconduct and heedlessness, out of my estate, if I have any remaining, or out of yours, so far as you can do it without distressing yourself. You write me, that she wants even the necessities of life, I entreat you let her do so no longer. How, or upon whom, have the rents of my estates been employed. No body ever told me, that the sixty thousand serteces were deducted out of her restored fortune. It was what I never would have suffered. But this is the least of the many wrongs I have received, and which my grief and my tears prevent my mentioning to you in writing.

I have taken up one moiety of the money which I had in Asia; I thought it would be more safe where it is, than with the farmers of the revenue. You exhort me to keep up my spirits; I wish you could give me some motive to enable me to do so. But if, to crown all my other distresses, the news which Chrysippus told me concerning my house (and of which you mentioned nothing) should be true, is there a
man

she must be left destitute. Meanwhile, Terentia, Cicero's wife, who was a very bad manager, had laid her hand upon some part of the money returned by Crassipes, so that Dolabella had not received the full first payment, which farther added to our author's uneasiness.

man on earth more wretched than I am? I beseech you to forgive me, but I can write no farther. You surely are now sensible with what a weight of affliction I am pressed. Were it in common to me with others who are embarked in the same cause, my misfortune would admit of some alleviation, and therefore would not affect me so much; but now I have no manner of consolation, except the hopes that, by your means, if such a thing is yet practicable, there will be nothing peculiarly affecting and distressing in my case.

My delay in sending off this bearer was unavoidable. I received from your people seventy thousand serteces, with the apparel I had occasion for. I beg that you will write in my name (as you are acquainted with all my friends) to all you think proper. If they should require their letters to be under my hand and seal, you may tell them, that I avoid these tokens, because I am so narrowly watched.

EPISTLE III.

YOU may know from the person who delivered me your letter the state of affairs here. I detained him the longer, because we were every day looking for something new; nor, indeed,
have

have I any reason for dispatching him off now, but to reply to what you wanted to know. With regard to the first of July¹, how hard is it in these hard times to risk so much money, and in the present state of our uncertainty, how can the divorce you speak of take place? Therefore, I commit this amongst my other concerns in a more special manner to your friendship and kindness, and to my daughter's prudence and inclination. I might have prevented some part of her unhappiness, had I at a certain time consulted with you concerning my welfare and fortune in person rather than by letters.

You deny that there is any thing in these impending calamities peculiar to myself. Not to mention that this consideration gives a man no relief; I have many misfortunes, and those too heavy ones, and such as I might very easily have avoided, that are peculiar to my case, as you must be sensible². But they will diminish, if you continue, as hitherto, to take off some part of their weight by your address and management.

¹ This probably was the term for paying part of his daughter's fortune to Dolabella, who was in great favour with Cæsar.

² If any thing were yet wanting to give the reader a despicable idea of our author's resolution and firmness, it would be his writing, as he often does to Atticus in this manner, after all the high sentiments of patriotism he expresses, and the prudent maxims he lays down in the last book.

nagement. I have money in the hands of Egnatius. And let it even rest where it is. For things cannot long remain in their present situation, before I may know what I shall principally have occasion for. Though I myself am in want of every thing, the person whom I follow being likewise straitened, yet I have lent him a large sum, with a view of its turning to my honour, when public matters shall be settled. Do you continue, I beg of you, to write in my name to such persons as you think proper I should write to them. My compliments to your family. Be careful of your own health. Above all things, I recommend to you what you have promised me, that you take care and provide in all respects, so that nothing may be wanting to the person, on whose account you know I feel most anxiety. From the camp, June the 13th.

EPISTLE IV.

I RECEIVED a letter from Isidorus, and two of a later date, from which I understood that my farms were not sold. The favour, therefore, of furnishing my daughter with all necessaries devolves upon you. It will be very agreeable for me, to redeem the estate at Fusinum, provided I shall be in a condition to enjoy it. You desire
me

me to write, but I am prevented from doing it, because I have no subject worth your notice. I absolutely disapprove of every thing that is done, and every thing that happens, here. I wish at a certain time, that I had rather seen you than corresponded with you by letters. I stand up for you with our party, as well as I am able. I refer the rest to Celer. I have myself hitherto declined all employment, and the rather, because I saw none in which I could act consistently with my character and situation.

You ask me for news. You may learn all that I know from Isidorus; we shall probably have no great difficulty, during the rest of the campaign¹ I entreat, that you will be as good as your word, in continuing to take care of that affair which, you know, I have chiefly at heart. My anxiety so preys upon me, that I am reduced to a very low state of health; when I am somewhat recovered, I shall join our general, who is very sanguine in his hopes. Our friend Brutus acts in this cause with very great spirit. Thus far, and no farther, does prudence warrant

¹ Pompey, who was an able but an enterprising general, had given Cæsar a defeat before Dyrrachium, which might have been decisive in his favour, had he known how to improve it. But unhappily he not only gave Cæsar leisure to recover himself, but grew so confident of success, that he afforded Cæsar many advantages before the battle of Pharsalia decided the contest between them.

rant me to write to you. Farewel. I have already written to you in the letter you received from Pollex, entreating you most carefully to consider how I am to manage this second payment.

EPISTLE V.

I CONFESS to you, with the deepest sorrow, that I have been governed more by the impulses of blind passion than by cool deliberation. But the causes, which forced me upon a conduct thus irrational, are so new, bitter and powerful as to compel me to act under their influence. I therefore, neither know what to write to you concerning my own situation, nor do I know what favour to ask of you. You are sensible of the whole of my situation. I have understood by your letters, (those which you wrote me in common with my other friends, and those signed by yourself alone), what indeed I must myself have been sensible of, that you were so much exhausted as to be obliged to provide new means to maintain my reputation. You advise me to come nearer to Rome, and to travel in the night-time through the towns that are upon the road. But, I protest, I do not see how that can be done. For the stages are neither so conveniently

veniently disposed as that I can reach them so as to pass a whole day in each, nor in my present situation, is there so much difference, whether I am seen by people in a town, or on the road. But I shall, amongst other things, consider how this may be most conveniently ordered.

I am in such disorder both of body and mind, that I cannot write you often, and I have only answered such of yours as have come to my hands. I beg that you will write in my name to Basilus, and to such other persons as you think proper, not forgetting Servilius as you see occasion. As to my being so long without writing, you are to understand, it was not owing to my want of inclination, but want of matter. With regard to Vatinius, whom you mention, neither he nor any body else would be wanting to do me service, if they could find out how they could serve me. My brother Quintus has been at Patræ, where he was joined by his son from Corcyra, and has expressed himself with great bitterness against me. I suppose, they have left that place with the rest of Cæsar's party.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VI.

I AM perfectly sensible how much you are affected by your own, and the public situation, and in a more special manner, by my misfortunes and distress. Your becoming my companion in sorrow, is so far from diminishing that it increases, my grief. Your wisdom has directed you to find out the topic that can chiefly give me comfort; for you approve of my measures, and you are of opinion, that at such a juncture I could not have acted more advisedly than I have done. You even add a circumstance important in itself, but less important in my eyes than your approbation, that all who are capable of reflection, approve of my conduct. Were I convinced that this is fact, it would diminish my sorrow. You bid me take it upon your word. Well, I do, though I well know how fond you are of soothing my affliction.

Never shall I repent my having quitted the field, so great was the cruelty of that party. They were so intermingled with barbarians, that the intended proscription would not have been personal, but general. Thus they concluded, all your estates must have become their plunder, had they prevailed. I say, your estates,

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A a

because,

because, with regard to your person in particular, their intentions were most bloody. I therefore, never shall repent of my intention, though I do of my conduct. I ought to have chosen my residence in town, till I had been invited to Italy. I should then have been less the subject of talk, I should have been less covered with confusion, I should have been less tortured with remorse. It is inconvenient in all respects, for me to skulk in Brundisium. You advise me to draw nearer to Rome, but how can I do it without the lictors, which were given me by the people of Rome, and whom I cannot be deprived of without the hazard of my life. Some time ago, when I drew near this town, I ordered them to mingle in the croud without their axes, for fear of being attacked by Cæsar's soldiers.

I make the proper preparations to return home when an opportunity offers. I beg you will now apply to Oppius and Antony, that if their party will allow me to come nearer to Rome, I may consider how to proceed in this matter. I suppose they will advise me to that course; for they have given me assurances, that Cæsar will make it a point, not only to deserve, but increase my dignity; they advise me to keep up my courage, and they tell me there is no favour too great for me to hope for. Such are their promises, such their protestations, and I might have given more credit to them if I had remained in Italy. But there is

no

no looking back. I therefore beg you will attend to what is to come; that you will sound the persons I mentioned, and if you think it needful, and they proper, whether it may not be an inducement for Cæsar to approve of my proceeding, if he shall understand that it has been agreeable to the advice of his own friends. You may likewise apply to Trebonius and Pansa, and the other friends of Cæsar, and let them write to him, that what I have done, has been in consequence of their advice.

My daughter's illness, and her weakness of body distresses me. How greatly obliged am I to you for the great care I understand you have taken of her! That Pompey is slain I have no doubt: and as his affairs were become so desperate that foreign princes and nations could not hope to protect him, his death is of course to be expected. I cannot help lamenting his fate; for I knew him to be a man of virtue, temperance, and prudence. I cannot surely condole with you upon the death of Fannius, as having thrown out such base insinuation respecting your mansion in Italy. With regard to Lucius Lentulus, he had promised himself the house of Hortensius, the country seat of Cæsar, and his house at the Baiæ. The other party talk pretty much in the same strain, only the resentment of our people did not know where to stop, for they reckoned all who remained in Italy to be their enemies.

A a 2

But

But I could wish, some time or other, to converse with you upon these matters, when my mind is more at ease.

I understand that my brother Quintus is gone to Asia, to surrender himself to Cæsar. I have heard nothing concerning his son. But you may inquire of Diochares, Cæsar's freedman, whom I have not seen, and who brought those letters from Alexandria. He is said to have seen him, but whether in the road, or in Asia, I know not. You need not doubt that, situated as I am, I feel impatient for a letter from you, which I beg you would dispatch to me the first opportunity. Dated November the 28th.

EPISTLE VII.

YOUR letter, in which you have so punctually informed me of every thing that you thought concerned me, gave me great pleasure. I am then, to understand that those gentlemen are of opinion, that I should be attended by the same lictors, a favour that was granted to Sestius. But, if I mistake not, his lictors were not continued to him, but were given him by Cæsar. For I am informed that he disapproves of all the resolutions of the senate, that passed after the tribunes left Rome; therefore he may, consistently with his own maxims, continue to me my lictors.

But

But why should I speak of lictors? Have I not received what is next to an order that I should leave Italy? For Antony has sent me a copy of Cæsar's letter to him, importing that, as Cato and Lucius Metellus had come to Italy, and intended to appear in public at Rome, he disapproved of this, and prohibited all from coming to Italy, who had not his special leave. All this was expressed in violent terms. Antony therefore, sent me a letter, begging me to excuse him, because he could not help obeying Cæsar's orders. I then sent Lucius Lamia to him, to tell him that Cæsar had desired Dolabella to write to me forthwith, to come to Italy, and that Dolabella's letter was my authority for coming. Antony, upon this, published an edict of prohibition, but with an express exception of Lælius and myself, which I did not like, because I might have been comprehended in a general article as having leave from Cæsar, but without being named.

How heavy are the strokes of my affliction! In vain do you endeavour to weaken their force, and yet your very endeavours are so earnest, that they abate my sorrow. Repeat your salutary correspondence as often as possible. Continue, above all things, to support me in the hope that I have not lost the esteem of worthy men; and yet how can you succeed in this attempt. It is impracticable. But if any occasion should put
it

it in your power, (as I know none at present) to justify me with such men, that would give me comfort indeed. But this justification must arise from the events which have happened. It has been said, for instance, that I ought to have left Italy at the same time with Pompey. Now his death takes off, in some measure, the reproach of my having been wanting to my duty in that respect. But, of all the charges against me, none affects me more than my not going to Africa. Now I reasoned in this manner. I did not think the cause of our country ought to be left to the defence of barbarous auxiliaries, and the most treacherous of all people in the world, especially as they were to act against an army which had gained repeated victories. This apology will, perhaps, not satisfy the people; for I hear that a great many worthy Romans have gone to Africa, and I know that some were there before. Here I feel most vulnerable, and here too, I must appeal to events. It may be said that some, possibly all, of those patriots would have made their peace with Cæsar if they could. But if they should hold out and prevail, in what a light shall I then appear? But, say you, what will become of them should they be conquered? Why, they fall with glory. That, indeed, is the reflection which gives me torment.

You have not informed me of the reasons you have for thinking that the conduct of Sulpicius
has

has not been more advisable than mine. It is not indeed, so specious as that of Cato, but it is void of difficulty and danger. The last consideration is, with regard to those who are in Achaia, yet even they are in a better situation than I am, because a great many of them are in one place, and, at the same time they come to Italy, they come to Rome directly. Do you continue to use all the arguments in your power to apologize for my misfortunes, and to vindicate my conduct. You say, you cannot give me a meeting. Well—I know your reasons, and I am even sensible that it is my interest you should be at Rome, that you may treat with the proper persons, as you have hitherto done upon those matters which relate to me; and there is one thing I recommend to you in a more special manner. I am of opinion there are a great many who have informed, or will inform, Cæsar, that I either repent of my conduct, or that I disapprove of his. Both those facts are true, but they are reported by the informers, not from any real discoveries they have made, but with an intention to injure me. But Balbus and Oppius must entirely take upon them the charge of removing these impressions from Cæsar, and confirm, by their frequently writing to him, the disposition he has in my favour; and do you use all your endeavours to answer the same end.

There is another reason why I would not have you to leave Rome, because you write me that
you

you are solicited to remain there. What a miserable situation I am in! What can I write? What can I wish for?—I must be short—For my tears involuntary flow. I leave every thing to you. Do every thing for the best. Only take care to do yourself no injury in a period so trying as this. Pardon, me, I beseech you, tears and anguish will not suffer me to continue longer upon this subject. All I can say is, that there is nothing in which you can more oblige me than in loving my daughter. You act very kindly in writing letters to such people as you think proper; I have seen a person who saw the young Quintus at Samos, and his father at Sycion. It will be an easy matter for them to make their peace. I wish, as they are to see Cæsar before I can see him, that they would do me as much service with him as I am inclinable to do them, were it in my power. You entreat me to take in good part, any thing that may relate to me in your letters. I tell you, I take it in the best part, and I desire you will continue to write me every thing as openly, and as often as you can. Farewel. December the 19th.

EPISTLE VIII.

I SUPPOSE you are not ignorant of my afflictions, but you will be fully instructed in them by Lepta and Trebatius. Dearly do I suffer for my rash conduct, which you are fond of calling prudent,—But I shall not dispute the point with you; and I am not against your entertaining these sentiments, provided you write to me as often as you can, for, at this time, your letters give me some consolation. I have occasion for all your interest with those who are my well-wishers, and have most influence with Cæsar, and especially with Balbus and Oppius. Let them write to him in the strongest terms in my favour; for I hear that I have enemies about Cæsar's person, and there are others who would be glad to injure me by letters to him. These must be counteracted in such a manner as the magnitude of the case requires. Furnius is with Cæsar, and is one of my bitterest enemies. My brother has sent his son to Cæsar, not only to beg his pardon, but to make him my enemy. He gives out that I have done him ill offices with Cæsar. In this he is confuted by Cæsar himself, and by all his friends; and wherever he is, he incessantly loads me with every kind of reproach. Of all the things I ever met with in my life, I could not have

believed this, and of all my calamities, this is the most bitter. I have been told by those who heard them, of some very heinous charges, which he alleged against me in a public company at Sycion. You know his temper, perhaps you have experienced it, and now he discharges all its bitterness on me. But the remembrance of these matters both increases my own trouble, and occasions uneasiness to you. Let me, therefore, return to the main point; and recommend it to you upon this occasion, that Balbus should send a special messenger to Cæsar. I beg you will write to people in my name as you see proper. Adieu. December 27th.

EPISTLE IX.

WHAT you say is true, I have acted both incautiously and prematurely; I am now quite hopeless, being detained in Italy, by the exceptions inserted in Cæsar's edicts, and had they not been obtained by your assiduity and friendship, I should have chosen to have gone to some desert or other. But now I am not at liberty to do even this. Of what avail is it to me, that I have come before the commencement of the new tribuneship, if my coming at all is of no effect in itself? Now, what can I hope from a man who
never

never was my friend, harassed and oppressed as I am, by an established law. The letters I received from Balbus, are every day more and more cold. Cæsar receives letters from various parts, the object of which, is perhaps, to prejudice him against me. I have myself to blame for my ruin, and I can lay nothing to the score of chance. All my misery is owing to myself. After seeing the nature of the war, after being sensible that we were weak, and unprovided in all respects, to act against an enemy who wanted for nothing! What was I to do? I resolved to remain neutral. A resolution not brave indeed, but more pardonable in me than in any other man alive.

Well, I yielded to, or rather obeyed my friends. One of them (the person whom you recommend to me) has discovered by his letters to you, what his sentiments were. Never should I have opened them, had it not been upon the following occasion: The packet was brought to me; I opened to see if any letters directed for me were in it. There was none but one from Vatinius, and another from Ligurius, which I ordered to be sent to them. Immediately they came to me burning with grief, and exclaiming against my brother's treachery. They then read to me his letters, which were filled with all manner of invectives against me. Ligurius told me in great passion, that Cæsar had been excessively
exasperated

exasperated against my brother, and that it was only from his respect to me, that he not only received him into favour, but made him a considerable present in money. After this painful discovery, I was curious to know what he had written to his other correspondents, for I thought that it would turn to his own prejudice, should the report of his monstrous baseness diffuse itself farther. I perceived all his letters were in the same strain. I have sent them to you. You may order them to be delivered, if you think they can serve him, for they cannot be of disservice to me. They may again be sealed by his own, which, if I misake not, is in the possession of Pomponia. When on first sailing, he manifested his unnatural temper against me, it confounded me so much, that I have been stunned ever since; and at present, I am told that he does not endeavour so much to serve himself, as to injure me.

With such numberless hardships am I surrounded, that it is difficult, nay, impossible, for me to hold out longer against them. There is one misfortune, were there no other, that must depress me to the ground; the thoughts of leaving my unfortunate daughter, stript of all she had to expect of my fortune or her own. I am impatient, therefore, till you fulfil your promise of seeing me. For I have no other friend on earth to whom I can recommend her, because I understand that her mother is to expect no more
favour

favour than myself. But, should I not see you, let this my recommendation of her serve for all, and do all you can to reconcile her and the uncle I write this upon my birth-day. I wish I never had been born, or that my mother had no other son. My tears will not suffer me to write more.

EPISTLE X.

My troubles which are already inexpressible, were augmented by the news I had of my brother and nephew. Terentius, an intimate friend, was extensively concerned as an under farmer in the toll upon carriages and pasturage in Asia. He saw the younger Quintus at Ephesus on the 8th of December, and from the regard he has to me, he gave him a pressing invitation to supper; and, upon his putting some particular questions to him concerning me, my nephew declared himself my most inveterate enemy; showing him at the same time, a written oration which he was to speak against me before Cæsar. Terentius took great pains to dissuade him from his frantic proceeding. He afterwards, at Patræ, had a long conversation with my brother who talked in the same unnatural, wicked strain, and whose madness you may perceive from the letter I have sent you. I know
this

this will give you pain, as it gives me torment, and the more, because I am of opinion, that there will hereafter be no room, even for my expostulating with them.

Our news concerning the affairs of Africa, are very different from that you represent them to be in your letters. We are told, that nothing can be more strong or active than the friends of freedom in that quarter. Add to this, the revolt of Spain, the dislike of Italy to Cæsar, the weakness, and the disaffection of his troops, and the desperate state of his affairs. I Have no means to enjoy myself a moment, longer than while I am reading your letters. I know you would write me more frequently, if you had any subject to write, which you think would alleviate my anguish; but I beg of you not to forbear writing; whatever you may have to write; and if you cannot hate those who have treated me so cruelly, yet you may reproach them; not that your reproaches will have any weight with them, but that they may be sensible, that I am still dear to you. I shall write you more, when you have answered my last letters. Farewel. Dated January the 21st.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XI.

SPENT as I am with a thousand tormenting reflections, if I had any thing proper to write to you, it would not be easy for me to do it. At present, I have nothing to say, especially as I have no prospect of my situation being bettered. I am therefore, in no expectation of having a letter even from you, though they always bring me something that is agreeable. Therefore, continue to write to me by every opportunity. I can say nothing in answer to your last letter, which, by the bye, I received a long time ago. The face of affairs is much changed since that time; The cause of justice and freedom is gaining ground; and I am ruined by my folly.

You are to pay thirty thousand serteces to Publius Sallustius, which I received from Cnæus Sallustius, and I beg you to do this without delay. On this subject I have written to Terentia, and indeed, this supply is almost exhausted. Therefore, I wish you would concert measures with her how to procure further resources. I could borrow money perhaps here, if I thought it could be paid at Rome upon demand, but I will not venture to borrow any, before I know that I can draw for it. You see how it is with me.

me. There is no species of wretchedness, that I do not either bear, or expect, and my anguish is embittered by the reflection, that it is owing to my own misconduct. My brother is incessantly defaming me in Achaia. It is strange that your letters have had no impression upon him. Dated March the 8th.

EPISTLE XII.

ON the evening of the 8th of March, I received your letter of Cephalio, after having that very day in the morning sent off an express with letters to you. When I had read your letter, however, I thought proper to write something in answer, especially as I perceived you to be rather doubtful, with regard to the reason, which I am to assign to Cæsar for my leaving Italy. I have no occasion for any new reason. For I have often written to himself and I have given it out to many others, that I did all I could to bear with the public talk; but all was in vain, with a great deal to the same purpose. There is nothing which can go more against my inclination than that he should imagine, I have consulted any body but myself, in a matter of this vast consequence. Afterwards I had a letter from the young Balbus Cornelius, telling me, that Cæsar thought

thought that my brother Quintus had sounded the alarm (for these were his words) for my departure. At that time I did not know in what terms my brother Quintus had written of me to others, though he spoke, and did a great many bitter things to my face, yet I wrote by Nilus to Cæsar, in these words:

"I am as anxious concerning my brother Quintus, as I am concerning myself, but I dare not presume, at such a juncture as this is, to recommend him to you. I will venture hereby however, to beg of you, that you will believe, he never did a thing to discourage my giving you proofs of my regard and affection; but that he rather was always prompting me to a closer connection with you, and that he was not the adviser, but the companion, of my flight. Therefore, in all other respects, I hope you will bestow upon him, those favours that are consistent with your humanity for him, and his friendship with you. Let me beg you, with the greatest earnestness, again and again, that I may not injure him in any respect in your opinion."

Should I, therefore, have an interview with Cæsar, though I make no doubt of his forgiving my brother, for he has declared so much, yet still I will be consistent with myself, by repeating the same language which I used before.

But in my mind, our chief concern at present ought to be with regard to Africa, where, you

say, things daily wear a more favourable aspect, so as to induce us to hope, not indeed that we shall be triumphant, but that we shall be able to submit on more honourable terms. Would to heaven it were so! but accounts stated to me are very different; and I make no doubt, that your own opinion is likewise unfavourable, but that you conceal it from me, not to deceive, but to encourage me, especially as Spain is at so small a distance from Africa.

You advise me to write to Antony, and others of that party. If you think there is occasion for that, I beg you would continue to do what you have often done; I mean, to write to them in my name, for nothing that is proper for me to write to them occurs to me at present. You hear that I am more depressed than ever. No wonder that I am; when you see the glorious actions of my son-in-law¹ crowning all my other distresses. However, I beg you will continue to write me as often as you can, (for he cannot hinder you in this) even though you have no subject for writing, for your letters always bring me

¹ Meaning Dolabella, who at that time acted at Rome as tribune of the people, and was pushing on a general act of insolvency, and other very pernicious measures, in which he was opposed by Trebellius one of his colleagues. This difference between the two tribunes, occasioned a great deal of bloodshed, which was increased by the Senate's agreeing to Antony's entering Rome at the head of his troops.

me some comfort. I have taken possession of Gallio's legacy, and, I believe, I am sole legatee, because notice has not been given me of the appointment of any other¹. Dated March the 5th.

EPISTLE XIII.

I HAVE as yet, received no letter from Murena's freedman; that which I now answer, was delivered to me by Publius Siser. What you write me concerning the letters of the elder Servius, has no more truth than your information, that my brother is come to Syria, which is proved to be false. You desire me to inform you, how I stand with those who have come hither. I have reason to think, I stand well with every one of them; but I know you are a judge how far that is of any consequence to me. Every thing helps to complete my misery, especially as I see myself reduced to that state, in which nothing can serve me, but the success of the cause, which has
ever

¹ *Puto enim cretionem simplicem fuisse, quoniam ad me nulla missa est.* It was usually required by the testament that the heir should enter upon the estate, left to him, within the space of sixty or a hundred days. This act was called *hæreditatis cretio*, Varro L. L. vi. 5. This *cretio*, or legal possession, was said to be *simplex*, where, though the property was divided between many heirs, one alone was appointed the legal successor.—E.

ever been my aversion¹. They say, that the elder Publius Lentulus is at Rhodes, and his son at Alexandria; and it is certain, that Caius Cassius is gone from Rhodes to Alexandria.

In an apology which my brother has sent me for his conduct, he has made use of more bitter terms than he did when he persecuted me the most. For, he mentions, that he understands by your letters, that you are offended at his saying so many severe things of me in writing; that he was sorry he had disobliged you, but that he had done nothing in which he was not justified. He then writes me his reasons, in very scurrilous terms. But he would not at this time, nor at any other, have betrayed his malice against me, had he seen me overwhelmed by oppression. I wish I had come nearer to you, even though I had travelled in the night, as you advised me; for now, where you are, or when I can see you, is to me absolutely unknown. You

¹ Meaning that of Cæsar. The despondency, and the meanness of our author in the whole of his conduct at this juncture, is far less defensible, and much more ridiculous than he showed under his banishment. We find him starting at every breath, raising to himself phantoms of misery, and ingeniously tormenting himself with the mere chimeras. Notwithstanding this, I am apt to believe, that he was not mistaken, in supposing that it would be much better for him that Cæsar should get the better, than that the republicans should. But the declaration in this place is very unworthy of a wise and a good man.

You had no occasion to write to me, concerning the coheirs of Fufidius. Their demands are no more than just, and I approve of whatever you have done in that matter. I informed you long ago of my willingness to pay off the mortgage of the estate of Frusinum. I am still in the same mind, though my circumstances were then better, nor did I then think the public affairs so desperate as they appear to be now. I leave you to take the proper steps for finishing that business. I beg that you will exert yourself as much as possible to procure means for my necessary expences. All the money I could spare, I gave to Pompey, at a time when I thought I was acting wisely in so doing. I have therefore been obliged to borrow somewhat from your steward, and from other hands, and, at the same time, Quintus has been complaining by letters, that I could spare nothing to him. He never asked me for any, nor have I ever seen the money I mentioned. I beg you will try what can be done for me, and that you would give me your best advice upon all matters; you know the state of my affairs. My grief prevents my writing any more at present. You will continue to write in my name, to such persons as occasion requires, and I beg you will lose no opportunity of writing to me. Farewel.

EPISTLE XIV.

I AM not at all offended by your candid declaration, that you will not even attempt, as you formerly did, to comfort me under my afflictions both public and private, and your confessing it to be now impracticable. The situation of things is entirely altered from what they were. For, to mention no other circumstance, I thought others were in the same predicament with myself. For all those who seek to avoid the resentment of Cæsar both in Achaia and in Asia, all those who know, or do not know, the state of public affairs, are about to set sail for Africa. Lælius therefore, is the only person who is in the same situation with myself, through his own misconduct; but in one respect, he has the advantage of me, because he is received into favour. With regard to myself, I make no doubt, that Cæsar has written concerning me to Balbus, and to Oppius, who certainly, if they had received any agreeable orders, would have communicated them to me. They likewise would have imparted them to you; and I desire, that you will talk to them upon the subject, and let me have their answer; not that I think his assurances in my favour are to be relied on, but I may be able from thence, to form some judgment of the manner in which

I ought

I ought to proceed. Though I dread the public view, especially as I have such a son-in-law, yet I can find nothing else more eligible for me in this unfortunate situation. Pansa and Hirtius write to me, that my brother goes on against me in his old way, and it is said, that he is proceeding to Africa with the others of that party. I will write to the elder Minutius, and I will send him your letter. I will acquaint you how he proceeds, if he should draw upon me for money. I am surprised how you could raise the thirty thousand sesterces, unless the estate of Fufidius has turned out better than we expected¹. That must be the case. But I expect you in person, for my affairs require that I should see you, if possible. Now matters are come to a crisis with me, it is easy for you to form a judgment of what is the least distressing course for me to pursue. Farewel.

EPISTLE

¹ The sense of the original is here extremely doubtful, not only on account of Cicero's close cursory way of writing, but of the various readings in the original. I have endeavoured, however, to make it clear and consistent both with the best readings, and with other passages of our author.

EPISTLE XV.

As you have so many good reasons why I cannot see you at this time, how, I pray you, am I to proceed? For Cæsar's possession of Alexandria is such, that he is ashamed to write of what has happened there¹. The opposite partizans seem to be preparing for passing from Africa into Italy, and those who went from Achaia to Asia, will either join them, or remain in some neutral place. How then do you think I am to proceed? I know it is difficult to advise me. My case is singular, and has at most but one parallel, for I can neither return to the party I have quitted, nor have I any assurances of protection from the party I have embraced. But still I want to know your opinion, and that was one among many reasons, why I desired, if possible, to see you.

I wrote to you before, that Minutius had paid me no more than twelve thousand sertes; I beg you will take care that I shall be paid the remainder. My brother is so far from expressing any concern to me for his past behaviour, that he writes to me in the most reproachful terms.

As

¹ Notwithstanding all the great qualities of Cæsar, his heart was so accessible to the charms of the famous Cleopatra, that his gallantries with her at Alexandria, had almost proved fatal both to his affairs and his person.

As to his son, he is quite outrageous against me. My embarrassments are inconceivable; but nothing stings me so much as the reflection upon my own gross irretrievable misconduct; which would be somewhat alleviated had I not been mistaken in believing that some others would have acted as I did. But all others had reason for their conduct; I have none. Some were made prisoners, others were intercepted before any suspicion could be formed of their intention, and the rather, because as soon as they were liberated, they joined their own party. As to such of them as voluntarily served under Fusius¹, the worst that can be said of them is, that they were irresolute. Now there are numbers of every description, who will be received by the patriots, provided they are willing to join them. You have, therefore, the less reason to be surprised at my sinking under such a weight of affliction. The guilt of irretrievable misconduct is peculiar to myself, unless, indeed, Lælius may be joined with me. But what does it avail me, to have one companion in misery? It is said, indeed, that Caius Cassius has altered his design of going to Alexandria. I write to you in this manner, not that you are able to remove my uneasiness, but that I may know, whether you can give me any advice in

¹ He commanded in Achaia under Cæsar, and was consul for the three last months of this year with Vatinius.

in my present miserable condition, which is aggravated by the conduct of my son-in-law, and other circumstances which my tears hinder me from writing? Even the son of Æsopus¹ gives me pain. In short, nothing is wanting to make my misery complete.

But, as I was just now asking—what is your opinion I should do? Shall I steal to some place nearer Rome, or shall I pass the sea? For here I cannot stay longer. Why could you do nothing in the affair of the Fufidian estate? For the contract was of such a nature, as seldom or ever to admit of any controversy, because the share which seemed to be the least, might have been made up by selling the whole estate by auction². This, with good reason, I shall make the subject of inquiry; for I suspect that the coheirs believe my situation to be very hazardous, and therefore, refuse to act in the business. Adieu. Dated May the 14th.

EPISTLE

¹ He was a celebrated player, and our author, who was fond of excellence in all professions, had a particular esteem for him. He left an immense estate to his son, who is mentioned here, and who squandered it scandalously in a very short time. But after all, I cannot be easily persuaded, that the original here is not vitiated. Gronovius is of opinion, that it ought to be read instead of *Quin etiam Æsopi filius*, *Quin etiam tuæ sororis filius*.

² Orig. *Cum ea pars, quæ videtur esse minor, lectione expleri posset.*

EPISTLE XVI.

I AM not to blame, at least at this time, (for I own I have been so formerly) that Cæsar's letter gives me no comfort. For I perceive you observe, as well as I do, that it is illiberally written, and affords strong presumption that it did not come from his hand¹, I will take your advice with regard to my going out to meet him. For his return to Italy is neither certain, nor do they who come from Asia, say, that they have heard any thing of peace, and yet the hopes of that gave rise to all my mistaken measures. I now see no foundation for such a hope, especially as Cæsar has been severely checked in Asia², in Illyricum,

¹ We see from this passage, and from the practice of our author, that it was usual for the great men of Rome to give a general licence to their friends, to make use of their name in writing to others, what they thought might be for their service. The word *exigue*, in this sentence, would seem to imply, that the composition was too mean for Cæsar, but the sense I have given it, is more natural and agrees much better with our author's doubts. Besides, *exigue* does not so much signify mean, as contracted. Our author mentions, *exiguum tempus*; Virgil, *exigua nox*—*Laudato ingentia Rura, exiguum colito*.

² Cæsar's lieutenant, Domitius Calvinus had been worsted there by Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates.

Illyricum¹, in the affair of Cassius², in Alexandria itself, in Rome³, and in Italy⁴. With regard to myself, supposing Cæsar to be upon his return at the time he is said to be carrying on the war, yet I believe a decisive blow will be struck before that time⁵.

You write me that the patriots manifested some joy when they heard of Cæsar's letter. You take care to omit nothing that you think can give me the smallest degree of comfort. But I cannot persuade myself, that any patriot can suppose I value any advantage which might happen to me, at such a rate, as to beg it of Cæsar, and the

¹ Where Gabinius, one of Cæsar's general officers, was defeated by Octavius Dolabella, in his march to join Cæsar.

² He commanded under Cæsar, in Spain, where he behaved so ill, that his soldiers conspired against him, by which means the republicans became again masters of that country.

³ On account of the popular commotions there.

⁴ Where Cæsar's soldiers were very much disaffected, especially on account of his behaviour with Cleopatra, which seems to have been no secret at that time.

⁵ Meaning that Scipio, who commanded the republican army in Africa, would find means to transport it over to Italy, which would then fall into their hands. But this was one of our author's vain surmises, arising from the dreadful concern he was under, lest the party, which he had so often solemnly vowed to espouse, at the expence of his life and fortune, as esteeming it more honourable to die with them, than to conquer with Cæsar, (see the preceding Epistles) should he be successful.

the less, because I am now singular in the conduct I have pursued. They who are in Asia wait to know what turn affairs will take. Those in Achaia have even given Fufius hopes that they will submit. All those gentlemen, at first, entertained the same apprehension, and had come to the same resolution with myself. The check which Cæsar met with at Alexandria, improved their condition, but ruins mine; I therefore repeat to you the request I made in my former letters, to let me know, whether, in this desperate state of my affairs, you see any thing that you think proper for me to do? If I am received by Cæsar's party, which you perceive is not the case, yet still, during the war, I am at a loss how to act, or where to reside. Should I be rejected, my condition is still worse. I therefore, wait for a letter from you, and I beg you will write to me positively upon this head.

You advise me to send Cæsar's letter to my brother, which I would do, did it give me any pleasure. Meanwhile, a certain correspondent writes to me in the following terms. "I pass my time at Patræ agreeably enough, considering the public distractions; but my abode would be the more agreeable, if your brother would talk of you in a manner that I like." You tell me he has written to you, that I answered none of his letters. I received only one from him, and I answered it by Cephalio, who has been detained

tained by contrary winds, for some months. I formerly acquainted you, that the younger Quintus had written to me in the most scurrilous manner.

I shall conclude by begging you, if you approve of the measure, and think you can undertake it, to concur with Camillus in talking to my wife concerning her will¹. The times call upon her to discharge her debts, and to settle her affairs. Philotimus has been heard to say, that, in some things, she has acted most infamously. I can scarcely credit this charge; but if there be any truth in it, we must do all we can to prevent the consequences. I beg you will write to me concerning every thing, and about her in a more particular manner. I want to advise with you in this matter, though perhaps you can form no judgment of it, and I shall take it for granted, by your silence, that you cannot. Dated June the 11th.

EPISTLE

¹ Though Terentia was, at this time, in perfect health, and enjoyed it for upwards of fifty years after this; yet Cicero and she, had each of them agreed to make a will, settling the succession amongst their children and grandchildren, to their several estates.

EPISTLE XVII.

THE bearers of this letter, being not my servants, and in haste, I now send you a short letter, especially as I intend soon to dispatch to you a courier from myself. My dear Tullia came to me the 12th of June, and was at great pains to inform me of the high regard and kindness which you had shewn her, delivering to me, at the same time, three letters. As to myself, so far was I from enjoying the pleasure, which the virtue, the tenderness, and the affection of so excellent a daughter ought to have given me, that I felt inconceivable anguish at seeing so amiable a woman immersed in such misery; and that too, from no demerit in her, but from the most blamable conduct in me. I cannot therefore, at present, expect from you the consolation which you are so fond to administer; nor advice, for I can follow none. You have, I am sensible, omitted nothing that could be suggested, in your former letters.

I am thinking of sending my son with Sallust to Cæsar. As to my daughter, I think it improper that I should detain her any longer about my person, in our present public melancholy circumstances. I will, therefore, prevail upon her as soon as convenient, to return to her mother. For to the
letter

letter, which with so much tenderness you sent to sooth me, in my present melancholy situation, I feel all the gratitude which would have animated your bosom, had you been in my circumstances. The conversation which you inform me you had with Oppius¹, was, on his part, pretty much as I had suspected. But I am certain that it will be impossible to convince the friends of Cæsar, by any means; that I cordially approve of their measures. I will, however, be as moderate as possible. And yet I cannot see what mighty disadvantage would arise from incurring their displeasure. I see you have a very good excuse (too good to my great sorrow) for not coming to see me.

We have as yet no advice of Cæsar's having left Alexandria, and it is certain, that no body has come from thence since the 16th of March, nor has Cæsar written to any one since the 13th of December. You may, therefore, conclude that the letter bearing date the 9th of February, is not authentic (though it would be of no consequence if it were). We are certainly informed that Lucius Terentius has left Africa, and is come to Pæstum². I am curious to know what news

¹ He probably had desired Atticus to put our author upon his guard against talking so freely as he did of public affairs, or rather to talk of them in Cæsar's favour.

² This was a town of Lucania, built at the mouth of the river Silaris.

he brings, how he escaped, and how matters stand in Africa, for we are told, that he was conveyed away by Nasidius¹. Pray give me all the information you can come at on that subject. I will follow your advice as to the ten thousand sesterces. Adieu. June the 14th.

EPISTLE XVIII.

WE have yet no account of Cæsar's having left Alexandria, and the general opinion is, that his engagements there will not allow him to return. For this reason I have laid aside the thoughts of sending my son to him, and I beg that you will liberate me from this place, for I know no punishment so great as my staying here any longer. I have applied by letters to Antony, to Balbus, and to Oppius, upon this subject. For it will be extremely improper that I should be here, whether we suppose the war to be carried on in Italy, or by sea. It will be carried on, perhaps, both ways; that it will one way, is certain. The conversation which you wrote me, you had with Oppius, made me entirely sensible of the views of that party,

¹ Scipio, who commanded the republican party in Africa, had been at great pains to cut off all communication between Cæsar and that country; but this Nasidius, who commanded a fleet upon that coast, it seems, assisted Terentius in his escape from thence.

party, with regard to myself, but I beg you would try to soften them. At present I calculate upon the worst, and nothing but the worst, though indeed my present situation is as bad as it can be. I therefore, desire you will speak with Antony, and others, and do all you can to effect my deliverance, giving me the earliest possible advice upon every subject. Farewel. Dated June the 19th.

EPISTLE XIX¹.

I READILY agree with you in what you write, when you are at such pains in making me sensible, that you know of no way to assist me. It is true, my affliction is such, as to admit of no consolation. Had the causes of it been accidental, it had been tolerable. But all my misconduct arose from a complication of mistakes and miseries, both of mind and body, which I wish my relations had endeavoured, rather to remove than to increase. I have not therefore the least glimpse of hope that you can, in any degree, give me either advice or comfort². Hereafter I will ask you for neither. All I beg of you is not to discontinue your correspondence; write me whatever

¹ I have followed Monsieur Mongault in altering the order, in which the seven last letters of this book, stand in the common editions.

² This is another mark of our author's great dejection.

ever occurs to you, when you can find a bearer, and as long as you can have (which you cannot long have) me for a correspondent.

We have here a report in circulation, founded on a letter of Sulpicius, and confirmed by all later accounts, that Cæsar has left Alexandria. I know not whether to wish this account to be true or false, so little can it affect me either way. I wish that my wife's Will, concerning which I formerly wrote to you, should be deposited in some safe hands¹. I am rendered completely miserable by the wretched situation of my daughter, who is with me. Never surely was distress equal to mine. I am impatient to know, whether you can point out to me in what manner I may in some degree alleviate it. I am sensible the same difficulty subsists in giving me advice as formerly, but this, indeed is my chief affliction. In regard to the second payment, we were blind to our own interest; and I beg of you to procure by all possible means some money, by selling my plate, and some part of my household furniture; for I think matters now draw towards a crisis. We can no longer hope for accommodation; and should peace be obtained, it must fall to the ground

¹ The text is entirely corrupted in this place. All I have been able to do is to restore it from the most probable conjectures, without troubling myself about the surmise of the commentators, which, when the text is corrupted, are often extravagant and always uncertain.

ground of itself, even without opposition¹. If you think proper you will talk likewise upon this subject with my wife, when you have an opportunity. I cannot write more at large. Dated the 5th of July.

EPISTLE XX.

I ADVISED you, by letter, to consult with Camillus, and he writes me, that he has had a conversation with you, respecting which I expect from you a letter. But if that affair has taken an unexpected turn, I see not how it can be altered². But I knew not what to make of receiving no advice from you along with the letters which Nilus sent me, and I concluded that you was either indisposed (for you wrote me that you felt some symptoms of your late indisposition),
or

¹ Meaning as he hinted in a former letter, that Cæsar's success would be of no long continuance, even though he got the better of his present difficulties, and returned in triumph to Rome.

² Orig. *Nisi illud quidem mutari, si aliter est, et oportet, non video posse*. The word *nisi* carries often with it the same import as *sed* amongst ancient Latin authors. Cicero himself sometimes uses it in that sense, Fam. Epist. lib. xiii. ep. 1. *Nec, cur ille tantatopere contendat video, nec, cur tu repugnes: Nisi tamen multo minus tibi concedi potest quam illi liberare sine causa*, Rod. lib. ep. 13: *De te nihil possum judicare; nisi illud mihi certe persuades, te talem virum nihil temere fecisse*.

or that you had yet come to no fixed determination as to the affair in question. One Acusius came here on the 18th of July, from Rhodes, who tells me, that my brother¹ Quintus upon the 29th of May, set out for Cæsar; that Philotimus came to Rhodes the day before, and that he had a letter for me. You will hear what Acusius himself has to say, but he travels very slowly. I have, therefore, sent off this dispatch by a more expeditious bearer. I know not the contents of the letter I am to receive from Philotimus, but I am greatly complimented by my brother Quintus, though indeed my misconduct has been so great, that I cannot conceive how it is possible I shall ever be able to bear with its consequences.

I beg you would bestow some thoughts upon the condition of my wretched daughter; and I repeat my former request to you, that something may be done to keep her from want, and likewise to speak to my wife concerning her Will. I was of opinion that the matter you hint at should have been done before, but I was afraid of every thing. A divorce was the best course that could be followed in their most uncomfortable situation. I wish we could have shewn that we were not insensible of his profligacy, of his attempt to pass an act for cancelling the public debts, of his nocturnal riots, or of his intrigues with Metella, or of all his other provocations. This would
have

¹ Orig. *Quintum F.* which some read *Filium*, others *Fratrem*.

have prevented him from squandering my daughter's fortune, and shewn in me some marks of manly resentment. Well do I remember your letter¹.

But

¹ When the reader reflects on the nature of our author's familiar correspondence with Atticus, he cannot at all be surprised at the conciseness of his expression, and the dark hints he throws out which Atticus understood, though they are often unintelligible to us. The truth is, the correspondence between them is often little better than a cipher, which renders the difficulty of translating these letters inexpressible. Add to this, that the different situations of our author seem to have had a surprising effect upon his stile. He sometimes talks clear and distinct, and sometimes, as in the letter before us, like a man whose lungs are wasted by a consumptive habit, gasping for breath, seeking to be understood by his eyes and motions, rather than by his expressions. This is the natural effect of that concern and agitation of spirit, which Cicero was generally under, during the whole course of his correspondence with Atticus, the loss of whose letters leaves us greatly in the dark, as to our author's meaning, in many passages. All that a translator, under such difficulties can do, is to compare one passage with another, to attend to his author's manner, to prefer certainty to probability, and probability to arbitrary conjecture. I have always, when the sense did not suffer by it, imitated that frugality of words, for which our author is as remarkable in his epistles, as he is in other writings, for the perspicuity and sometimes luxuriancy of his stile. But, possessed as I am with the greatest veneration for Cicero, I cannot think it the business of a translator, to imitate him in what was the effect rather of his misfortunes than his judgment. Neither is he at the same liberty as Cicero was, to suppose himself to be understood by his reader. Atticus knew the meaning of what is a mystery to an English man eighteen hundred years after, and therefore when a translator can decipher his meaning, he is not to write in the same stile that Cicero wrote to Atticus. On this account

I have

But you know the trials of that period; yet he could not behave worse than he did. At present he seems to defy us. Good heavens, what do I hear of the republic? Is it possible that MY son-in-law should be the man who should make his country bankrupt. I am of your opinion that a notice should be given him of my daughter's intention to be separated from him. He perhaps will demand the third payment. You will therefore take it into consideration, whether the proposal should not come from me, rather than it should come first from him. If I can by any means, I will try, even though I should travel by night, to see you; I beg that you will write to me on these matters, and upon every thing else that may concern me. Adieu.

EPISTLE XXI.

I NEVER have omitted an opportunity of writing to you, even though I had nothing material to write. Your letters to me come more seldom, and are shorter, than usual, because, I suppose, you have nothing which you think I can read or hear with pleasure. Write to me nevertheless whatever may happen, in any respect.

I greatly

I have made it a rule, that my translation should give the reader all the lights possible through the dark parts of the original, which saves an infinite number of notes, equally tiresome to the translator and the reader.

I greatly wish, though I have no reason to hope, for peace; yet the slight hints, you sometimes throw out on that subject, force me to hope for what I can scarcely wish. It is said Philotimus will arrive here on the 13th of August. I beg from you an answer to what I formerly wrote you. I have no more time than is sufficient for me to look about me, (I who never, in my life, looked about me) in this most wretched situation. Farewel. Dated July 22d.

EPISTLE XXII.

I AM sensible of the truth of what you formerly wrote to myself, and of what you twice wrote to Tullia concerning me. I am more unhappy than ever (though my misery seemed before to be complete) as having received a grievous insult, I am not permitted to show my resentment and sorrow, without danger to myself. How can I bear with this? But bear it I must, and moreover suffer these very inconveniences against which you put me upon my guard. For so peculiar has been my misconduct, that whatever be the condition of other people, I must continue to be unfortunate.

But I now write with my own hand, for what I have to say demands secrecy. I beg that you
-vill

will look after the Will¹ which my wife made when she first began to be uneasy. I believe she will not teaze you by any impertinent inquiries², at least she does not me. But be that as it will, since you are now upon speaking terms with her, you may advise her to put it into the hands of somebody who is attached to neither party, and who is not likely to suffer by this contest, in whatever way it may terminate. You are the person I have chiefly in view for that trust, if my daughter here shall agree to it; but, poor woman, I conceal from her the reasons of this cautious proceeding. As to the other affair, I know that nothing can be disposed of at present, but something may be secured and secreted, so as to be out of the reach of this impending ruin.

You write me that as my own income is equal
to

¹ The whole of this passage is at once so perplexed and corrupted, that Monsieur Mongault has thought proper to leave it untranslated; I have not taken that liberty, but have taken advantage of the words, and, it is no unusual thing for our author's distress and sufferings, to render his meaning very difficult to be discovered, even when there is no corruption in the text.

² This very possibly might relate to the reason of our author's being so keen in the affair of her testament, which he was willing should be kept secret from her. The whole passage according to the best readings, runs thus, *Vide quæso etiam nunc de testamento, quod tum factum, cum illa quærere cæperat. Non credo te commoritur; neque enim rogarit ne me quidem.*

to my wants¹, you will readily contribute to any additional expences, which may be occasioned by the exigencies of my wife. I confide in your resources, but where are mine? With regard to my wife, not to mention the other numberless vexations she has given me, what can be worse than the following? You wrote her to send me credit for twelve thousand sesterces, this being the amount of the balance of my money in your hands. She sent me no more than ten thousand, which she said was all the balance that remained. Now if she could withhold so considerable a part of so small a sum, I leave you to judge what she would have done had the sum been large.

Philotimus is not yet arrived; nor has he so much as acquainted me, by a letter, or an express, of what he has done. People, who come from Ephesus, say, that they saw him engaged in a law suit respecting his own affairs. My concerns, it is very probable, are postponed till Cæsar's arrival. Therefore I am of opinion that he is charged with nothing which he thinks of consequence enough to occasion his sending an express to me, and consequently that I become more

¹ *Orig. Nam quod scribis, nobis nostra, et tua Terentiæ, fore parata.* Monsieur Mongault translates this passage, *Vous me dites que je trouverai toujours dans mon bien et dans le vôtre, une ressource pour moi et pour ma femme.* But I think there is something both in the disposition of the words, and in the connection which leads to my sense of this passage.

more and more despicable in Cæsar's eyes; or if he is charged with any thing of consequence, he does not choose to communicate it to me, till after he has dispatched all his own private affairs. I own this provokes me greatly, but not so much as one would imagine. For I think nothing ought to be more indifferent to me than any news which can come from thence. I make no doubt but you know the reason¹.

You advise me to accommodate my looks and my words to the times. Though this be no easy task, yet I would conform with your advice, did I think it would do me any service. You write me that you think the affairs of those, who are in Africa, may be transacted by letters. I wish you would write me your reasons for thinking so, for I see none. Meanwhile, send me whatever is likely to administer the smallest comfort; should there be none, which I believe to be the case, tell me that there is none. If I hear any news sooner than you, I will let you know by a letter. Farewel. Dated August the 6th.

EPISTLE XXIII.

CAIUS TREBONIUS² arrived here from Seleucia

¹ The reason was, because he was afraid, if Cæsar should treat him favourably, of being ill treated by the republicans.

² He was a Roman knight, and he is mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries.

cia Pieria¹, upon the fourteenth of August, having been eight and twenty days in coming, and he tells me that, at Antioch, he saw the younger Quintus with Hirtius waiting upon Cæsar, and that they have, with little or no difficulty, succeeded in their solicitations for my brother. This would give me the more pleasure, if his success afforded encouragement for me. But I have other things to fear from another quarter; and even with regard to Cæsar, being now absolute, he may refuse to ratify the favours he once promised. He has even pardoned Sallust², and in short they say, he refuses forgiveness to none. This indiscriminate lenity induces me to suspect that he has some designs still in reserve. Marcus, the son of Quintus Gallius, has restored to Sallust all his slaves. He came to transport Cæsar's troops into Sicily, and he was instantly to set out for Cæsar at Patræ. If Cæsar's should go to Sicily, I will resume my thoughts of drawing nearer the city. I am unusually anxious for an answer to what I last wrote to you, in which I have begged your advice. Farewel. Dated August the 15th.

EPISTLE

¹ This city lay near Antioch and Apamea.

² This was not Sallust the historian, but Cnæus Sallust, who had been quæstor under Bibulus in Syria.

EPISTLE XXIV.

ON the 25th of August, I received your letter dated the 19th, and I no sooner read my brother's letter¹, than it renewed, in the most sensible manner, my forgotten grief, from the former base injuries done me by him. Though the laws of friendship could, by no means, dispense with your sending me that letter, yet I wish it had not been sent. With regard to what you write concerning my wife's Will, you must see what is to be done, and in what manner. I formerly sent you what she had written to me concerning that money, and I shall make use of the credit you gave me, as I shall have occasion. It is unlikely that Cæsar will be at Athens the 1st of September, for he meets with great obstructions in Asia, particularly from Pharnaces. It is said, that Sylla had no sooner reached the twelfth legion, than they pelted him with stones, and it is believed that none of the troops will march. Cæsar is expected immediately in Sicily from Patræ, but if the above news is true, he must of necessity come hither. But I should be better

¹ This letter was addressed to Cæsar by Quintus Cicero, and, being greatly to our author's disadvantage, Cæsar generously put it into the hands of Balbus, that it might be conveyed to Cicero.

ter pleased if he were to continue his intended route, for I might then find some means of escaping from this place. At present, I am afraid, that he expects I should wait for him, and, amongst other inconveniences, I am here much depressed by the heavy atmosphere of this place.

You advise me to accommodate myself to the time, I would take your advice if my circumstances would permit, and if I could do it by any means; but so great has been my error, and so heavy the sufferings from my relations, that I neither can do, nor can I pretend to do, any thing worthy of my character. You may recollect the times of Sylla. It is true, he was, perhaps, not very moderate in the exercise of his power, but in other respects, he drew his sword in the best of causes. But the present times are such, that I ought to forget myself, and to consult the welfare of the public, whose interests indeed are combined with my own. I beg you, however, to write to me as often as possible, especially as I correspond with no other person; and though I had correspondence with all others, still I should be anxious for letters from you. You write me, that I can be of service in reconciling Cæsar to my brother, I informed you already, that he instantly agreed to all the requests of the younger Quintus, without the least mention of me. Farewel.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXV.

THE packet sent by the courier of Balbus came duly to my hand; for in your letter to me, you seem to be afraid that I did not receive that packet, and indeed, I wish I never had; for the contents of it have renewed my sorrows. And, if they had fallen into other hands, they would not have furnished material information. For what can be now more notorious than my brother's hatred of me, and the perfidious letters he has written concerning me. Cæsar, it is true, seems to intimate his disapprobation of my brother's baseness, by his sending those letters to his friends; but in my opinion, his object was to render my misfortunes the more public. You tell me, that you are afraid his unworthy conduct may injure him with Cæsar, and that the consequences ought to be prevented. But let me tell you, that Cæsar granted him pardon, even before I interceded in his behalf. This gives me little concern, but I feel sorry that the indulgence shewn him did not proceed from regard to me.

I believe Sylla will be here with Messala tomorrow, having met with a repulse from the troops, who refused to march till they receive the payment of their arrears. They are going post haste to Cæsar. He will, therefore, contrary to their expectation, come hither. It is true, he will

will be long upon the road, for he orders his march so, that he remains several days in every town. Pharnaces, however, in spite of all his efforts, will retard him¹. How then, do you think, I am to act? For, at present, I am scarcely able to breathe in this thick atmosphere, and thus pain of body is added to the anguish of my mind. Shall I commission the gentlemen who are going to Cæsar, to intercede for me, and in the meanwhile, come nearer to Rome? Bestow some thoughts, I beg of you, upon this point, and assist me with your advice, which hitherto you have not done, though I have often requested you. I know, it is a matter of great difficulty. But consider at the same time, my distress. It is likewise of great importance to me, that I should see you. This object, indeed, if gained, would be of great service to me. Comply with your promise in attending to the Will.

¹ Cicero was mistaken here; for the war with Pharnaces detained Cæsar no more than five days, and having beat him as soon as he saw him, he sent to the senate, the celebrated laconic account of *Veni, vidi, vici*.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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An interval of six months elapsed between the last letter of the former book, and the first of this, in which the history of Cicero's own time is continued during part of the years of Rome 707, and 708. P. 1

BOOK XIII.

The letters of this book begin the first of June, and end the 18th of December, in the year of Rome 708, and besides a great deal of Cicero's private history, mention a variety of public transactions. P. 93

BOOK XIV, XV, XVI.

Were written between the 15th of March, and the last of November 709, and exhibit a noble history of our author and his own times, from the death of Cæsar, to the commencement of the war between Octavius and Antony.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO
ATTICUS.

BOOK XII.

EPISTLE I.

SEVEN long days have now passed, since I left you, and I write you this letter before daybreak, as I am leaving my country-house. I think of passing this day at Anagni¹, and to-morrow at Tusculanum, that I may keep my appointment with you on the 26th. I think I could fly to embrace my daughter, and to fondle your little Attica. I pray you to let me hear about the latter, so that, while I stop at Tusculanum, I may be

¹ This town still retains its name, and lies about twelve leagues from Rome.

be informed of the little prattler ; or if she is in the country, let me know what she writes to you. Meanwhile, either send in writing, or deliver to her in person, my compliments, and the same to Pilia; and though it is not long till we meet, yet write to me whatever shall occur.

As I was folding up this letter, your express, who had travelled all night, brought me one from you ; and I am very sorry to find that your Attica has a slight fever. I fully understood from your letter, all the other circumstances I wanted to be informed of. In reply to your remark, that my morning vigour begins to decline, I experience no other marks of advancing age than a decaying memory. For I am to be with Axius on the 27th, with you the 28th, and with my brother the day on which I arrive, that is the 26th. This, as having no news, is all I have to say. You will then ask, why should you write at all? Why not write about nothing, as well as talk about nothing, when we meet? Let me tell you, there is a pleasure in talking, if it were no more than to hear one another talk.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

THOUGH I have told you in my last, we have here no news, yet it is rumoured that Murcus has perished by shipwreck¹; that Asinius Pollio² has fallen alive into the hands of Pompey's soldiers; that the same storm forced fifty ships to put into Utica; that Pompey³ cannot be found, and that Patietus⁴ is very positive, that he has not been in any of the Balearic islands⁵; but all these reports are destitute of authority. I was willing, however, that you should know how we entertain ourselves in your absence. Meanwhile, public plays are celebrated at Præneste⁶, where Hirtius with the leaders of Cæsar's party at present remains, and the exhibitions, it is said, will continue for eight days. What an entertainment! What luxuries! And in the meanwhile,

the

¹ This news was false.

² He was the famous captain, orator, poet, and critic, who afterwards made such a figure under Augustus Cæsar, and who is celebrated by Virgil and Horace.

³ He was the son of the great Pompey.

⁴ He was by birth a Spaniard, and a favourite of Cæsar.

⁵ Viz. Majorca, Minorca, and Yvica.

⁶ This town lay near to Tusculanum, and is at present called Palestrine.

the fate of the war is, perhaps, decided. Excellent men! Balbus goes on building in his own way, for why should he be troubled? Now, if you ask my opinion, let me tell you, he enjoys life, because he thinks that such enjoyment does not consist in virtue, but in pleasure. Meanwhile, you are asleep¹. Now is the time, if you would prove yourself a true Epicurean, for reducing to practice the grand maxims of your sect. If you ask what I think that is; I answer, it is to enjoy life with pleasure. But enough.—I shall soon see you, and I hope you will come directly to my house. For we must appoint a day of audience to Tyrannio², when we shall determine whatever else requires deliberation.

EPISTLE III.

I THINK you are the only man living, who stands
less

¹ Our author here makes use of a good many familiar cant words, of which I have given the sense, and which I leave the commentators to explain. The stress of his wit lies, in paying a very fine compliment to Atticus, by accusing him of inconsistency with the principles of his sect, which were, that every man should enjoy life as much as possible, without regarding any body but himself; whereas Atticus was continually employed in the duties of his family and friendship.

² He had written a book, which, it seems, he was to read to our author and Atticus.

less upon compliments than I do, and whatever differences we may have with others, we have none between ourselves. I tell you then no more than the plain truth, when I avow to you, my dearest friend, that Tusculanum, though it is my favourite residence, is insipid; nay, Elysium itself would afford me no enjoyment, were I to live in either without your company. Therefore, as I suppose, and know, you are equally impatient for my company, as I am for yours, let us do the best we can to pass away these three days of absence. But I wish I knew what has passed to-day about the sale¹, or what day you can go thither. Meanwhile, I divert myself with books, but I think myself unfortunate, in not having with me the history of Vennonius². But I must not forget my business. I have three ways of recovering the debt due to me from Cæsar. To purchase the confiscated goods; a purchase more

¹ There is something very dark in all this Epistle, because it chiefly relates to private business. I have translated this passage differently from Monsieur Mongault, because I am of opinion, Cæsar owed Cicero money, as will appear hereafter, and had security from him upon forfeited estates, which were sold by Meto, and Cicero wanted Atticus should be present when Meto sold those goods, in order to receive his money. I shall just observe, that Meto was the name of a Greek Philosopher, who invented the Cycle of nineteen years, and which was therefore called Meto's year.

² He proved to be a very bad author.

more hateful to me than the loss of the debt would be; and in fact, besides the disgrace attending it, it is no better than losing my money¹. Or else I must accept security from the buyer, to be paid a year hence. But whom shall I trust with my stock? For my broker's year will, I am afraid, be as long as that of his Greek namesake.² Or lastly, I must, like Vectenus, make a composition for half the sum. Think, therefore, upon this. Now I am afraid, that the auctioneer will not make this sale, but while the games are celebrating, will hasten there to swell the praise to be given to the illustrious man who bestows them. But we will think of it.

EPISTLE IV.

How agreeable, how delightful were your letters to me. The day of their arrival was, believe me, a day of festivity. I am grieved to learn from

¹ Because he expected Cæsar could not long hold the government, and he knew that when he was dead, all his acts would be reversed, especially his gifts of forfeitures.

² *Viz.* Meto, who seems in fact, to have been a broker between Cæsar and Cicero. After all that can be said, the sense is very uncertain, and Manutius thinks, not without a shew of probability, that Meto himself was our author's debtor, while Monsieur Mongault is of opinion, that it is a cant word for Cæsar himself.

from Tyro; that you experienced some symptoms of a fever. I will therefore, take your advice in enjoying myself here a day longer. But the point with regard to Cato is a very delicate one. It is not for me to write of him in such a manner as to hope for indulgence, far less for applause, from your guests, for my work. Supposing I should drop all mention of his patriot speeches in the senate, his zeal for his country, and his readiness to serve the public, and but slightly notice his dignity and consistency; even that would give offence to the favourites of Cæsar. But let me tell you, a patriot like Cato cannot be celebrated without giving him this noble testimony; that he foresaw all that has happened now, and all that must happen hereafter; that he laboured resolutely to prevent it, and when he could not, rather than see it, he ceased to live. Is there a favourite¹ of Cæsar, who can, with patience, bear the mention of such a character? But I beg you will take care of your health, and use, without delay, that prudence to re-establish it, which you discover in all your other concerns.

EPISTLE

¹ *Orig. Alledius.* There have been great disputes about this name, but it is most probable that he was some Roman, who was a favourite both with Cicero and Cæsar.

EPISTLE V.

MY brother Quintus must possess¹ but a small portion of sense, or he would not rejoice that his son and Statius are received into the society of the Luperci, whereas they ought to think, that by so doing, they bring a double stain upon our family. Philotimus is not many degrees² better. Their folly is exceeded only by my own, in being troubled at it. But what impudence was it in him to ask you to defray his share of the expences, supposing, as you say, your sources had not been exhausted, and that they flowed as plentifully as the fountain of Pirene, or of Arethusia³, for him to quaff, yet to talk to you

¹ I have taken a little, and but very little, freedom with the original here. *Quantum sapit* is an indefinite term.

² There were at Rome two sects of Luparcales (the officers of an ancient feast in honour of the god Pan) who had subsisted ever since the foundation of that city, the Fabiani, and the Quintiniani. A third sect with Antony at their head, was about this time instituted in honour of Cæsar, called the Lupercii Julii. As the ceremonies of this feast consisted in riot and disorder, and the institution itself was a proof of the abject spirits of the Romans at this time, Cicero was very justly offended, that his nephew and the two favourite domestics of the Cicero-nian family should enter themselves into this company.

³ There is an allusion here to a passage in the first ode of Pindar. It seems, our author's brother had applied to Atticus for a sum of money to defray his son's part of the expence of this extravagant society.

you about defraying those ridiculous expences, especially in his narrow circumstances! Where can such folly end? But let himself answer for it. I own, I am pleased with my Cato, but that is no more than Bassus Lucilius is with his compositions¹.

Do you, as you promise, inquire concerning Cælius. I know nothing of the matter farther than I have told you. In respect to the bullion, we must carefully examine its qualities and not be guided by its apparent value². Let me know, if you have any doubts as to Hortensius and Virginius³. Yet, so far as I perceive, you will have difficulty to hit upon any measure that is more eligible. You will speak with Mustela in the terms you write to me, as soon as Crispus⁴ shall arrive. I have written to Aulus, that I have satisfied

¹ Cicero wrote a treatise entitled, Cato in defence of Cato's person and principles, which was answered by Cæsar by another writing, which he entitled, Anti-Cato. The Lucilius Bassus here mentioned, seems to have been some vain, pitiful writer of our author's acquaintance.

² Our author very justly apprehended, there might be another revolution of government, which he ought to provide against, and therefore intended to procure a sum in gold, by changing into ready money all his plate, and most valuable moveables; but he was afraid of being imposed upon, by having some base gold put upon him by the bankers, who were to transact the exchange for him.

³ The persons here mentioned seemed to have been bankers.

⁴ They seem to have been concerned with our author, as co-heirs in succession to an estate.

tified Piso¹ concerning what I knew extremely well of the gold. For I am of your opinion, that such a way of proceeding will be tedious and expensive, and at this time we are to collect every thing, and from every quarter. As to yourself, I easily perceive, that my concerns engross all your time, and all your thoughts, and that they even debar you from the pleasure you would have in paying me a visit as you propose. But I imagine that you are with me, not only because you are employed in my business, but because, I fancy I see in what manner you are employed, for I can tell what you are doing every hour of the day.

I perceive that Tubulus² was prætor under the consulate of Lucius Metellus and Quintus Maximus. Now I should be glad to know, under what consuls Publius Scævola the chief priest served as tribune of the commons. If I am not mistaken, it was under the following consuls, Cæpio and Pompey, for he was prætor under Publius Furius, and Sextus Atilius. You will therefore, make me sure as to the time of his tribuneship, and if you can, of what crime Tubulus was impeached. And I beg you will inquire

¹ Aulus and Piso were bankers.

² Atticus was a great antiquarian in the history and genealogy of the families of Rome. We find our author consulting him upon several points, and particularly with regard to Tubulus, whom he mentions in his treatise *De finibus*.

inquire, whether Lucius Libo (I mean him who impeached Sergius Galba) was tribune of the commons in the consulate of Censorinus and Manlius, or under that of Titus Quintius and Manius Acilius, for I am confounded with what is written at the close of the Annals of Fannius¹, abridged by Brutus. Upon the authority of this writer I represented Fannius, the historian, as the son-in-law of Lælius. It was my opinion that you had fully proved this fact, but I now think that Brutus and Fannius are in the right. As to what I have inserted in my Treatise upon famous Orators, it rests upon Hortensius, whom you know to be a writer of unquestionable authority². You will, therefore clear up these matters to me.

I have sent Tyro to meet Dolabella. He will return to me on the 13th, and on the 14th, I look for you. I am sensible how dear my Tullia is to you. I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will continue your affection to her. Let every thing, therefore, stand on its present footing, for so you advise me in your letter. Though it is not at all amiss for me to avoid being at Rome on the first of the month, or having any

¹ Orig. *Conturbat enim una epitome Bruti Fanniana an Bruti epitoma Fannianorum*. This Fannius had written annals, which Brutus, who was a great epitomizer of useful works, had abridged.

² He was famous for having a good memory.

any meeting with my creditors¹, and, though it is proper I should have time to make up my accounts, yet nothing can compensate for my long absence from you. When I was at Rome, and was in expectation of seeing you every moment, yet no day passed without my thinking the hours long till I saw you. You know, that I am far from loving compliments, and therefore, what I express, often falls short of what I feel.

EPISTLE VI.

I BEG you will take care, that there is not too much alloy in the gold of Cælius. I am no judge of such matters, but² surely, the exchange has been sufficiently to my disadvantage, and should I be imposed by this gold—But, what am I talking; I leave all to you. The following is the abrupt and unconnected stile of Hegesias³, which

¹ The original here is very obscure, if not vitiated, but I believe, I have hit upon Cicero's meaning. The interest of money amongst the Romans was paid commonly in the beginning, or middle of every month.

² Monsieur Mongault reads here, *Ego ista novi*, but I think, the common reading is better, *Ego ista non novi*, because he makes use of the like expression in the last letter, when he speaks of the banker Cælius.

³ Hegesias was an Athenian orator, who affected what the English call a snip-snap stile, which found a great many advocates,

which Varro so much commends. "Now, as to Tyrannio,—is it so?—Sure, it cannot be—What without me!—After I, who had so much time upon my hand, so often refused to read his book without you." How will you answer to me, for what you have done? There is but one way, and that is, by sending me the book, which I earnestly entreat you will do. And yet, I shall not have greater pleasure in the book than I have had in knowing that you admire it. For, I love in literature as in government, every thing that is favourable to the people, and I am glad that you have had such pleasure in an essay on so uninteresting a subject. Yet, that has been always your way. You pant for knowledge, the only food of the mind. But let me know what service those observations, either acute or serious, can be to me, in my treatise concerning the final good? But this will be too long to be included in a letter, and, perhaps, you are even now busied in some concern of mine; and for the exquisite entertainment which you had in my little garden, you shall repay me with all that is refined, and all that is useful on this subject¹.

But

cates, and amongst others Varro. But our author was no friend to it.

¹ This is a very obscure passage, and M. Mongault is the first that has thrown any light on it. Cicero had read his Dialogue on the celebrated Orators in his own garden, to his friend Atticus,

But to return where I left off. If you love me, send me Tyrannio's book. It is now your property, because he has presented it to you.

What, have you, a man of business, so much leisure, as to be able even to read my Orator¹? Go on, I take it kindly, and will take it more kindly, if you will order your transcribers to insert

Atticus. In the absence of Cicero, Atticus received a treatise from Tyrannio, with which he was much delighted, and in giving his friend an account of it, he alludes to the entertainment which he had previously received in Cicero's garden, where he retired perhaps to peruse the work of Tyrannio: *isto asso sole in pratulo tuo sum abusus*, "I took the liberty of enjoying in the open sun a repast, similar to that which I before had with you in your garden." Cicero in reply, taking up the same metaphor, adds, As I am composing a treatise *De finibus bonorum*, I wish to obtain of you any thing, which, in the work you so much admire, relates to my subject. But extracts from it may be too tedious for a letter, and I will wave it till I see you. Then I will demand, by reperusing the book, or repeating to me the contents of it, a full compensation for the encroachments you have made in my garden, and for the pleasure you have stolen without my permission; *Pro isto asso sole, quo tu abusus es in nostro pratulo, a te nitidum solem unctumque repetimus*. There is here an allusion to the practice, usual among the Romans, of walking uncovered in the sun, and of walking with the skin anointed with oil. The former was called *sol assus*, the latter *sol unctus*. Cicero, in modesty, describes the pleasure which Atticus had in reading his works by *sol assus*, the least desirable mode of recreation, while the gratification to be repeated from reperusing the treatise of Tyrannio by *sol unctus*.—E.

¹ This sentence is taken from a speech of Menedemus, in the *Heautontimoromen* of Terence.

sert, not only in your copies, but in those of others, the name of Aristophanes for that of Eupolis¹. Cæsar seems to me to ridicule your petition, which was expressed in a language elegant and polite². He desired you, however, not to make yourself uneasy; and that, in such a manner, as left me no room to doubt of his favourable intention for you. I am sorry your daughter's illness continues so long; but, as she has now no shivering, I hope she will soon recover.

EPISTLE VII.

I WROTE down every thing you wanted to know in the parchments³ I sent you, which I gave to Eros. What I wrote was short, but it contains more in substance than you wanted to know. Amongst other things I mentioned my son, for it was from you I took the hint with regard to him. I spoke to him in the frankest manner, which I wish

¹ Cicero's direction was so well followed in this particular, that we have no copy of his treatise with this blunder in it.

² *Orig. Quæso*. Cæsar piqued himself greatly upon his being a critic on the purity of the Latin tongue. Atticus had presented him a petition for some indulgences to the inhabitants of Buthrotum, who were likely to suffer severely for their attachment to Pompey.

³ *Orig. Codicilis*.

wish you would learn from himself, when it suits your conveniency to talk with him. But why need I to wait till then? I acquainted him, that it was at my desire you had inquired whether there was any thing he wanted, or wished for. He had a mind for Spain, and that, he said, would require handsome appointments. I told him, they should be the same as Publius had given to his son, or the Flamen Lentulus to his. With regard to his going to Spain, I started two objections. The first was the same I had mentioned to you, that I was afraid of public reproach. Had we not gone far enough in abandoning the republican party, that we should take arms against it?—In the next place, I told him, it would give him pain to see himself surpassed by his cousin in interest with the great men, and in all offices of honour. I pressed him to leave himself to my generosity, rather than indulge his own fancy, but that I would put no hardship upon him; and yet I complied with his wishes, because I understood, you was not averse to his going to Spain. I will, however, reconsider the business, and I beg you will do the same. Our main object should be to remain quiet. It is hard to say, what may be the consequences should he go. But we shall consider farther. I wrote likewise, in the parchments, concerning Balbus, and I am still of the same mind, as soon as he shall return. But, if that should

should not be soon, I will set out for Rome in three days. I forgot to tell you, that Dolabella is here with me.

EPISTLE VIII.

Most people approve of my resolution concerning my son¹, and the person, who is to attend him, is well qualified. But let us previously take care of the first payment of my daughter's fortune. The term is at hand, and Dolabella is ready to take his flight.² Let me know I beg of you what Celer reports Cæsar to have done with regard to the candidates, whether himself hopes to obtain of Cæsar a commission in Spain³, or an office in the city. To say the truth, I should be glad to know whether there is any

¹ *Viz.* To send him to Athens. While his son was studying the language and literature of Greece in that refined seat of the muses, Cicero composed his elegant and useful Treatise on *Morals*, and addressed it to him at Athens.—E.

² *Currit ille.*—M. Mongault properly understands *ille* to mean Dolabella, from whom the payment was to be exacted, and who was in haste to meet Cæsar now returning from Spain.—E.

³ *Utrum ipse in Fœnicularium an in Martium campum cogitet.* Fœnicularius was a plain in Hispania Bœtica, which Strabo, lib. iii. calls *μαγανος*, from the fennel or grass with which it abounded.—E.

any necessity for my attending the elections at Rome, for I cannot avoid obliging both your wife¹ and daughter.

EPISTLE IX.

My abode here would be very agreeable, and would be daily more so, were it not for the reason I mentioned to you in a former letter. Nothing could be more delightful than this solitude would be to me, did not the son of Amyntas² sometimes break in upon me. What an incessant, what an insufferable prattler he is! As to every thing besides, you can form to yourself, nothing that is more pleasant than is this villa, the shore, the prospect of the sea, and in short every thing that is round me. But it is not worth while to swell a letter with these trifles. And yet I have nothing more material to write, and I am besides drowsy.

EPISTLE

¹ Whose brother Celer put in for a government.

² Meaning Lucius Marcius Philippus from his being the namesake of Philip of Macedon, the son of Amyntas, and father of Alexander the Great.

EPISTLE X.

I SINCERELY sympathize with you on the death of Athamas¹. It is natural for you to be concerned at his loss, but it ought not to be to excess. Of all the various means of consolation, the following is the most direct; let reason effect in you what in others is effected by time. Let us take care of Alexis. He is a second Tyro, whom I have sent back sick to Rome, and if any epidemical disorder rage in your quarter, convey Alexis to my house with Tisamenus. You know that all the upper part of my house is empty. This I think is a fortunate circumstance.

EPISTLE XI.

THE death of Seius², gives me a heavy heart. But every human event ought to be borne with patience. For what is man, or how long time has he to employ himself below? Let us bestow our attention upon things, which we have it in our

¹ He was a favourite slave of Atticus.

² He was a common friend to Atticus and our author.

our power to remedy, I mean the affairs of the state; and even here we cannot avail much. How shall I behave in the senate? That I may forget nothing, Cæsonius writes me word, that Posthumia, the wife of Sulpicius, is arrived in his house. I have already told you, in answer to yours, that I have at present laid aside all thoughts of the daughter of Pompey the Great¹. As to the other lady you mention in your letter, I suppose you know her; never did I see any thing more disagreeable. But I am soon to see you, and then we will talk farther of these matters.

Your Letter came to my hand after this was sealed up; I am glad your daughter is in such good spirits, but am very sorry to hear that she is not free from her fever.

EPISTLE XII.

CONCERNING the payment of my daughter's fortune², I request you to be more urgent. To accept

¹ As there is a considerable distance of time between our author's last letter and this, the reader is to understand that, in the interval, he had been divorced from Terentia, and he was now thinking of a second marriage.

² The reader is to understand, that Tullia died in child-birth, a few weeks or days after her divorce from Dolabella, and our author

accept Balbus, as a substitute for the debt, is to leave it to their discretion. However finish the business some way or other. It is shameful that my affairs should lie in this disorder. The island near Arpinum, seems to be proper for the monument I design to erect in honour of my daughter, but I am afraid it will not be sufficiently conspicuous, because it is too remote from the road. I therefore think of my gardens, but I must take a survey of them when I come to Rome.

You shall have your own way with regard to the person who is to deliver the sentiments of Epicurus¹, yet I shall not hereafter be fond of living characters for speakers in my dialogues. You cannot imagine what difficulties I find in this matter. Let me therefore return to dead characters, for by them nothing can be taken amiss. I have nothing farther to write to you, and yet I make it a rule with myself to send you a letter every day, that I may provoke you to give me an answer, not that I expect you will write to me upon any business, but I know not how it is, I am still impatient for your letters. Therefore, whether you have any thing material to

author was so sensibly affected with her death, that he was upon the extravagant design of celebrating an apotheosis, and building a temple to her memory.

¹ Atticus was of opinion, that our author ought to represent living persons as speakers in his philosophical tracts.

to write or not, yet still write me somewhat. Meanwhile take care of your own health.

EPISTLE XIII.

THOUGH I agree with the physician Craterus, yet I cannot help having my own fears with regard to your daughter. It is true the letter, I received from Brutus, was written like that of a man of sense, and a friend, yet still it filled my eyes with tears. I am more calm in this retirement than I was in that bustle. You are the only person whose absence I regret, but I cultivate letters here with the same calmness as if I were at home. But still, the same melancholy preys upon my spirits. I do not, indeed, indulge my sorrow, but I make no effort to suppress it.

As to what you write concerning Apuleius¹, I am of opinion, you need not give yourself any great trouble about it, or to speak on that subject to Balbus and Appius. He has already satisfied them, and has ordered me to be acquainted, that he would by no means trouble me, but I beg you will take care from day to day, to re-

new

¹ He was chosen into the Augural college, and Cicero, as one of his colleagues, was obliged to attend a feast he made of course, unless he could be excused, by getting three persons to swear, that he was in a bad state of health.

new my excuses on account of my bad state of health. Lænas has undertaken to attest this. To him you may add Caius Septimius and Lucius Statilius. In short, no one will refuse to take this oath, whom you may desire; if it be attended with any difficulty, I will come to Rome in person; and swear, that I labour under a complaint not likely ever to be removed. For, as I intend never to be present at those entertainments, I prefer to have a juster excuse, than that of sorrow, for my absence. I desire, that you will sue Cocceius. He has not performed his promise to me; and I want to buy some place where I may retire, and enjoy some refuge from my grief.

EPISTLE XVI.

I SENT you a letter yesterday, to excuse my absence to Apuleius. I suppose, you will find no difficulty in it, for no body whom you desire, will refuse to swear, but you may apply to Septimius, to Lænas, and to Statilius. But Lænas took the whole upon himself to me. You write me, that you are sued by Junius. Why, Cornificius is a rich man; but still, I desire to know at what time I entered into this recognizance, and whether it was for the father or son, and the rather, because, as you write me, you will thereby

thereby see the agents of Cornificius, and his conveyancer Apuleius¹.

You express your usual kindness in your endeavours, to make me banish this melancholy. You know, my friend, I have done all I can. There is not one sentiment concerning consolation under affliction, that I did not read over at your house. But my sorrows have got the better of all comfort. I even went farther than any man ever did before me, for I endeavoured to remove my grief by addressing letters of consolation to myself. I will send you a volume of them, when my amanuensis have transcribed them. Take my word for it, that no consolation is so efficacious. I write for whole days together. Not that I make any progress in my cure, but it employs me, not sufficiently indeed, for my affliction is very intense; but still I am amused, and I do all in my power, not to cure my mind, but, if possible, to preserve a becoming appearance. While I endeavour to do this, I sometimes think I am to blame, did I not endeavour to do it. I am somewhat assisted by solitude, but my advances would be much greater had I your company; this is my sole reason for leaving this place. For, considering my afflictions, my situation

¹ Apuleius was a *prædator*, i. e. a jobber or conveyancer in land, and the affinity of this term to *prædator* a robber, leads me to suspect, that Cicero here indulges his usual propensity to pun.—E.

tuation was tolerable, though my leaving this place is the very thing which makes me sorry. For you can no longer administer to me the solace you once did; all that endeared me to you is now vanished.

I have already acquainted you by writing of Brutus's letter to me. He writes like a man of sense, but his letter was of no avail. I wish that he would come to see me, as he wrote to you he would. I make no doubt but that his presence would exhilarate me, because he has so great an affection for me. I beg that you will write me whatever you hear, above all, when you think Pansa sets out. I am concerned for Attica, but yet I have great faith in her physician Craterus. Do not suffer Pilia to distress herself; and moderate your own grief, which you too much manifest in sympathy with all your friends.

EPISTLE XV.

As you do not think, that a general excuse for the whole time is proper, I beg you will take care to excuse me from day to day with Apuleius. In this solitude I have no society, and in the morning, when I have plunged myself into a thick rough wood, I never leave it before the evening.

evening. Next to yourself, I have no friend but solitude. In this I converse only by means of letters, and even that conversation is interrupted by tears, which I check as much as I am able, but hitherto the task of suppressing them is too hard for me. I will, as you advise me, write an answer to Brutus. To-morrow you shall have that letter. You will deliver it whenever you have an opportunity.

EPISTLE XIV.

I WOULD not have you neglect your own business to come to me. If you should be longer detained, I would rather come to you. Nor indeed, would I have left your company, if any thing could possibly have done me service. Could my case admit of relief, it must come from you alone. As soon as it is in the power of man to give me comfort, that man must be yourself. Even at present I cannot enjoy life without you. But it was inconvenient to live at your house, and I could not live at my own, and had I been nearer Rome, yet still I could not be with you. The same business that now detains you from seeing me, would have detained you then. Hitherto, I have found no such relief as in this solitude. How I dread, lest
Philip

Philip should break into it, for he arrived yesterday in the evening. Scribbling and reading do not sooth my sorrows, but they stupify my brain.

EPISTLE XVII.

I HAVE a letter from Marcianus, informing you, that I am excused with Apuleius by Laterensis, Naso, Lænas, Torquatus, and Strabo. I beg you will take care to write to them in my name, to let them know how much I am obliged to them for this service. Flavius says, that about twenty-five years ago, I entered into engagements for Cornificius. The accused is an opulent man, and Apuleius is a respectable conveyancer; yet I beg, that you will take care to consult the books of those who became securities with me, whether it is so or not. Before my edileship, I had no dealings with Cornificius. Yet the thing is possible, but I wish to be certain, and if you think proper you may summon his agents. Yet, after all, what is it to me? though still one ought not to neglect such a thing. You will let me know, as soon as you know yourself, when Pansa sets out. Present my compliments to your daughter, whom I beg you will take all manner of care of, and to your wife.

EPISTLE XVIII.

WHILE I avoid recollections which consume my heart with grief, I avoid consulting with you. But if I have still that unaccountable desire, you must pardon it. For some of the authors I am now reading, tell me, that the thing I so often have mentioned to you, and which I am so earnest that you should approve of, ought to be carried into execution¹. I mean, the intended temple,

¹ It must be acknowledged, that our author was no more fixed in his principles of philosophy, than in those of government. Accidents and different situations of life had great impression upon both. It is true, he wished well to his country, and his heart was naturally good and sincere, but we find him sometimes not quite consistent with what he is at other times. When he wrote this letter, he was greatly affected by his daughter's death, and in that disposition of mind which is most susceptible of religious apprehensions. This made him pay the greater regard to the sentiments of those philosophers, who were the most averse to the Epicurean doctrine of his friend, and who encouraged the belief of the immortality of the soul, which our author in many parts of his works, treats as a doctrine, the truth of which is more to be wished than hoped for. It is more than probable, that this book of consolation, of which only a few fragments now remain, was composed entirely upon the principles of the souls immortality, for otherways his building a temple to the memory of his daughter, and in a manner consecrating the same, must have appeared to Atticus ridiculous and fantastic. Meanwhile, it may be proper here to re-

temple, and as you love me you will think of it. As to the plan, I fix without hesitation upon that of Clautius, neither have I any difficulties as to the materials; but I cannot say the same as to the place where it is to stand. I beg, therefore, you would bestow some thought upon that. For my own part, I will in this learned age, consecrate the memory of my daughter with inscriptions taken from every fine writer in Greece and Rome; though this may, perhaps, make my wound bleed afresh. But I now look upon myself as bound by a solemn vow and engagement, and I am more affected by that length of time in which I am to have no existence, than with the narrow (but to me it seems too long) span of life, that still remains to me in this world.

I have left nothing untried, but am unable to find repose. For while I employed myself in that work which I formerly have mentioned to you,
I soothed,

mark, that the building such temples, or consecrated places by parents, to the memory of their children, is justly accounted by the most ancient and venerable authors to be the great sources of superstition. The grief of a parent upon the death of a child, being the more intense, and consequently more extravagant than that of a child upon the loss of a parent. Our author even tells, that the word *superstition* came from those who all day sacrificed, and prayed, that their children might outlive themselves. *Quia tota die precabantur & immolabant ut sibi sui liberi superstites essent, superstitiosi sunt appellati.* Lib. 1. de Nat. Deorum.

I soothed, as it were, my anguish; but now I loath every thing; nor can I find any better refuge than in solitude, which Philip, (as I was afraid he would) has not yet disturbed. For yesterday, as soon as he had paid me his compliments, he set out for Rome. I have, as you desired, sent you the letter which I have written to Brutus; you will take care that it be sent off with yours; meanwhile, I have sent you a copy, that if you are not pleased with the contents, you may keep back the original.

You write me word, that my domestic affairs are settling in due order; I pray you write me these particulars; for there are some I am impatient to know. Take care that Cocceius does not disappoint us. I think, from what Eros writes, that we may depend upon Libo's word. As to the capital, I confide in Sulpicius and Egnatius. I cannot imagine what your difficulties can be with regard to Apuleius, as it is so easy to obtain a dispensation. You write me, you intend to see me; I beg you will take care that it may put you to no inconvenience. For the journey is a long one, and should you be obliged to leave me soon, our parting will give me infinite pain. But every thing shall be as you wish. For my part, do what you will, I shall always both think it right, and that you do it out of affection for me.

Yesterday, when I understood by letters from others,

others, that Antony was arrived¹, I was surprised your letters mentioned nothing about him; but you, perhaps, wrote them the day before they were dated. Even those matters, however, give me no concern. But I am of opinion, that the purchase made by him was the cause which brought him back in such a hurry.

As to what you write me, Terentia says concerning

¹ He had set out for Spain, but came back in a hurry to Rome on the following account. He was in great favour with Cæsar, being one of the most proper instruments which that great man could employ in subverting the public virtue of his countrymen, and consequently, the constitution of his country; not, I believe, that Cæsar would have desired either, had not both of them been incompatible with his safety. Add to this, that Antony was a man of wit and parts; he lived at immense expence, and was in all respects, a soldier of fortune. This and his intimacy with Cæsar, made him presume upon that great man's friendship, and he had bought most of Pompey's effects at auction, in hopes that Cæsar would not call upon him for the payment. But Cæsar was of all mankind the greatest master of his own passions, excepting that for power. Like other great politicians, he encouraged his ministers in their extravagancies, that he might have the popularity of punishing them. The buying of the great Pompey's effects, had raised a terrible clamour at Rome against Antony, and Cæsar wisely availed himself of it. For Antony neglecting to make payment (the sum being very large), Cæsar ordered Lucius Plancus to seize all Antony's effects, and to sell them for discharge of the debt. The news of this order reached Antony's ears when he was on the road to Spain, and it was to prevent that sale that he returned in the hurry mentioned here.

cerning the witnesses to my Will¹; you are, in the first place, to believe, that I mind no such matters, nor can any thing give me the smallest concern or surprise. But after all, in what does my conduct resemble hers? She refused to call in those witnesses, whom she thought would inquire to know the contents of what they were to attest. But did I make any objection to that? Let her then do as I have done. I am ready to produce my Will to any one that is disposed to read it. She may satisfy herself, that I could not shew greater regard, than I have shewn for my grandson. As to my not inviting certain persons to witness its sealing up; in the first place, it did not come into my head; and for this reason, in the next place, it was of no importance. Perhaps you may yourself remember, that I spoke to you to bring some of your friends to witness it. For what occasion was there for a great many? It is true, I ordered my domestics to attend. You were of opinion that I should send for Silius; and that put it into my head to send

¹ Cicero was at this time thinking of marrying another wife, Pubilia, whom he afterwards married. This seems to have come to Terentia's ears, because Cicero had invited Pubilius, the lady's brother, to be witness to his testament, and had omitted to send for the relations of his own and her family. This furnished Terentia with matter of complaint, as if our author had done, or intended to do, something that was unhandsome towards his grandson, the son of Dolabella.

send for Publius to be present; though there was no necessity for either. You will manage this point as you see proper.

EPISTLE XIX.

THIS, I own, is a very pleasant place¹. It is embosomed in the very sea, and may be seen from Antium and Circe; but, as in a long revolution of ages, the succession of property² may be next to infinite, I am to take care, should the monument I think of continue to exist, that it shall have the same regard paid to it, as paid to consecrated places. I now give myself no trouble about revenues; I can be contented with little.

¹ Meaning Astura, lying between the promontory of Antium, and that of Circe.

² The ancients, as appears from the works of our author, and many others, were extremely delicate with regard to their burying places; and they commonly excepted them from the other parts of heritage, which could be disposed of by conveyance or succession, and, as it were, entailed them for ever upon the purposes to which they were originally designed. Cicero, therefore, in this passage, inclines to entail the spot, where this temple should be built, in the same manner, and nothing was wanting that laws or imprecations could effect to preserve such destinations for ever sacred and inviolable. Atticus seems to have advised Cicero to build his temple at Astura.

little. I sometimes think of purchasing some country seat on the other side of the Tyber, and chiefly, because I know no place that has a greater resort to it¹. But we will consult about what seat it shall be when we meet together, but still we must order matters so, that the temple may be finished this summer. Meanwhile, do you agree concerning the pillars with Apellas of Chios.

I approve of what you write concerning Cocceius and Libo, and chiefly with regard to my sitting as judge². I should be glad to know, if you have received any farther information concerning that bail, and likewise, what the agents of Cornificius are saying; but yet I should be sorry to put you, who have so much business already, to any extraordinary trouble in that affair. Balbus and Oppius have likewise written to me concerning Antony, and that their writing was agreeable to you, for fear I should have been disturbed. I returned them thanks, but I would have you to know, as I have already written to you, that I am to be disturbed neither by that news, nor any other that can possibly happen. If, as
you

¹ Because he intended there to build his temple, which he wanted to have as public as possible, to do honour to the memory of his daughter.

² He at this time declined all the public duties of a senator, particularly that of presiding in the courts of law, or upon trials or arbitrations.

you mentioned, Pansa is set out this day, you will instantly begin to write me, how soon you look for the arrival of Brutus, that is, what day he is to be at Rome. If you know where he is at present, you can pretty accurately conjecture the period of his return.

As to what you write to Tyro concerning my wife, I beg, my dearest friend, that you will take the whole of that matter upon yourself. Nobody knows so well as you do, how far I am engaged in honour and duty, and as some think, in justice to my son. As to my own part, I am determined by nothing near so much as by the ties of virtue and honour, especially as I think all assurances of the other party¹, are neither sincere nor stable.

EPISTLE XX.

YOU seem not to be quite sensible, how very unconcerned I am about Antony, and every thing of that kind. With regard to Terentia, I informed you in the letter I wrote yesterday. You give me advice, and you say, you do it at the earnest request of my other friends, that I should conceal the excess of my grief. Is it possible

¹ Meaning Terentia.

sible for me to do that better than by spending whole days in study? I do it, it is true, not to conceal my affliction, but to sooth, and to cure my mind; but though it may not have the effect I wish for upon myself, yet surely it conceals from the world the appearances of excessive grief. This letter is considerably shorter, because I wait for your answer to my letter of yesterday. I am chiefly impatient for your sentiments with regard to the temple, and I am somewhat curious to know about Terentia. I beg you will inform me by your next letter, whether Cnæus Cæpio, the father of Servila, the wife of Claudius, perished by sea in his father's lifetime, or after he was dead, or whether Rutilia died before or after the death of her son Caius Cotta? These questions relate to the treatise I have composed concerning the means of mitigating affliction.

EPISTLE XXI.

I HAVE read, and sent back to you, the letter of Brutus, which is by no means, a becoming answer to your request. But let him see to that,¹ and

¹ I have, in several animadversions upon our author's works, thrown out some doubts with regard to the conspiracy of Catiline, especially as it has been represented by our author. I shal

and yet it is a reflection on him to be ignorant of that matter. He supposes that Cato first gave his vote for putting the conspirators to death. Now all the other magistrates, excepting Cæsar, had voted the same way before, and as the opinion of Cæsar, who then spoke only in his quality of prætor, was so severe, he thinks that the sentiments of the consulars, Catulus, Servilius, the Luculli, Curio, Torquatus, Lepidus, Gellius, Volcatius, Figulus, Cotta, Lucius Cæsar, Caius Piso, with Manius Glabrio, and Silanus, and Murena,

shall not here trouble my reader with my reasons for being of a very different opinion from the rest of the world upon that subject, and for believing that our author, impelled by his own fears, put the conspirators to death without any legal evidence of their guilt. I cannot, however, help observing, that the passage before us very strongly confirms my suspicion of Cicero's insincerity in his whole account of that matter. Notwithstanding that force of affliction for the loss of his daughter, which he so feelingly represents, we here see his vanity get so much the better of him, that he employs his friend Atticus to prevail with Brutus, who was the very soul of truth, to alter a narrative of that conspiracy which he had made in a panegyric upon his uncle Cato, and in which our author thought he was not mentioned in terms sufficiently for his advantage. In fact, Brutus begged to be excused, and admitted only of one circumstance, in which he was set right by Atticus. The reader is to observe, that Cæsar, as prætor, spoke before Cato, who was only tribune elect. As such, however, he spoke before all the private senators, so that the *omnes* here mentioned, is to be understood, not of the whole body of the senate, but of those who bore or had borne public employments.

Murena, consuls elect, were more mild. Why then was the sentence drawn up according to Cato's opinion? The reason was, he spoke to the point more perspicuously and copiously than the others did. With regard to me, he praises me for reporting, not for discovering, the conspiracy, without mentioning the spirit I raised against the conspirators, and that the measure which followed was no more than what I resolved upon before the thing was debated in the senate. Cato extolled all this to the skies, and was of opinion that it ought to be inserted in the sentence, for which reason a majority divided for his motion. Brutus thinks he pays me a mighty compliment when he calls me an "excellent consul." But could an enemy speak of me in colder terms? With regard to the rest, in what manner has he spoken to you? All he desires of you is to correct the resolution of the senate. He could not have avoided doing this, had his mistake been pointed out to him by the most despicable of all our acquaintance¹. But let him answer for that likewise.

As you approve of my design respecting a country-house², I beg you will take an active part in the

¹ *Orig.* Ranius, who was, it seems, a person of little or no consideration.

² *Orig.* Horti Gardens, which I have translated, a country house or seat, of which the gardens were the chief embellishment.

the affair. You know my resources. Now if we can get any thing from¹ Faberius, I shall have little or no difficulty in making the purchase. The seat of Drusus certainly is to be purchased, and perhaps those of Lamia and Cassius. But we shall talk of these things when we meet. As to Terentia, I cannot write of her more handsomely than you do. Let us, in the first place, have regard to what virtue and duty requires. If I should be mistaken, I should choose to suffer, by being deceived by her rather than myself. A hundred thousand sesterces must be paid to Ovia, the wife of Caius Lollius; Eros says, he cannot raise the money without me, I suppose on account of his giving some goods and effects to be appraised. I wish he had talked of the matter to you, for if, as he writes me, it be true that matters are in such readiness, the affair may be finished by you; I beg you will inquire into, and settle the whole business.

You invite me to resume my functions in the Forum, the place which I had declined before I was overtaken by affliction. What is the Forum to me? Where are its courts of justice? Where is the senate, while those whom I cannot behold with patience, are perpetually rushing upon my sight? You tell me, the public call upon me to come to Rome, that they will not dispense with my presence.

¹ He owed our author money.

presence, and that I have been dispensed with hitherto only upon certain terms. But be it known to you, my friend, that for this long time, you singly have been more dear to me than all the republic, and I have not such a contemptible opinion of myself, as not to choose to follow my own sentiments, than that of all the others you mention, be who they will. And yet I do not exceed the bounds that are prescribed me by the most learned authors, whose writings I have thoroughly read over, and all that is upon the subject of consolation, because I thought it a mark of courage in a patient to search for his cure. Nay, I have transplanted their sentiments into my own works, which surely was no symptom of a desponding, abject, spirit. I beg therefore, that you will not call me from this regimen, into the bustle of life, lest I should relapse.

EPISTLE XXII.

It is not acting by me with your usual friendship, to load me with the whole affair of Terentia. For those are the very wounds which I cannot bear to have handled without the deepest anguish. Do therefore, all you can to sooth my affliction; I ask no more of you than you can do,
and

and besides, you are the only person who can discover her true sentiments. As I perceive you are in some difficulty, with regard to Rutilia, I beg you to write to me as soon as you have ascertained the fact, and whether Clodia survived Decimus Brutus, the consular. You may know the first from Marcellus, or at least from Posthumia; and the second from Marcus Cotta, from Scyrus or Satyrus.

I beg leave again to put you in mind of the seat I am to purchase, for which I must employ, if my own means should be ineffectual, (which I hope will not be the case) the credit of my friends, who, I am sure, will not disappoint me. Besides, there are some effects which I can sell very conveniently. But if you will assist me, I need to sell nothing, but pay interest for a year and no longer for the sum I agree for, which is the method I would choose. The seat of Drusus is the most likely for my purpose, for he wants to sell it. Next to this, I think on that of Lamia, but he is not at Rome. Do you, however, examine this with all the diligence in your power. Silius makes use of no country seat, and he can live very well upon the interest I shall pay him. Consider the business as your own concern, without minding my domestic affairs, which I am very little anxious about; but you are to consider what I wish for, and my motives for wishing it.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXIII.

You begin your letter to me in such a manner, that I expected some news from it. You tell me that though I did not mind what passed in Spain¹, yet that you still would inform me by writing. But I perceive that all you write is in answer to my letters, particularly concerning the Forum and the senate. But you tell me my house is a Forum. What occasion have I for a house itself, if I am debarred from the Forum? Long, long, my dearest friend, have I made it no secret, and I make it none now, that I lost all relish for life, after losing the only blessing that could make me love it. I therefore, court solitude; and yet, should any accident draw me to Rome, I will endeavour with all my power (and I know it to be in my power) that none besides myself shall perceive my anguish, nay, if possible, that even you should not perceive it. There is another cause for my not going to Rome. You remember the request which Aledius² made to you; if in this situation they pester

¹ Cæsar was then carrying on the war against Pompey's sons in Spain, of which Atticus had promised to give our author some account.

² He was a friend of Cæsar's, and he had informed Atticus how kindly Cæsar would take it, if our author would so far countenance his proceedings as to appear in the senate at Rome.

pester me, what would they do should I go to Rome? You may manage with Terentia, in the manner you write me, and in so doing you extricate me from a load of affliction already insupportable.

But now to make you sensible that my sorrows, great as they are, have not bereft me of sense, I observe that you mention, in your annals, under what consuls Carneades¹ came at the head of that embassy to Rome. Now I want to know what the subject of that embassy was. If I mistake not, it was concerning the city of Oropus, but I am not sure. Taking that however for granted, I should be glad to know upon what subjects they disputed, and likewise who was the most distinguished amongst the Epicureans at Athens, and at that time presided in their gardens², and likewise who were the leading statesmen in that city. All this I believe you may learn from Apollodorus³. I am concerned about
your

¹ This celebrated embassy came from Athens, with the philosopher Carneades at the head of it, in order to obtain a mitigation of a fine, imposed by the Romans, upon the Athenians for plundering the city Oropus.

² The disciples and followers of Epicurus held their schools and assemblies in his Gardens at Athens, in the same manner as the disciples of Plato did in the Academy, those of Aristotle in the Lyceum, and those of Zeno in the Portico.

³ He was an Epicurean, and had written the life of his master, with the annals of the old philosophers.

your daughter's illness, but, as it is slight, I hope she is in a fair way. I have not the least doubt with regard to Gamala's death; for why should Ligus be the only happy father? For my part, had I my choice of all I could desire in this life, I never could admit of comfort.

You write me how much the seat of Drusus is valued at: I heard of it before, and if I mistake not, I mentioned it in my letter to you of yesterday, but however dear, there is no paying too much for a thing which one must have. Whatever opinion you may entertain, yet I know enough of myself to be sensible that that purchase, if it does not abate my anguish, will at least acquit me of a debt of duty. I have written to Sica, because he is the friend of Lucius Cotta. If we can come to no agreement about the gardens beyond the Tiber, Cotta has, near to Ostia, a seat in a very frequented place. It is small indeed, but it is more than large enough for my purpose. I beg you would think of that, and do not be alarmed at the price of the other gardens. I have now no occasion for plate, for raiment, or for houses of pleasure. This seat is all I want. I know who can assist me in the purchase, but you will talk with Silius, for nothing could suit me better than this seat. I have given Sica a commission concerning this matter likewise, and he writes me in answer, that he has fixed

fixed a day to treat with Silius. Therefore write me what he has done, and do as you judge proper.

EPISTLE XXIV.

IT happens luckily that Silius has settled that matter, for I was not willing to disappoint him, and I was in some doubts about my own ability. You will finish that affair with Ovia, in the terms you promise me. I think now it is high time to dispose of my son. But let me know whether he can have credit upon Athens, for what money he may have occasion for, or whether he must carry it with him in specie? I beg you would consider the whole matter, how, in what manner, and when, he is to proceed. You may learn from Aledius, whether Publius¹ is to go to Africa, and at what time; and then I beg you will let me know by a letter. But to return to my own trifling amusements, I desire you will inform me whether Publius Crassus, the son of Venuleia, died in his father's lifetime, as I think he

¹ He probably was the same, who, after the death of Cæsar, embraced the cause of liberty, and was proscribed by the triumviri. He afterwards came into great favour with Augustus Cæsar, who valued him the more for having the courage to carry about with him a portrait of Brutus.

he did, or afterwards. I have the same question to ask with regard to Regillus, who, if I remember rightly, died before his father Lepidus. You will finish the affair of Cispus, and likewise that of Præcius. I am extremely glad of Attica's recovery. Pray make my compliments to her, and to Pilia.

EPISTLE XXV.

SICA has written me a very particular account of his transaction with Silius, and he informs me, as you do, that he has laid the matter before you. I am pleased with my bargain and the terms, but I should choose to pay him in money, rather than give him any thing in exchange; for Silius will put no value upon a house of pleasure. Now, with regard to my land estate, I can live upon it, and that is as much as I can do. You will ask, how am I to procure the ready money? Press Hermogenes for the payment of the six thousand sertece, especially now that I am straitened for money; and I perceive I have as much in my house. As for the remainder of the sum, I either will pay interest for it to Silius, while my affair with Faberius is settling, or I will take a draft from Faberius for the sum, upon some of his debtors. I shall likewise receive somewhat from

from another hand, but you must superintend the whole transaction. For my own part, I prefer his seat to that of Drusus, nor indeed were they ever compared together. Take my word for it, I have but one motive for the purchase, in which, I acknowledge, I am too much actuated by vain glory, but I beg you will continue to humour me in this failing. As to what you tell me concerning the manner in which a patriot ought to spend his old age, every thing of that kind is over with me: I have other pursuits in view.

EPISTLE XXVI.

SICA writes to me, that though he has not closed with Aulus Silius, yet he himself would come hither the 22d. I am too sensible of the multiplicity of your affairs, not to excuse you. I am extremely sensible how willing, or rather, how anxious, and how earnest you are, that we should meet. With regard to Nicias¹, whom you mention, there is no man's company whom I could be more fond of than his, were I in a disposition to enjoy the charms of his conversation; but solitude and retirement are now my only enjoyments. I am most desirous of Sica's company, because he can bear solitude so well. Besides,
you

¹ He was a famous grammarian.

you are no stranger to the infirmity, the delicacy, and the habits of our friend Nicias. Why therefore should I give him pain, when he can give me no pleasure? His affectionate offer, however, is to me extremely obliging. Respecting the subject¹ you touch upon in your letter, I am determined to give you no answer. For I hoped to have prevailed with you to rid me of my burden. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE XXVI.

It is true, I am no stranger to the terms of that transaction with Silius, but, to-day, I suppose, I shall be instructed by Sica in all the particulars. You say that you know nothing about the seat of Cotta. It is, I assure you, a small, mean villa, situated beyond the seat of Silius, which I suppose you are no stranger to. It has no ground belonging to it, and it is large enough for no other purpose but that which I intend. I want a place that is greatly frequented. If any agreement is made, that is, if you make any, (for it all rests upon you), respecting Silius's mansion, there is no occasion for me to think any more concerning that of Cotta. I will follow your advice

¹ *Viz.* His difference with Terentia.

advice with regard to my son. He shall be master of his own time, and you will take care to get him credit for his necessary expences. You will let me know, as you mention, when you have learned any thing from Aledius.

I observe, from your letters, as no doubt you do from mine, that neither of us have any subject for writing. It is still the same threadbare story over and over again every day, yet I cannot, for my life, refrain writing to you daily, that you may give me an answer. Send me word if you know any thing concerning Brutus¹, for I suppose, by this time, you know the place where he waits for Pansa. If, as is usual, he waits for him on the frontiers of his government, he may be at Rome towards the beginning of next month. I wish it was not so soon, because I have many reasons for being extremely averse to leave Rome. I am therefore in some doubts with myself, whether I ought not to feign some excuse for them, which I perceive would be no hard matter for me to do. But I shall have leisure enough to think of that matter. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE

¹ Brutus was then governor of Cisalpine Gaul, and he was to be succeeded by Pansa.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

SICA had written so particularly concerning that affair with Silius, that I learned no more of it from talking with him than I had done from his letters. Therefore, should you meet with Silius, you will write to me, if you see occasion. As to the person, who you suppose has been sent by Terentia to me, I am quite in the dark whether any such person has been sent or not, at least no body has talked with me upon that head. You will therefore, proceed as you have begun, and if you can, in any respect, prevail upon her, which I think indeed is impossible, you may, if you please, introduce my son to her favour. It is of some consequence to him, that he should appear to have a regard for her. For my part, I take no other concern than that which you know of, and which indeed I am greatly anxious about.

You invite me to return to my old habits of life. It has long been my fate to weep over the calamities of my country. But my grief was the less excessive, because I still found a satisfaction in my own family. At present, I can neither relish the modes nor the pursuits of the world, nor do I think I ought to be much concerned in what light others take this matter. If my conscience
acquits

me, let all the world talk as it will. I have no reason to repent of those letters of consolation, which I addressed to myself. They have done me this service, that my mourning, though not my grief, is abated; for my grief is what I cannot diminish, nor would I, if I could¹.

You are right in your conjecture of my intentions with regard to Triarius²; you are, however, to take no steps but with the consent of his parents. I love the memory of the deceased; I am the guardian of his children, and I have an affection for the whole family. With regard to that affair of Castricius, if he is willing to take money for the slaves, and to be paid according to the present public terms of payment³, nothing can be more equitable.

¹ *Orig. Mœrorem minui; dolorem nec potui, nec, si possem, vellem.*

² He is one of the speakers in our author's treatise upon the ends of things good and evil.

³ *Orig. Si Castricius pro mancipiis pecuniam accipere volet, eamque ei solvi ut nunc solvitur.* This affair seems to have concerned Quintus Cicero, whose unworthy behaviour our author appears no longer to have resented. Quintus Cicero owed this Castricius some money, and he made over some slaves to him as a security. When the civil war was over, Quintus proposed to Castricius to redeem the slaves, in the terms of a law made by Cæsar, for the more easy payment of debts. For that great man, seeing the prodigious disorder into which the civil wars had thrown all matters of property at Rome, ordered a commis-
sion

equitable. But, if the bargain has been so made, as that the slaves themselves may be taken away, I think, (since you will have me to write you my mind on that head) the other terms will not be fair. For I am unwilling that my brother Quintus should any way involve himself, and if I mistake not, you are of the same sentiments. I should think that Publius will go to Africa by sea, if (as you write me, on the authority of Aledius) he is to wait for the Equinox. Now, he told me, that he was to go by Sicily. I beg you will let me know, whether he continues in that resolution, and when he is to set out? I likewise entreat, that you will, at your leisure, visit my grandson

sion to be made out, to certain persons for valuing effects, which, according to the price they bore before the civil war, the creditors were obliged to take in payment. Our author in many parts of his Epistles, hints at this law, which was called the *Lex Julia*. But the law contained another clause, to which this passage solely relates. For we learn from Suetonius, that it cancelled all interest that was paid for money, during the continuance of the civil wars. That which had been paid, was deducted as a payment from the principal sum, and if none had been paid, none was to be accepted. Popma, therefore, and the other commentators, have absurdly applied the estimatory part of that law to this passage. The question with our author was, that Quintus Cicero should pay ready money for the slaves, with the deduction of the interest that had been paid. But at the same time, he was of opinion, that if the terms of the bargain were optional to Castricius, whether he should take the money or the slaves, it was putting a hardship upon Castricius to force him to take the money in the terms of the Julian law.

grandson Lentulus¹, and let him have what slaves you think proper. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE XXIX.

YOU tell me you are to see Silius to-day. You will therefore, write to me to-morrow, or rather, in some leisure hour after you come to any agreement with him. I wish not to decline a visit from Brutus, though at the same time, I am far from expecting from him any alleviation of my anguish; but I have my reasons for not going to Rome at this time. Should these continue, as at present they are likely to do, I must find some expedient to excuse Brutus. I beg of you to be explicit about the gardens. You know the principal object I have for procuring them, and indeed, I have need of them myself. My first view in having it is, what you know of, and the next is, I have occasion for it myself. For, I neither can live in a hurry, nor can I be at such a distance from my friends. I can find no place so well suited for this purpose as that seat is, and I am extremely sensible what your design was in the management of that affair, and the rather, because I think you are of my opinion, that

¹ This was the surname of the Cornelian family, and Dolabella was the second surname of one of the branches of the same family.

that I stand well with Oppius and Balbus. You will let them know how earnestly, and for what reason, I desired to have the estate, but my whole success depends upon my receiving payment from Faberius¹. Put it to them, whether they will answer for my being paid; whether there will be any loss arising in paying down the money immediately, and how much that may amount to, for I despair of receiving the whole sum, in short, you are to learn, whether they are inclinable to serve me in what I proposed. If they are, it will be a great assistance to me; if not, we must endeavour to be assisted from other quarters. You are to look upon this purchase, as the spot in which I wish to spend the remainder of my life with dignity, and to die with composure.² I have

¹ We are told by Appian, that this gentleman was a kind of secretary to Cæsar. Some comentators are of opinion, that he owed money to our author, and that he gave him a draft upon Oppius and Balbus, who owed money to him. But I do not see any great occasion to suppose all this. Cæsar himself seems to have been originally our author's debtor, and to have given Faberius, who was then in Spain with Cæsar, a grant of some forfeited estates, upon the condition that he should out of them defray the debt due to Cicero. Oppius and Balbus, therefore, may be supposed to have been agents for Faberius, in selling his estates, and settling his other affairs, and this conjecture agrees very well with all that is said here.

² *Senectutis occupatio. Funeris ornamentum.* This alludes to a saying of Cato the censor, καλλιστον εἶναι τὴν πολιτείαν. That it was a most glorious thing to grow old in the service of one's country.

have laid aside all thoughts of the house at Ostia. If I cannot get this seat, I must try to purchase that of Damasippus, for I believe, it is impossible to prevail with Lamia to part with his.

EPISTLE XXX.

I AM at a loss for materials to write to you. The same thoughts occupy my mind every day. I am extremely obliged to you for the visit you have paid to my grandson. You may allot him as many slaves as you think proper, and you may take your choice of them. You seem to be apprehensive, that Silius will not part with his seat, or that he will put an exorbitant price upon it. Sica is of another opinion, but I incline to be of yours; I have therefore, written to Egnatius in the terms proposed by Sica. As to Silius desiring you to speak with Clodius, it is very agreeable to me that you should, and much more convenient than for me to write to Clodius as Silius proposed. I think, that it would be very proper for Egnatius to finish the bargain for the slaves of Castricius, since you write me, that they are in a fair way of agreeing. I beg you will take care to

country. The ενταφιον alludes to funeral ornaments. So that Cicero says, that all the glory and the ornament of his life and death, consisted in those gardens, and that country seat.

to settle that affair with Ovia. As you tell me, your letter was written after it was dark last night, I am in hopes the one you write this day, will be more full,

EPISTLE XXXI.

SICA will be surprised, that Silius has changed his mind. Indeed, I am the more surprised, because, having attributed this change to his son, which I think is no unreasonable apology, (for he cannot desire to have a more dutiful child) you tell me, you are of opinion, if we should purchase another estate which he is desirous of selling, he will, if we buy this, also sell the one which we want. You desire to know of me the highest price I am willing to give, and how much I value it more than the seat of Drusus. I have never seen it. I know, that the seat of Coponius is both old and little. It has a fine wood; but I know the value of neither, and yet I think it were proper that I did. But I must value both of them, by the necessity I am under to have either, and not by their intrinsic worth. I beg that you would endeavour to know, whether I can purchase them or not. For if I should sell the Faberian estate¹, I should not doubt of being

¹ From this it appears, that Faberius, in the terms of the Julian law, had made over to our author for the payment of his debt, an estate, or effects of an adequate value.

ing able to purchase the country-house of Silius with ready money, provided he can be prevailed upon to sell it. If it is not to be sold, I will endeavour to get that of Drusus, even though I should pay as much for it as Egnatius told you, Drusus was willing to take. Hermogenes likewise can be of great assistance to me in raising the ready money. Indulge me, my friend, in thinking on this occasion, as a man who is fond of the purchase he wants to make. And yet both that fondness and my grief shall be regulated by your pleasure. Egnatius has written to me; if he has communicated any thing to you, you will inform me by a letter, for he is the most proper agent we can employ in this affair, which, I think, ought by all means to be concluded. For I cannot see, that we can come to any conclusion with Silius. My compliments to your wife and daughter. This I write with my own hand. I beg you will advise me how I am to proceed.

EPISTLE XXXII.

PUBLILIA sends me a request, that her mother and brother, with whom she had consulted¹, may

¹ The original here is very much depraved. One copy reads it, *Cum Publilia loqui retur*. Another, *loqueretur*, another *loqui*, and another *locutam*; and in this last sense, I have translated

may pay me a visit as they intend, and if I please, that she may come along with them. She begs
me

translated it. There is something ridiculous enough in the circumstances mentioned in this letter. Our author had put away one wife, a woman of great spirit, virtue, and fortune, with whom he had lived upwards of thirty years, and who had borne all the reverses of his fortune with amazing magnanimity, and with unparalleled affection towards him and his family. It is true, no man can be a judge of another man's domestic sufferings or concerns; and therefore, it would be rash to conclude, that Cicero divorced this lady, merely through a peevishness contracted from the bad state of his affairs, and the reflection upon his own misconduct, with which she was, perhaps, too ready to upbraid him; for there is some reason to believe, that she by no means approved of the part he had acted. But at the same time, it is very extraordinary, that we find nothing in his Epistles to Atticus, (with whom he says, he could converse more freely than he could with his own heart,) that can give us a disadvantageous idea of this lady. He mentions indeed, somewhat about a remittance she had made him, which fell a few pounds short of what it ought to have been, and that some rascally domestics about him, endeavoured to give him a disadvantageous idea of her conduct, which he could not believe to be true. Be that as it will, it is certain this lady was divorced at a time of life, that leaves us little room to suspect her of too much gallantry, which our author no where seems to hint at; that she was afterwards married to two or three of the greatest and the noblest men of Rome, with whom she lived, as far as we can learn, without reproach, and that she died in the 103d year of her age, the wife of Vibius Rufus, who was consul in the reign of Tiberius, and who boasted, that he was possessed of two things which had belonged to two of the greatest men who ever lived, the wife of Cicero, and the chair in which Cæsar was killed.

Soon

me in many and pathetic terms, that I would give her leave and that I would send her an answer. You may be sensible, how much trouble this affair gives me. My answer to her was, that my affliction was more intense than it was at the time when I told her, I wanted to be alone, and therefore, I desired she might forbear her visit at this time. I was of opinion, that unless I sent her an answer, she certainly would come along with her mother; I think, she will not so soon, for it is plain, that those letters were not dictated by herself. Now I want to avoid the attempt, which I am sure they will make, to pay me a visit, and there is no other way of avoiding them, but by giving them a direct refusal;

Soon after this divorce, our author married Publilia, a ward of his own, a woman of birth and quality, rich, young, and beautiful. Our author, in other parts of his works, apologizes for the inequality of the match, through the necessity he was under to repair his private affairs, which had gone to ruin through the fault of those, with whom he had entrusted them, but without fixing any particular or direct charge upon Terentia. It is remarkable, that he seems to have married this lady while he suffered all the bitterness of affliction for his daughter, or but a very little before her death; and from the course of life he afterwards used, we cannot suppose, that she enjoyed a great deal of his company. I think it is pretty plain, that both his marriage, and the death of his daughter, happened between the time of his writing the eleventh and the twelfth letter of this book, and in this letter we perceive
him

refusal ; but necessity compels me to comply¹. I beg you will learn to what precise day I can remain here, before they attempt to surprise me with this visit. Speak to them with delicacy, and to use your own words, with caution.

I beg you will propose to my son, if you think it reasonable, that the expences of his journey to Athens, and his continuance there, should not exceed the rents of my Argiletan and Aventine houses, which would have satisfied him, had he remained at Rome, and hired a house as he was once thinking of doing ; and if you think proper to make him this proposal, I beg that you will order every thing so, that we may supply him with whatever is necessary from those rents, and I will answer for it ; they will maintain him in as handsome a manner as Bibulus, or Acidenus, or Messala², who, I hear, are to be at Athens, can live in. I therefore beg you in the first place, to look out who are to rent those houses, and how much they will pay ; and in the next place, that some person be appointed as his agent

him so much out of humour with her and her friends, that he ran away from his own house to avoid both her and them.

¹ Monsieur Mongault and I differ in our translation of this passage. I point it as follows, differently from all editions. *Nunc, non puto; apparebat enim illas literas non esse ipsius. Illud autem, (quod fore video) ipsum volo vitare, ne illæ ad me veniant; Est una vitatio, ut ego nollem! sed necesse est.*

² These were three young Roman noblemen of great distinction.

agent to supply him with money for this journey, and his other expences. He can have no occasion for horses¹ at Athens. As to what horses he may want upon the road, you yourself observe, that I have at home more than can be sufficient for him.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

I WROTE to you yesterday, that I was of opinion, you should try what you could do with Damasippus, if Silius should behave in the manner you think he will, and if Drusus should not comply. He, if I mistake not, has parcelled out his estate upon the banks of the Tiber into a certain number of acres, so that every parcel has a set price which I am ignorant of. You will, therefore, let me know, upon what terms you proceed with him. I am much concerned for the indisposition of our dear Attica ; but my apprehensions of any mismanagement with regard to her vanish, when I reflect upon the worth of her tutor, the sagacity of her physician, and that universal regularity and observance of every kind that prevail in every department of your family. You will, therefore, take care of her, for I can write no more.

EPISTLE

Orig. *Jumento.*

EPISTLE XXXIV.

CONSIDERING my misfortunes, I can enjoy myself very well here, even without Sica, for Tyro is better. But, as your letter desired me not to be surprised by a visit from my wife and her friends (by which I perceive, you are ignorant, on what day they will set out on their journey) I thought proper to come to this place, and, I perceive, you are of the same mind. Tomorrow, therefore, I will come to Sica's seat near Rome, and after that, I think to take your advice of passing some days about Ficulea¹. As I am to see you in person, we will discourse together concerning the matters you have mentioned in your letters to me. I cannot help acknowledging, that I am wonderfully charmed with the affection, the assiduity, and the wisdom you shew in managing my concerns, in the measures you pursue, and in the advices you give me in your letters.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

NOTWITHSTANDING what you write, I beg you will inform me how you proceed with Silius,
the

¹ It lay in the country of the Sabines.

the very day on which I am to visit Sica, and chiefly what place he intends to reserve for himself. You write, that it is towards the extremity of the estate, but I beg you will take care, that it is not the very spot which, you know, invited me to think at all of this purchase. I have sent to you the letter I lately received from Hirtius, which is most affectionately written. It did not come into my head before we parted, that the public has a right to appropriate as much money as exceeds the sum allowed by the law¹, (I knew not how much that is) to be expended upon a funeral monument. This would not give me great concern, were it not that I have taken a fancy, perhaps, unaccountable, that the monument I intend should have no other name than that of a temple; should I persevere in this, I am afraid that it cannot be executed upon the spot we propose. I beg you would consider what there is in this; for tho' my affliction is not so pungent, and though I have, in some measure, recollected myself, yet still I want your advice. I therefore again and again intreat you, in a manner more earnest

¹ This was a sumptuary law made by Cæsar, and amongst other extravagancies of living, it repressed the excessive expences which the Romans were beginning to lay out upon tombs. But though Cæsar was pretty exact in enforcing this law, it was eluded soon after his death by the Romans laying out vast sums upon those monuments, to the memory of their deceased friends, which did not go under the denomination of tombs.

earnest than either require, or will suffer me to use towards you, that you will seriously think on this matter.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

I INTEND to erect a temple, nor can the intention be rooted out of my heart. I want to avoid all the appearance of a tomb, not so much on account of the penalty of the law, as that I may gain my end in consecrating the memory of my daughter, which I may do, should the temple be reared in my own gardens. But I have often told you how much I fear the fluctuations of property. Should I erect this temple in an open field, I think I may possibly induce posterity to regard it as a sacred monument¹. I own, my friend, these are weaknesses, but they are weaknesses you must bear with. I can converse more freely with you than with any man in the world, nay more freely than I can with my own heart. If you are pleased with the thing itself, with the situation, and with the design, I beg you will read over the act, and send it to me, and I will follow any method you think of to elude it.

If

¹ Orig. *Ut maxime assequar ἀποθεωσιν*, literally, that I may obtain her deification.

If you should write to Brutus, you may (unless you think it improper) reprove him for not coming to Cumæ, for the reason he mentioned to you. In my apprehension he has acted with great incivility towards me. If you are of opinion that I ought to continue to think of the temple, I beg that you would put Clautius in mind of it, and encourage him to proceed. For, though I should even think proper to build it upon another spot, yet I shall still stand in need of his assistance and advice. You will perhaps come to-morrow to your country seat.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

I YESTERDAY received from you two letters, dated the day before, one by Hilarus, the other by an express. That same day I understood by the freedman Ægypta, that your wife and daughter were in very good health, but that letter came to my hand thirteen days after its date. I am obliged to you for sending me the letter you received from Brutus. I have sent back the original to you with a copy of my answer annexed. I would comply with your reasons for preferring Tusculanum, unless indeed you can find another situation more eligible, which you would find, if you set upon me the value, which you profess to do.

VOL. III.

F

It

It is true you are very sagacious in contriving; yet unless you took great care in humouring the strong passion I feel, so happy an expedient never could have come into your mind. But, I know not how it is, I want a place that is greatly frequented. It is therefore requisite that you find me out a seat near town.

The seat of Scapula is very public. Besides it is so near Rome, that it will not take me a whole day to travel betwixt both places. I wish therefore, that before you come away, you could speak with Otho, if he is at Rome. If that proposal should not succeed, I must carry the humour I have beyond your usual patience with it, and put you in a passion. For I must again repeat it, that Drusus¹ certainly is willing to sell his seat. If no other can be had, it shall not be my fault, if I do not purchase that. I beg you will take care that I be not overreached in this bargain. Now there is one effectual way to provide against this, and that is, by endeavouring to purchase from Scapula, and I hope you will let me know, how long you intend to be at your country seat near Rome.

I have occasion to make use of the interest and weight which you have with Terentia, but you may do as you think proper; as I am sensible that

¹ Atticus was a great manager, and was very unwilling that our author should pay too dear for this whim.

that when my interest is concerned, you are at greater pains than I am myself. I have a letter from Hirtius informing me, that Sextus Pompeius has left Cordua, and has retreated into the farther Spain¹, and that his brother Cnæus is fled, I know not, because I care not whither. We have nothing else that is new in Hirtius's letter, which is dated from Narbonne the 18th of April. You write to me concerning the shipwreck of Caninius², as if it were a matter of doubt with you. You will, therefore, write me when you are better informed. You desire me to shake off my melancholy. It would give me great relief, could you find me a spot for my temple. Many notions concerning the consecration of my daughter, crowd into my head, but we must first make ourselves sure of the spot. I therefore, beg that you would talk with Otho.

EPISTLE

¹ This was a part of Spain which was nearest the Gauls, and this passage shows this letter to have been written, after the last defeat of the Pompeian party in Spain. Sextus Pompeius was at Cordua, when that battle was fought against his brother Cnæus, who, after losing the battle, embarked on board his fleet, which was burnt by Didius, Cæsar's lieutenant, and Cnæus himself, after receiving several wounds, being abandoned by all his followers, was found concealed in a cavern, where his head was cut off and carried to Cæsar.

² This news was false.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

YOUR not writing to me, I take to be an infallible sign of your being very much busied. But my servant has acted contrary to my wishes in not waiting for your conveniency, that being the single purpose for which he was dispatched. At present, unless you have been detained by some extraordinary business, you probably, are at your country-seat, while I here spend whole days in writing, by which I gain some amusement to my mind, but no relief to my sorrows. Asinius Pollio has written to me concerning my unworthy kinsman¹, and he speaks very fully upon what the younger Balbus had sufficiently intimated, and Dolabella had but just sufficiently hinted at before. It would affect me sensibly, had I, indeed, any sensibility left for fresh affliction. But could there be any thing more dishonourable?—How is such a wretch to be avoided?—But for my own part at least—I will, however, restrain my indignation.—As, my friend, you have nothing material to write; even write me what and when you please, at your leisure.

You are of opinion that I ought now to prove the greatness of my resolution; and you tell me, that

¹ Meaning his nephew Quintus, who was at that time with Cæsar in Spain, and continued to rail against our author.

that certain persons talk concerning me, in more severe terms than either you or Brutus, have informed me by your letters¹. If some people in the

¹ This hints at a most villainous report, raised by our author's enemies, as if something criminal had passed between him and his daughter, whom he so passionately bewailed. This report was by no means discouraged in the court of Augustus, where our author seems to have been held in great contempt. The truth is, that prince had reason to be ashamed of his behaviour to Cicero, and might seek to justify himself by loading his memory, not only with weaknesses, which he really had, but with imputations that he did not deserve. It was generally thought, at that time, that Virgil alluded to our author in the following line,

Hic thalamum invasit natæ vetitosque hymenæos.

And it is certain, that he was more directly charged with the same crime by other writers, particularly by Sallust, or whoever was the author of the invective against him. But after all, the charge seems to have been false and malicious. Our author had great sensibility of distress, of friendship, and, above all, of affection. This carried him often into extravagancies which were extremely ridiculous; witness his excessive despondency during his exile. This concern for his daughter was of the same kind. But whoever will be at the pains to consult the human heart, cannot find in our author's behaviour, the smallest trace of an unnatural correspondence with his daughter. He was a man of sense and learning, and however passionately fond we can suppose such a man to be of a woman in a criminal way, sorrow for her death will never take such a turn as that of our author's did, by worshipping her, in a manner, with divine honours, and assigning her a place with the souls of the just and the virtuous in the other world. At the same time when

the world look upon my spirit to be broken, and my senses impaired, let them be made acquainted with the number and the quality of my literary compositions. If they are rational beings, they will think me far from being blameable, since I am already so far recovered, as to bring my mind to such a composed state as to be able to write on difficult subjects. Or supposing that I have chosen, as an amusement for my grief, an exercise the most becoming of a gentleman, and a man of letters, they think that I am to be commended for it. But while I do every thing I can for my own relief, do you complete that point which, I perceive, you are as zealous about as I am myself. This I look upon as a debt I have contracted; nor can I admit of comfort till I have discharged it, or at least see myself in a condition

when we consider our author's natural disposition; the amiable character, and the fine qualifications of a daughter, who was the darling of his soul, and who answered the fondest wishes of a fond father; a daughter, whose company soothed all his other anguish, we cannot be surprised at the excess of his affliction for her loss. But there is one presumption not taken notice of by authors, which, I think, entirely destroys the vile imputation, and that is, that notwithstanding she had been two or three times divorced, we do not find the smallest taint upon her character as to chastity, though we cannot imagine if there had, that it would have been concealed either to, or by her husbands. Add to this, that her last husband Dolabella, even after his divorce, lived in as great friendship with our author as before, a circumstance utterly inconsistent with the nature of the charge in question.

dition to discharge it, that is, by finding a spot suitable to my purpose.

If, as you write to me, Otho told you the heirs of Scapula think of dividing those gardens into four parts, and then peremptorily selling them to the best bidder amongst themselves¹, there will be no room for any other purchaser. But if the sale, as it possibly may, should be open, we shall then have our chance. For I had the refusal of that estate, which was advertised for sale², and which belonged to Trebonius and Cusinius, but you know upon what kind of a spot it is situated, and I can, by no means, approve of it. The gardens of Clodia would suit me extremely well, but I believe they are not to be sold. Notwithstanding you are so averse, as you write me, to purchasing the gardens of Drusus, yet I must be content with them, unless you can find me out some others. I am not alarmed at the house being what it is. For I will build nothing but what I would have built, had I not made that purchase. I am as much pleased with the fourth and fifth books of the work entitled *Cyrus*, composed

¹ *Orig. Heredes Scapulæ, sistos hortos, ut scribis tibi othonem dixisse, partibus quatuor factis, liceri cogitant: nihil est scilicet emptori loci.* The case must have been, as I have translated this passage, and indeed the word *liceri* implies it.

² There are a great number of readings here in the original. I read *Publicatus* after the most ancient editions.

posed by Antisthenes¹, as I am with the other works of that author, who is a man of more acuteness than learning.

EPISTLE XXXIX.

WHEN my messenger returned to me without a letter from you, I thought the reason of your not writing, was, because you had written the day before upon the very business, to which I have sent you an answer in my last letter². I was in hopes, however, of having something from you concerning the letter of Asinius Pollio; but I am too apt to form a judgment of your leisure by my own. I therefore indulge you in not thinking yourself under any necessity of writing to me, unless you have something very important to communicate, or unless you are very much at leisure. I would take your advice concerning the letter-carriers, had I any dispatches of importance, especially, as when the days were shorter, our expresses arrived daily at the appointed hour. Then

¹ They are mentioned in the catalogue given us by Diogenes Laertius of the works of this author, who was a Cynic philosopher.

² *Orig. Hac Epistola.* I should, from this expression, be inclined to think this letter to have been a kind of postscript to the foregoing, after the arrival of a messenger without any letters from Atticus.

Then indeed, we had matter for dispatches; we wrote concerning Silius, Drusus, and other affairs, but now, unless Otho had been in being, we should have had nothing to write upon. Yet at present, even that affair is suspended by thus conversing with you in your absence. But still I am much relieved, and much more, when I peruse a letter from you. But as I suppose you are not now at Rome, and as we have nothing of importance to communicate, let us suspend writing till something new shall occur.

EPISTLE XL.

FROM a book sent me by Hirtius, in which he has collected the faults of Cato, but launches into excessive commendation of me, I can gather in what respects Cæsar will censure my panegyric upon Cato. I have therefore sent the book to Musca, that he might give it to your transcribers; for I want that it should be published, and I beg you to command your people, that it may be done with all possible dispatch. I have often attempted to address Cæsar a plan how to regulate the commonwealth¹; but I cannot succeed to

¹ *Orig. Συμβουλευτικόν. Consilium de administranda rep.* This was a very noble design, and suggested to our author by Atticus, and it is to be lamented, that it never was executed by him.

to my wishes, though I have before me, the discourses addressed by Aristotle and Theopompus to Alexander. But what parallel is there between our situations? What they wrote did honour to themselves, and gave pleasure to their patron. Do you discover any point in which the circumstances of the present are similar to those times; for my part, I can perceive no such resemblance.

You express your apprehension, that the indulgence of my melancholy will impair both my interest and my reputation. What men blame or require I know not. Shall I not grieve? How can I do otherwise? Shall I not be dejected? Was ever a man less so? While I had the relief of living in your house, was any man denied access to me! Or did any man whom I saw complain of his reception? From your house I went to Astura. Those capricious men, who find fault with me, cannot read so much as I have written in that place. How well, is not the question. But the subject was such, as no man in a dejected state of mind could well discuss. I afterwards spent thirty days at my seat near Rome, and where was the man, during all that time, who complained of any difficulty in either having access or conversation with me? At this very time, my application to reading and writing is such, and upon such subjects, that they who are about me, feel more perplexities from their leisure, than I from my labour. But some one

may

may ask, why am I not at Rome? I answer, because all other men of distinction have left it¹. Then, why am I not upon some of my estates which suit with this season? I answer, because I cannot bear to see so much company. I am at a place where the man² who has the most agreeable retirement at Baiæ, used every year to spend the season. When I shall return to Rome, I will give no handle to find fault with me, either from my looks or my words. But never more can I resume that cheerfulness, with which we used to sweeten the bitterness of the times in which we live; yet, resolution and steadiness shall be wanting, neither in my soul nor in my expressions.

As to the gardens of Scapula, I think you and I may have interest enough to bring them to be put to sale. Unless we can do that, we shall be excluded from bidding. But should they come to an auction, my eagerness would go much farther than Otho's purse. As to what you write me concerning Lentulus, the matter does not rest there. If I can depend upon the Faberian estate, and if you continue your friendly efforts, I shall obtain what I wish for. You ask me how long I am to continue here. I answer, a few days; but the precise day when I shall leave this place, I know not; when I do, I shall inform you

by

¹ Orig. *Qua discessus est.*

² Meaning probably Lucullus.

by a letter. Oral and written accounts, respecting your wife and daughter, and agreeing with those which you write to me, are circulated in this place.

EPISTLE XLI.

I HAVE nothing material to write to you, but I want to know where you are. Let me, therefore, know if you are from Rome? or if you intend to leave it, when you are to return? You want to know when I leave this place. I think of being on the 14th at Lanuvium, and the day after that, to be at Tusculanum, or at Rome, you shall know which, on the very day I am determined. You know that sorrow is apt to be peevish; you have felt no such effects from mine. But still, I own my passion for this temple to be very strong; unless, I will not say, it should be effected, but, unless I shall see it effected, I will venture to say, and you will take it with your usual good nature, you will feel the effects of my grief. Not that they are justifiable, but you will bear with what I now write, as you bear, and have borne with, every thing that comes from me.

I desire that you would regard all the means you have of affording me consolation, as concentrated in obtaining for me the object which I passionately

passionately desire. Endeavour, in the first place, to procure the seat of Scapula; next, that of Clodia; and lastly, if Silius should be unwilling, and Drusus unreasonable, that of Cusinius and Trebonius; I think that Terentius is its present owner; I know that Ribilus was. But, if you are in the same mind which you intimated in some of your letters to me, that I should build my temple at Tusculanum, I will agree to it. If you want to give me comfort, let this affair be completed. At present, you reproach me more severely than is consistent with your usual good-nature. But that, perhaps, has been abused through my weakness, and what you do is from excess of affection. But, in the meantime, if you want to comfort me, the building of this temple is the highest, nay, if you would know the truth, the only comfort I can admit of.

When you have read the letter to Hirtius, which to me appears to be a specimen of the invective written by Cæsar against Cato, let me know at your leisure, what you think of it. I now return to my temple. Unless it shall be finished this summer, which you see we have all before us, I shall think myself guilty of having violated a religious vow.

EPISTLE XLII.

I NEVER yet have been one day disappointed when I expected to hear from you; for I knew what you write to me, and I suspected, or rather I understood that you had nothing to write. Ever since the 10th of this month, I suppose you have been from Rome, and therefore, could expect nothing from you. Meanwhile, I send you a letter every day, for I had rather be impertinent than that you should be without an opportunity of writing to me, in case any thing should occur which you may think proper I should know. Thus, I received on the 10th a letter from you, which was of little or no consequence, and indeed, what could you say? And yet, the contents, such as they were, gave me pleasure. It gives me pleasure to hear from you, were it only to know that you have nothing to say. You wrote however, something concerning Claudia. Where is she, or when will she come to Rome? Her seat next to that of Otho accords the best with my purpose. But I do not suppose that she will be willing to sell it; for she has a fancy for it, and she is rich, and you are not insensible what difficulties attend the other bargain. But I conjure you, to contrive some expedient for obtaining what I so passionately desire.

sire. I think of leaving this place to-morrow. But I will go either to Tusculanum, or to Rome, from whence I may, perhaps, set out for Arpinum. When I come to any resolution, I will let you know by a letter. I could not help instigating you to do the very thing that you are doing; for I thought that you could go through that affair more conveniently at your own house, when you are free from all interruption.

EPISTLE XLIII.

ON the 14th, as I formerly wrote to you, I proposed to sleep at Lanuvium, from whence I set out either for Rome or Tusculanum. But I will let you know beforehand. You observe a judicious silence as to my receiving great relief from the temple I propose to build, since, take my word for it, it will be greater than you can possibly conceive. My very venturing to lay myself open to you, is a proof how passionately fond I am of the thing, but you must bear with this my infirmity; bear with it, did I say? Nay, you must encourage it. I am afraid I shall fail as to Otho, because, perhaps, I am so desirous of succeeding, besides, the purchase may cost more than I can afford, especially as my competitor is himself fond of the seat, a rich man, and one of the heirs.

Next

Next to that seat, I have an eye to that of Clodia. But if it cannot be had, let me have some one or other. I think myself more sacredly bound than man ever was by the most solemn vow. You are likewise to inquire after the seat of the Trebonii, though the owners are not at Rome. But, as I wrote to you yesterday, you are to bestow some thoughts about Tusculanum; for we must by no means let the summer pass inactive.

EPISTLE XLIV.

It gives me satisfaction that Hirtius has so feelingly written to you concerning me. In this he acts with good nature; but I have still greater satisfaction in your having acted with so much greater good-nature, in not sending to me his letter, which might have renewed my grief¹. I should be glad that your people would publish the treatise which he has sent to me concerning Cato, because all invectives from the opposite party does honour to the memory of that patriot. In your making use of Mustella, you have a very proper agent, and one who has had a great regard for me

¹ I have added these words as well as Monsieur Mongault has others, the better to explain this passage.

me ever since the affair of Pontius. There is no other difficulty than to have the sale open. It may, therefore, be easy for you to come to some conclusion, as this may be effected by gaining over any one of the heirs. I think, Mustella can bring about this, if you ask it of him. You will thereby furnish me with a place proper for the purpose upon which I am bent, and likewise a suitable employment for my old age. As to the seats of Silius and Drusus, I think a man cannot spend his time and fortune in them with any grace; for who would be confined for whole days to such a villa? Therefore, I should, in the first place, choose the seat of Otho, and next, that of Clodia. If we can get neither, we must either use some management with Drusus, or I must build at Tusculanum.

You are in the right to shut yourself up at home. But I beg you will finish what you are about, that you may have some leisure hours to spare upon me. I am to set out, as I wrote to you before, from hence to Lanuvium on the 14th instant, and from thence to Tusculanum next day. For I have laboured to get the better of this despondency, and have, perhaps, succeeded, provided I can persevere; you shall, therefore, be informed perhaps, to-morrow or next day at farthest. But what, I beg of you, is the matter? Philotimus denies that Pompey is bloc-

kaded within Carteia¹; (now Oppius and Balbus sent me the copy of a letter written to Clodius Patavinus, expressly in the affirmative,) and he says, there is a great deal yet to go through before the war can be finished. Why, he is the very ape of Fulvius² in spreading false reports for Pompey. But I beg you will inform me, if you know any thing for certain. I likewise want to know, if there is any truth in Caninius being shipwrecked.

EPISTLE XLV.

I HAVE here finished two large treatises, for I have no other method of amusing my sorrows. I see you have nothing to write; but though you have not, yet still I would have you write me that you have nothing, only putting it in other words. I am glad of Attica's recovery. I am sorry at your being so low-spirited, though you write me, that there is nothing in it. It will be much more convenient for me to live at Tusculanum; both because I can more frequently correspond

¹ Some place this city in Bætica, at the mouth of the river Bætis; others think it stood where Gibraltar does now.

² *Orig. Fulviniaster.* Our author has, in a preceding letter, taken notice how apt this Philotimus was to exaggerate every thing in favour of Pompey's party; and this Fulvius probably was a person eminent for the same quality.

respond with you, and sometimes enjoy your company. In other respects, things suited me better at Astura. Nor can the objects¹ here, that recal the ideas of my loss, increase my anguish; for I carry that about with me, go where I will. I mentioned Cæsar being your neighbour from the circumstances you wrote me in your letter. I am pleased that the temple² of Quirinus should be appropriated to him, rather than that of the goddess of health. Do not you, however, neglect to publish the writing of Hirtius. For, I think, as you write, that however the genius of our friend may be admired and approved of, yet still to attempt an invective against Cato, must be held ridiculous.

EPISTLE

¹ Tullia died in our author's house at Tusculanum, where he was when he wrote this letter.

² *Συνναος*, properly speaking, is one of two gods, who had a temple dedicated to them in common, or were co-inhabitants of the same temple.—E.

³ The reader is here to observe, that after Cæsar had entirely vanquished the party of Pompey, the senate carried their adulation of him so far as to erect a statue for him in the temple of Romulus, with the inscription *Deo invicto*. As the house of Atticus stood near the temple of Romulus, and that of the Dea Salus, or goddess of health likewise; our author expresses himself better pleased that Cæsar's statue should be placed in the first temple than in the latter, for Romulus was not made a god, nor had he the name of Quirinus till after his death, which our author alludes to in this passage.

EPISTLE XLVI.

I BELIEVE I shall get the better of my despondency, and go from Lanuvium to Tusculanum. I either never must again enjoy myself at that seat (for my grief may be diminished, but never can it cease) or it is immaterial to me whether I go thither now, or ten years hence. For the remembrances I shall meet with there, cannot be more sensible than those which I am tortured with night and day. How then, say you, has study had no effect upon you in this affair? I am afraid none, but for the worse. Were it not for letters, I should, perhaps, be more insensible. A mind that is refined by cultivation has no sensations that are vulgar; it has no feelings, but what are exquisite.

EPISTLE XLVII.

WELL, you will come hither as you have proposed, provided you can do it without incommoding yourself. Even the smallest hint will be sufficient to me in that affair, nay, I would go to Rome in person, were it necessary. You may, therefore, manage as you see proper, and speak to Mustella, as you propose in your letter,

letter, though it is a matter of great difficulty; for which reason I am the more inclined to treat with Clodia. In either case, however, I must call in the debt due to me from Faberius, and it will not be amiss, that you speak to Balbus concerning it, to let him know the plain truth of the matter, that I want to make that purchase, but cannot do it, unless I receive that money, and that I will not venture to conclude upon any thing, unless I am sure of receiving it. But as Clodia is at Rome, and as you are so much for that bargain, I have fixed my mind entirely on her seat. Not that I prefer it to the other, but it is very difficult and disagreeable to contend with an opponent, who, besides his having a fancy for it, is a rich man, and one of the heirs. It is true, I have as great a desire to purchase it, as any man can have, which is the only circumstance in which we are upon an equality. But we will talk of this when we meet. You will proceed to publish the writings of Hirtius. I am of your opinion with regard to Philotimus. Cæsar's neighbourhood, I foresee, will raise the value of your house. To-day I look for the return of my express, who will bring me an account of your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

I MAKE no doubt of the satisfaction you feel in being at home. I should, however, be glad to know what progress you have made, or whether you have not yet finished. I look for you at Tusculanum, and the rather, because you had written to Tyro, that you were to set out without delay, adding, that you thought your immediate departure necessary. I am always sensible how serviceable you have been to me, while you are present; but I am much more sensible of it when you are gone. Therefore, as I wrote you before, I will either wholly come to you, or do you to me, as shall be most convenient.

EPISTLE XLIX.

YESTERDAY, soon after we parted, you must know that some people, who seemed to be men of fashion, brought me a message, and a letter from Caius Marius¹, whose father and grandfather were of the same name, conjuring me in the most earnest

¹ This person was an imposter, and wanted to pass for the son of the younger Marius, and consequently to be related to our author, whose grandfather had married the aunt of Marius. He must likewise, have been related to the family of Crassus, and to Cæsar himself.

earnest terms, by the mutual relation between us, by the Marius whom I celebrated in my poem¹, and by the eloquence of his grandfather Lucius Crassus, that I would defend him; and, at the same time he instructed me in his cause. I wrote him in answer, that he had no occasion for any body to plead for him, because Cæsar his kinsman was absolute master of Rome, a man of the greatest worth, learning, and good breeding. I told him, however, that I would stand his friend.

Could I ever believe that I should live to see the time when Curtius would have the presumption to think of standing for the consulate. But enough of that; I am concerned about Tyro, but I will soon know how he does. I sent a person yesterday on purpose to see him, and likewise charged him with a letter for you. I have sent you my letter to Cæsar. I beg you would let me know by a letter the precise day, when the gardens are advertised for sale.

EPISTLE L.

YOUR departure from hence gave me as much pain, as your arrival here gave me pleasure. Therefore, as soon as you can, that is, as soon as you have attended Sextus's auction, you will let me see you again. Even one day of your company

¹ Some fragments of this poem still remain.

pany would be of service. I shall not mention how kindly I would take it. I myself would come to Rome, that I might enjoy your conversation, were I sufficiently informed how to proceed in a certain affair.

EPISTLE LI.

TYRO is restored to me sooner than I apprehended. Nicias too is come, and I understand, that Valerius will be here to-day. Though this is a large number, yet I should be more solitary than I would be, had I nobody with me but yourself. But I look for you, as soon as you have dispatched the affair of Peduceus. You hint, however, somewhat as if you might be here before. Let that be as you can conveniently. You may deal with Virgilius as you propose. I should meanwhile, be glad to know when the sale is to commence. I perceive, that you are for my writing to Cæsar. Why to tell you the truth, I myself was strongly of the same opinion, and the rather, because there is nothing in the letter I have addressed to him, but what is suitable to the character of the best of citizens. I mean, the best in this sense, one who will suit himself to the times with that temper which is recommended by all writers upon government. You must know, however, I am of opinion, that Cæsar's

Cæsar's friends should see it beforehand. You therefore, will manage that. But unless you are sure that they will be pleased with it, it ought by no means to be forwarded to Cæsar. Now you will be a judge of the nature of their approbation, whether it be feigned or real. If it should be feigned, it is the same thing to me as the rejection of it would be. But you have sagacity enough to ascertain this¹.

Tyro has communicated to me your sentiments with regard to Cærellia²; that it is not consistent with my dignity to borrow money; that you are of opinion, I ought to give her a draft, and that, if the one should give me any uneasiness, the circumstance of being in her debt, ought to give me much more³. But we will talk of this and a great many other matters when we meet. Meanwhile,

¹ The term *μηλη* signified an instrument which surgeons used to explore wounds; and the verb *μηλονι* is here proverbially applied, to *sift* with art and sagacity.—E.

² This was the celebrated old lady, whom our author is said to have fallen in love with in his old age, though he was younger than she was.

³ Orig. *Hoc metuere, alterum in metu non ponere*. This is a verse often made use of by our author, by way of proverb, but we know not from whom he had it. It answers, however, somewhat to the English proverb, To startle at molehills, and leap over mountains. The meaning here, is, that Atticus reproaches our author with preferring the greatest evil, that of being in debt, to the lesser evil, that of giving a draft for the money.

Meanwhile, if you think proper, I must suspend the payment of that debt to Cærellia, till I know what I have to depend upon from Meto and Faberius.

EPISTLE LII.

YOU are acquainted with Lucius Tullius Montanus, who is gone to Athens with my son. I have received a letter from my sister's husband, informing me, that by his becoming bail for Flavianus, he owes Plancus twenty thousand sesterces, and that Montanus had made some application to you on that head. Why, really I think my connection with Montanus, makes it my duty to beg that you will do him all the service you can, either by applying to Plancus in his behalf, or doing any thing else to assist him. If you know more of the matter than I do, or if you think proper that any application should be made to Plancus, I hope you will write to me, that I may know how the matter stands, and what it is we are to apply for. I am impatient to know what you have done with regard to that letter to Cæsar. I am not so anxious as I was concerning the seat of Silius; but you must, by all means, procure me either that of Scapula, or that of Clodia. You appear, however, to me somewhat

what at a loss to know whether Clodia will come to Rome, and whether she will sell her gardens. But it is true that Spinther¹ hath divorced his wife. You must, say you, be extremely confident of the power and copiousness of the Latin language² to employ it on such subjects. All I do,

¹ He was the son of Lentulus, who was so active in recalling our author from his banishment. His wife's name was Metella, who was afterwards famous for her intrigue with the son of the comedian Æsopus. This Lentulus had the nickname of Spinther, from the great resemblance between him and a slave of that name. There is a pun here which is not decent to explain.

² I have elsewhere observed, that our author, as he himself often intimates, was the first who, as it were, moulded the Latin language to philosophical terms, which Atticus, who was a professed champion of the Greek tongue, had thought to be impracticable. It is in this sense that I, as well as Monsieur Mongault, have translated this passage, but I am not sure whether there is not a farther allusion in the words. The original is, *De lingua Latina securi es animi, dices, qui talia conscribis; ἀντογάφα (exempla) sunt.* The younger Gronovius very rightly observes, that the *Animus securus* here may imply his mind being free from the excessive melancholy, which our author had long entertained for the loss of his daughter, and which was now so far abated, that he could apply himself to write philosophically in Latin. But I must observe farther, that this passage is applicable to the sneer he had just before past upon Spinther, whose name in Latin was *Αντογάφος*, that is, transcribed from the Greek, by which our author brings forth this piece of low wit, without having recourse to a Greek word, and which he supposes Atticus would be jealous of; neither Monsieur Mongault, nor any of the commentators seems to have attended to this.

do, is to copy the sentiments of others. There is no great difficulty in that. All I have to do, is to furnish words, and of them I have plenty.

EPISTLE LIII.

I WRITE to you, even though I have nothing to say, because I have a pleasure in supposing myself to be conversing with you. To-day I look for your morning letters, and perhaps I shall have a packet in the afternoon, unless you are prevented by your dispatches from Epirus, which I do not choose to interfere with. I have sent you a letter to Marcianus, and another to Montanus. Unless you have already delivered them, I beg that you would make them up in one packet.

CICERO'S

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XIII.

EPISTLE I.

NOTHING could be more weighty, and at the same time more engaging, than your letter to my son¹ was. You said neither more nor less than what I most earnestly desired you should say. You have likewise written, in a very proper strain, to the two Tullii. Either your letters must have a due effect, or I must take another course. As to the money, I see that you are exerting yourself, or rather you have exerted yourself most indefatigably; should you succeed, I shall look upon the gardens as your present. There is no kind

¹ He had been guilty of some little irregularities at Athens.

kind of purchase I would prefer to this, especially considering the use to which it is to be appropriated; neither am I now so much in a hurry as I was before, because you promise, or rather you undertake, that the building shall be completed before the end of summer. Let me tell you likewise, that I know of no place, where I could more comfortably pass my old age, or wear away my sorrows. These considerations make me so passionately fond of this purpose, that I am sometimes upon the point of pressing you; but then I check myself as having no manner of doubt, that in a matter in which you know me to be very earnest, you are more earnest than I am myself. Therefore be persuaded, that this is the only consideration that keeps me from teasing you.

I am impatient to know what the sentiments of these gentlemen were with regard to my letter to Cæsar. Nicias has a due respect for you, and it gives him vast pleasure to know that you remember him. For my own part, I have a great affection for our friend Peduceus. I feel for him all the affection I had for his father¹; I love him equally on his own account, and therefore he is doubly dear to me: and you most of all, because it is owing to your recommendation that we live on these friendly terms. After you have

¹ Orig. *Nam æquanti patrem feci, totum in hunc: ipsum per se æque amo, atque illum amavi.*

looked upon the gardens, and told me your sentiments of them in writing, you will then furnish me with some subject of a letter to you. I will write, however, at all events, for I never am without some subject or other.

EPISTLE II.

YOUR speed in communicating to me is far more agreeable than the subject communicated. Was there ever a greater insult offered to a man? But I am now become insensible, having lost all the feelings of human nature¹. This day I looked for your letter, not that I expect any fresh intelligence from them.—For what more can be said?—Well, let that pass—You will order these letters to be delivered to Oppius and Balbus, and talk, when you have an opportunity, to Piso, about the gold. Should Faberius give a draft, you will take care that it be for the whole sum he owes me. You will learn from Eros how much it is. Ariarathes², the son of Ariobarzanes, is at

¹ We are perhaps at no great loss in not knowing the particular hardship which Cicero alludes to here; whether it related to Terentia, or which I think, more probably, to the infamous reports which had been raised against him of his too great intimacy with Tullia.

² His father Ariobarzanes was elected king of Cappadocia, upon the failure of the old line of the Cappadocian royal family.

at Rome. It is my opinion that he intends to purchase some kingdom or other from Cæsar; for, in his present situation, he has not one foot of ground to call his own. Our friend Sextius, who is master of the ceremonies in ordinary¹, has wholly engrossed him. To this I have no objection. But as I was greatly obliged to his brothers, and very intimate with them, I have sent him a letter of invitation to the use of my house. When I sent off Alexander express for this purpose, I charged him with this letter. To-morrow, it seems, is appointed for the sale of Peduceus. You will then be more at liberty to set out for this place, unless you should be detained by settling matters with Faberius. But take your own time. Our acquaintance, Dionysius, complains bitterly, and not without justice of his long absence from his pupils². He has written very fully

mily. As his elder brother had no children, Ariarathes was the presumptive heir of that crown, which gave Cæsar some jealousy of him, and therefore he had no territories assigned him in the general settlement, which Cæsar was now making of the empire. He afterwards succeeded his brother, who was put to death by Cassius, but Antony stript him of his crown and gave it to Archelaus.

¹ Orig. *Noster Parochus publicus*. The business of the *Parochi* was to furnish foreign princes and ambassadors with the money and provisions allotted them by the public. They likewise furnished the masters and governors of provinces on the road with their perquisites of salt, wood, hay, and the like.

² Meaning himself and Atticus, for he cannot mean his son, and his nephew, to whom Dionysius had formerly been tutor.

fully to me, and I suppose, to you, likewise. He is in a fair way to be much longer absent from them, which I am sorry for, because I am uneasy for the man's company.

EPISTLE III.

I AM so impatient for a letter from you, that I wonder none has yet come, though I write this in the morning. With regard to the assignments, I am so well assured of the credit of the parties, that nothing alarms me, but your seeming apprehension. I own I think it no good sign when you leave the matter to me, for had I been my own agent in this affair, I should not have taken one step, but by your advice. Meanwhile, I am persuaded that your doubt arises from your own usual scrupulous exactness in business, rather than from any real doubts you have as to the parties¹. For you do not approve of my transaction with Coelius², and you are against my

¹ Gronovius is in some doubt whether the scruple mentioned here, does not relate to that which Atticus supposed the heirs of Scapula would have, with regard to the assignments which Cicero was to give for payment.

² The reader may remember, that our author proposed to convert his effects into ready money, which he was to receive from his banker, and that he was in some doubt as to the goodness of the gold in which the payment was to be made.

my selling off any more off my effects. I think you are in the right as to both. There is, therefore, a necessity for my making use of this assignment, or otherwise, you must, once in your life, and in this very bargain, become a surety¹. But now the whole rests upon myself². The day when I am to be paid, indeed, is at some distance, but let there be no obstacle in that. For if I can but purchase the gardens, I believe the auctioneer will give me as long a time for paying them. This indulgence the heirs will certainly grant me. You must speak to Crispus and Mustella, and I want to know what shares they have in this succession. Ægypta, the freedman of Brutus, has brought

¹ I have been at some pains, and I hope I have succeeded in translating this difficult Epistle. I have, in the course of these notes, observed, more than once, that notwithstanding the celebrated friendship between our author and Atticus, the latter dealt with the former with great exactness, not to say rigour, in all money matters; and the author of his Life gives us, in his commendation, a circumstance which really turns to his reproach; that he laid it down as a rule to be bail for no man. Cicero was no stranger to this, and what he writes here is in a vein of pleasantry, because he will not seem to suppose that any such resolution could be consistent with the friendship between them. The reason therefore, why Atticus was in some doubts about the validity of the assignments was, lest Cicero might have called upon him to have answered for them to the sellers, or their agents.

² *Viz.* Because the assignments were so good, that he did not doubt but that the sellers would take his own personal security for making them good.

brought me a letter from his master with the news of his arrival. I have sent the letter to you, because it is written with a complaisance unusual to him.

EPISTLE IV.

I HAVE, through your labour, the list of the ten deputies¹, which indeed has put me upon examining. For the younger Tuditanus was not so much as quæstor, till the year after Mummius had been consul, so it must be the elder, who is mentioned in the list of deputies. You are frequently teasing me to know, whether I am satisfied with that assignment, and I have as often told you that I am. If you can finish any thing with Piso do it. As to Avius, I make no doubt of his acting as he ought. I wish you could be here before Brutus; if you cannot, let us at least meet altogether at Tusculanum. It is of great importance for me to see you. If you will order one of your slaves to make inquiry, you may learn on what day Brutus is to be here.

EPISTLE

¹ After Mummius had conquered Achaia, the senate, as usual, sent ten deputies, to regulate the civil government of the conquered countries, and our author intended to have made them interlocutors in a political treatise he was about to compose. The original here is dark, but I have supplied it from other parts of our author's writings.

EPISTLE V.

I TOOK it that Spurius Mummius was one of the ten deputies, but, now I think of it, he served probably as lieutenant to his brother, for it is certain that he was then at Corinth. I have sent you my Torquatus¹. I beg you will talk, as you propose, with Silius, and urge him. He refused to defer the payment so long as May, but he agreed to every thing else². But I beg you would transact this with the prudence which you usually discover in other things. After you have spoken to Crispus and Mustella, let me know what you have concluded with them. Now that you have promised me to be here when Brutus shall arrive, I am quite satisfied; and the more

¹ *Viz.* The first book of his conferences *de finibus*, in which Torquatus explains, and defends the Epicurean system.

² Manutius is of opinion, that this passage ought to be read, *Illam diem negabat esse mense maio, istam non negabat*; and Monsieur Mongault lets the whole pass without any note. Manutius thinks farther, that the matter, alluded to here, was, that Silius was willing to delay the payment for his gardens, till the month of May, but that the heirs of Scapula refused to lie so long out of their money for their payment. But if this could be the sense, I cannot see with what propriety Silius could be the nominative to *negabat*.

more so, as I suppose you will spend the intermediate time in finishing the affair which I have much at heart.

EPISTLE VI.

YOU have done quite right as to the aqueduct. Take care that the columns¹ do not exceed the limits of the sumptuary law! Though I think I have heard from Camillus that the law in this respect is altered. What answer more proper can we return to Piso, than that the younger Cato is here all alone?

¹ *Orig. Columnarium, vide, ne nullum debeamus.* This alludes to part of the sumptuary law enacted by Cæsar. Some of the commentators imagine, that the *Columnarium*, here mentioned in the original, was a tax upon columns, as *Ostiarium*, was upon doors, which Cæsar exacted of the citizens of Rome, upon buildings already raised. But this is not very probable, because, in his third book, of the civil wars, we find him blaming Scipio for exacting that very tax. It is more probable, that his sumptuary law laid a tax upon all new columns employed in building. There is however an obscurity in the original which leaves it uncertain, whether our author does not mean to desire Atticus to take care that he should not be loaded with that tax; in which case, for *nullum*, we must read *ullum*. The columns, here spoken of, were perhaps those which were to be employed in building the temple, in memory of his daughter.

alone¹? and this answer will serve not only the coheirs of Hirennius, but, as you know, (for you was concerned in the same affair with me) for the younger Lucullus. For it is material to know, that his guardian took up that money in Achaia. But Piso acts like a man of honour, for, he says, he will do nothing that can disoblige us. Therefore, as you write to me, we will, when we meet, consult how to settle this matter. You have done well in having a meeting of the other coheirs.

As to your wanting to see my letter to Brutus, I have no copy of it. Tyro says, that you certainly have one, and I remember that, at the time I sent you his uncivil letter, I sent you a copy of my answer. You will take care that I am not troubled with any judicial matters. I was utterly ignorant of that Tuditanus, the great grandfather of Hortensius, and I took him to have been his son, who was the deputy, which was impossible. I am quite certain that Mummius was at Corinth, for the late Spurius often read over to me his letters full of quaint verses, which he wrote from Corinth to his friends. But I make no doubt of his having been lieutenant to his brother

¹ *Orig. Solitudinem Catonis.* The reader is to understand that our author was guardian to young Lucullus and probably to the younger Cato likewise, whose estate was in arrears to Piso, and the coheirs of Hirennius.

ther, and not one of the ten deputies. I have likewise learned, that our ancestors never named any relations of a general amongst the ten deputies, who were to controul him, though later times have been so ignorant, or rather so neglectful, of this most salutary maxim, as to send Marcus Lucullus, and Lucius Murena, and other of his nearest relations, to Lucius Lucullus as his deputies. It is likewise natural to suppose, that his brother would prefer him before any other, to be his lieutenant. What work do I cut out for you! who thus both read for me, and negotiate for me, and that too with more attention to my concerns than you give to your own.

EPISTLE VII.

SESTIUS and also Theopompus¹ were with me the day before. The former tells me, that he received a letter from Cæsar, informing him, that he was determined to remain at Rome², and that he gives the very reason, mentioned in my letter, lest, in his absence, his laws should be neglected, as his sumptuary law has been. This is very probable, and is no more than what occurred to myself

¹ He was a native of Cnidos, and a favourite with Cæsar.

² This seems to contradict a report which has obtained in history, as if Cæsar intended, upon his being peaceable possessor of the empire, to undertake an expedition in person against the Parthians.

myself before. But those gentlemen must be humoured, unless I should think proper to resume what I at first proposed. It is certain then that Lentulus has divorced Metella; but you know all these things better than I do; write me therefore somewhat in answer. It matters not what, provided you do write. For, at present, nothing occurs to me that you can write, unless you think proper to write somewhat concerning Mustella or Silius. Brutus came to Tusculanum yesterday about five in the evening. To-day therefore he will visit me, and I wish that you were present when he does. For I ordered him to be told, that you waited as long as you could for his arrival; that you would return if you heard of it, and that I would instantly inform you, as I do by this letter,

EPISTLE VIII.

I REALLY have nothing to write to you, for you had no sooner left me than you sent me back a letter of three pages¹ in answer to mine. I hope you will take care to convey this packet to Vestorius, and employ some one or other to inquire

¹ *Orig. Triplices remiseras.* In matters of small moment, the ancients used to send their tablets, or pocket-books, to one another with their business written in them, and an answer was returned on the same tablets. The business mentioned here took up, it seems, three pages of those tablets.

quire whether Quintus Faberius has any estate that is to be sold in the territory of Pompeii, or in that of Nola. I beg you would send me Cælius's annals abridged by Brutus¹, and get for me, from Philoxemus, the treatise of Panætius² concerning providence. I hope to see you on the 13th, with your family.

EPISTLE IX.

YOU were but just gone yesterday when Trebatius and, soon after, Curtius arrived here. The latter came only to pay me his compliments, but he stayed here upon my invitation, and I have Trebatius with me likewise. Dolabella arrived this morning. We conversed together for a long time; and indeed nothing could be more open, nothing more affectionate, than what he said to me. Meanwhile we fell upon the subject of my nephew, of whom he told me many things that are not to be expressed, and ought not to be related. One circumstance, however, was of such a nature, that, unless the whole army knew it, I should not venture to dictate it to Tiro, nay, not to

¹ They were composed by Lucius Cælius Antipater. Brutus was a great epitomiser of works of that kind.

² He was a stoic philosopher, and wrote in defence of an immediate providence.

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to write it with my own hand. But I shall find time enough for this. While Dolabella was with me, Torquatus arrived very seasonably, and Dolabella very handsomely told him in what terms I had expressed myself concerning him, for I luckily had talked with him in the most earnest manner, which seemed to Torquatus sensible pleasure.

I expect to hear from you if you know any thing of Brutus. Nicias thinks the marriage is finished, but he says that his divorce, from his first wife, is generally disapproved. I therefore, as well as you, am earnest, that the affair should be finished. For if he has given any offence, this step will remedy it¹. I must go to Arpinum; for I must settle the affairs of that little farm, and I am afraid I shall not be at liberty to leave Rome after Cæsar's arrival, of which Dolabella's opinion is conformable to the conjecture you had formed from Messala's letter. When I shall arrive at Arpinum, and see what business I have there, I will specify to you the precise day of my return.

EPISTLE

¹ We see, by this passage, that Plutarch was mistaken in saying, that Brutus was married to Pórcia in the lifetime of her father Cato. Our author here means, that Brutus, by marrying the excellent daughter of the great Cato, would be a sufficient vindication for his divorcing Clodia, who had given him no cause of disgust.

EPISTLE X.

I AM not at all surprised at your being sensibly affected by the death of Marcellus, and at your being apprehensive in many other respects. For how can we be on our guard against an accident, which never had any precedent, and which seemed to be inconsistent with nature to permit¹. We therefore have every thing to fear. But how can you, who are so exact in these matters, be so much mistaken as to say, that I am the only surviving consular²? Make you then no account of Servius? But this is of no kind of importance, especially with me, who think that those who are dead are as happy as we are. For what are we, or what can we do? Of what importance are we at home or abroad? Had I not taken it in my head to amuse myself with writing such trifles as these, I should not have known how to have borne my own existence.

I am

¹ We have a curious account of the death of this great man, in a letter from Sulpicius to our author. After Cæsar, at the universal request of the senate, had pardoned him, he was stabbed to death in his return home by this Magius, who was his intimate friend and client.

² There were many consulars besides our author, and Servius alive at this time, but they behaved so, as they had nothing to fear from Cæsar.

I am of the same opinion with you concerning Dolabella. A treatise of a popular or a political nature would suit him best. In short, something must be done for him, for he is very anxious about it. You will take care to acquaint me, if you know any thing of Brutus. The sooner, if he is determined upon it, that he finishes his marriage, the better; for he will thereby put an end to, or at least, moderate the public talk about him. Some people have talked of him, even to myself. But Brutus knows best what measures to take, especially if he consults with you. I think of setting out on the 22nd, for I have no business either here or there, or indeed any where. Yet I had some little matters to settle there.

This day I look for Spinther, from what Brutus wrote to me. In the same letter, he clears Cæsar from having any hand in the death of young Marcellus, nor indeed, had he been killed by treachery in the dark, and by an unknown hand, could any suspicion have been fixed on him. But now, that Magius is known to be the assassin, does not his frenzy explain the whole affair? I am entirely ignorant what his motive could be; you will therefore, let me know, though I have no grounds for doubt excepting the cause of his vengeance. At Sunium Marcellus engaged for a friend to pay Magius a sum of money. His being unable to make good the engagement was probably

probably the cause of Magius's fury. I suppose he asked Marcellus for the money, and that Marcellus replied, as was usual with him, in harsh terms.

EPISTLE XI.

THERE is no judging of things at a distance¹— I believed I could have easily lived without you, but I find it quite the reverse now that we are separated. But I was obliged to go to Arpinum, both that I might settle the concerns of my small estate there, and lest I should make our friend Brutus tired of his waiting upon me; for we can hereafter enjoy one another's company with greater pleasure at Tusculanum. But at this time, while he wanted every day to see me, and I could not possibly go to him, he was deprived of all the pleasure of his seat at Tusculanum. Do you, therefore, inform me by a letter, whether Servilia is come to Rome, whether Brutus has made any advances, or whether he proposes any thing, and when he is to meet the great man; in short, let me know every thing that may be proper for me to know

¹ *Orig. ου ταυτον.* This is part of a verse of Euripides, and the meaning is, that things do not exhibit the same appearances, when near, as they do when viewed at a distance. In the common editions, these words conclude the preceding, but as Causabon has pointed out, they ought to begin this letter.—E.

know. I beg you will, if possible, talk with Piso, You are sensible, it is now high time, but let that be as your conveniency can admit of.

EPISTLE XII.

YOUR letters concerning our darling Atticus gave me great concern, but they gave me comfort at the same time. For, I thought I had sufficient grounds for moderating my affliction, as you yourself take comfort in the same letter. You have disposed of my orations for Ligarius to great advantage; you shall be my publisher, for whatever I shall write hereafter. As to what you write concerning Varro, you know, that till lately, I composed nothing but orations, or some such serious works, into which I could not introduce Varro with any propriety. Afterwards, when I undertook a work of more general erudition, Varro acquainted me, that he intended to address to me a work of great extent and importance. Two years passed over, without his advancing one inch, though he is a very rapid writer.¹ Now, all this while, I was making preparations for returning his compliment in the same coin

¹ *Ille Καλλιπιδης, he is swift-footed, or this might be the name of a man remarkable for his swiftness—he is a Callipides.—E.*

coin¹, and with interest, “if I could,” for Hesiod in such cases, recommends the clause “If you can.” At present, I have addressed to Brutus, as you desired me to do, my treatise “concerning the ends of things good and evil,” of which I own I am fond; and you signified to me, that such an address would not displease him. I will, therefore, introduce Varro into my academical discourses, where the speakers are men of eminence indeed, but by no means proper to handle philosophical distinctions and niceties. Besides, those discourses proceed upon the principles of Antiochus², which he greatly approves of. I will in other places introduce Catulus and Lucullus, provided, however, that you approve of my plan; and I expect you will write to me concerning it.

I have received a letter from Vestorius, concerning the sale of the effects of Brinnius. He says, there was not the least opposition in fixing it at my house (for they supposed I should be at Rome or Tusculanum) on the 24th of June. You will, therefore, desire your friend and my coheir S. Vettius, or my friend Ladeo, to put off the sale for a short time, for I shall be at Tusculanum about

¹ Varro afterwards addressed his book upon the Latin tongue to our author.

² *Orig. Αντιοχεια. Antiochia.* He was a disciple of Carneades. Both Cicero and Atticus had studied under him at Athens, and Lucullus had afterwards brought him to Rome.

about the 7th of July. Eros is at Rome with Piso. Let us bestow all our thoughts upon the gardens of Scapula; the day of sale approaches.

EPISTLE XIII.

THE letter you wrote me concerning Varro, had the effect of making me transfer my academical treatise from those men of great quality to our companion, and instead of two books, I have made four. Though many things are suppressed in them, yet they are much larger than the others were; you will write me, however, what his real sentiments are. I feel very desirous to know who the person is, you think he is jealous of; whether he is not Brutus? The knowledge of that would finally determine me; but I want to be sure of the fact. As to the books themselves (unless an author's fondness for his own works deceive me), I have finished them in such a manner, that even Greece itself can produce nothing of that kind. I hope, you will patiently put up with the expence, of having my academics transcribed in the form I sent them to you. In their present form they are a much more perspicuous, succinct and agreeable.

But, I am now at a loss what to do; I want to gratify Dolabella, who passionately desires I should address somewhat to him. I can find nothing

thing; I am afraid people talk already; if I should find any thing that would be suitable, how could I escape censure¹? I must, therefore, drop that design, or justify it by some expedient. But why should such trifles employ me? I beg you will let me know, how my darling Attica does: I am greatly concerned about her. But after often examining your letters, I am more at ease. Yet I look for fresh accounts.

EPISTLE XIV.

THE freedman of Brinnius, and one of his coheirs with me, has written to me, that he and Sabinus Albius the third coheir, would, if it was agreeable to me, wait upon me. To this I absolutely object. For the legacy is not worth the while. And yet, they might easily advertise the day of sale (for it is to be on the 11th) if they came to me at Tusculanum on the morning of the 6th. If they want, however, to protract the time, they may do it two or three days as they think proper,

¹ *Orig. μεμψιν accusation.* It was indeed, very extraordinary, that our author should live in such intimacy with Dolabella, who had but just repudiated his beloved daughter. But Cicero might likewise be afraid, lest he should be censured, as if his courtship of Dolabella was in order to keep himself with Cæsar.

per, for such a delay will be of no consequence. You will then stop those persons, if they are not set out before this comes to your hand. Let me know, if you hear any thing of Brutus, or of Cæsar, or any other news. I again beg of you to take it into your consideration, whether it may be proper to send my work to Varro. And indeed, this matter somewhat concerns yourself. For be it known unto you, that I have made you and him two speakers in the conference. I, therefore, think it is high time for us to come to a resolution. For though the names are inserted, yet still they may be erased, and others put in.

EPISTLE XV.

How, I pray you, does our darling Attica do, for I have heard nothing from you for these three days? How should I? Since we had nobody to convey our letters, and perhaps, you had no more to communicate, than I had. I am this day, when I give this letter to Valerius, in expectation of some of my people. Should any one come with letters from you, I shall then have subject matter for writing.

EPISTLE XVI.

SUCH heavy and such incessant rains have fallen here, that I have not as yet been able to stir without doors, though all I now court are rivers and retirement for the abatement of grief. I have inserted Varro as a speaker through the whole of my academical treatise. At first, I had made Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius, the interlocutors; reflecting afterwards, that there was some impropriety in this, because the public knew, that though those persons were not illiterate yet, that they were not conversant in those matters, as soon as I came to my country-seat, I put their parts into the mouths of Cato and Brutus. This produced your letter concerning Varro, and I thought no body more proper than he was for defending the doctrine of Antiochus. Still, I hope you will write to me in the first place, whether it may be proper for me to address any thing to him; and, in the next place, if it is, whether I should address this work? What is Servilia? Is she arrived? How does Brutus go on? Is the day fixed yet? What do you hear of Cæsar? I remain here, as I told you, till the 7th. Endeavour to come to some terms with Piso.

EPISTLE XVII.

ABOUT the 27th, I expect to hear somewhat from Rome, not that I ordered any of my people to come to me. I, therefore, expect to learn by yours, what I have so often written about to you, what Brutus designs to do? whether he has concluded upon any thing? and whether any news is come from Cæsar? But how can those matters concern me? I want to know how your sweet daughter does. Though your letters bid me hope for the best, yet they are of too old a date. Meanwhile, I expect more fresh intelligence.

EPISTLE XVIII.

YOU see the benefit of our being neighbours. For my part, I am determined to purchase that seat near Rome. While I was at Tusculanum, our correspondence by letters was so frequent, that I imagined myself to be talking with you in person. Now I shall have the same benefit as you advise me. I have completed the treatises which I addressed to Varro. They will appear; I fear, too subtle and refined. I, however, am impatient till you write to me, and let me know, in the
first

first place, how you came to be informed that a man, who, like Varro, has written so much, without addressing any thing to me, should desire me to pay him that compliment? In the next place, who the person is of whom he is jealous, whether he be not Brutus? If he is not jealous of him, he can be far less so of Hortensius, or any of the speakers in my treatise concerning government. I would have you to be express with me upon the two following points; whether you are still of opinion, that I ought to send my work to Varro, or do you think I have no occasion to do it? But we will talk of these matters when we meet.

EPISTLE XIX.

MY amanuensis Hilarus was but just gone from hence on the 27th, at which time I gave him a letter for you, when your letter-carrier came with your letters dated the day before, in which I read with the greatest pleasure, that your daughter desired you not to be concerned, and you tell me she is out of danger. The good opinion you had of my oration for Ligarius has, I perceive, set it off to great advantage. For Balbus and Oppius write to me that they are wonderfully pleased with it, and cannot help sending it, short as it is, to Cæsar. This is
n. 12

more than what you yourself wrote to me some time before.

As to Varro, I pay no regard to the public suspicion, that I court him, as the means of extending my own fame; (for I had laid it down as a resolution to introduce no living characters as speakers in any dialogue of mine), but because you write me, that Varro is desirous of having such an address, and that he would be very proud of it. I have, therefore, finished the dialogues. I have in four books comprehended the whole academic system. How well it is executed, I shall not pretend to say. But it is impossible for me to finish any thing more highly. I have put into Varro's mouth all the arguments which were so accurately collected by Antiochus against those who maintain that no certainty is attainable in human knowledge. These I have answered myself, and you are the third party in our conversation. Had I brought in Cotta and Varro disputing together as you advised me to do in your last letters, I must then have appeared a silent character. Persons venerable for their age or learning, when introduced as speakers, have often a fine effect: and this artifice has been successfully practised by Heraclides¹ in several of his dialogues; and also by myself, in my six books concerning government. I am likewise proud

¹ He was a native of Pontus, and a disciple of Plato and Aristotle, but none of his works are now remaining.

proud of my three books upon the character of an orator, where I have done the same thing, and where the speakers are such as necessarily rendered me silent. They are Crassus, Antonius, the elder Catulus, Caius Julius the brother of Catulus, Cotta and Sulpicius. I was but a boy when this conference is supposed to have happened, so that, properly, I could have no share in it. But as to my later compositions, they are in the manner of Aristotle, and the speeches of the other speakers are so disposed, that I make the principal figure myself. Thus, in my work concerning the Ends of Things, good and evil, I have assigned the defence of the Epicurean doctrine to Lucius Torquatus, that of the Stoics to Marcus Cato, and that of the Peripatetics to Marcus Piso. All whom I answer¹. This I thought I could do without giving any offence, because all of them are deceased.

You know, that I introduced Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius disputing in this academical treatise; but that was with no kind of propriety. For they were made to discuss the subtleties which they could not be supposed so much as to have dreamed of. Therefore, as soon as I read your hint concerning Varro, I laid eager hold of it as an unexpected prize. Nothing can be better

¹ I have, after Monsieur Mongault, inserted these words for the better understanding our author's meaning in the original.

ter suited than his part is to that kind of philosophy which he has chiefly adopted, and his arguments are urged with such force, that I do not think, I make myself a greater figure than he does, in the debate. I have been at pains to give the doctrines of Antiochus, all the strong air of truth which he is master of. They have all the energy of his reasoning, clothed in the beauty of my language, provided you allow it to have any beauty. But I beg you will take some pains to know whether it is proper I should address these treatises to Varro? Several things occurred to me on that head; but of that when we meet.

EPISTLE XX.

I HAVE received letters of condolence from Cæsar, dated from Hispalis the last of April. I do not understand the news about enlarging the city; I wish I did. I am glad that my endeavours to oblige Torquatus have been agreeable to him. I will continue to increase them. I can neither add any thing to my oration concerning Tubero's¹ wife and his stepdaughter, (for it is already

¹ He was a prosecutor of Ligarius, but was so ashamed of the prosecution upon Ligarius being acquitted, that he wanted to lay all the fault upon his own wife and stepdaughter.

ready published) nor do I much incline to make any apology for Tubero, for he is a very troublesome person. You must have had very excellent diversion in the scene you mention. Though I enjoy myself with great satisfaction in this place, yet I earnestly desire to see you. I will, therefore, return as I purposed. I suppose you have met with my brother, for which reason I should be glad to know what passed between you.

I am quite unconcerned with regard to the public report respecting me, notwithstanding the foolish things I formerly wrote to you. For it is below my concern. All that man has to do is, through the whole course of his life, not to deviate in the least from the dictates of a good conscience. Do not you see how philosophical I am grown? Do you now think that I have perused these scientific treatises to no purpose? What I mentioned¹ was of no consequence. Therefore, I would not have you to be uneasy. For now I return to my former purpose. Do you imagine, that I had any other view all along, than not to be wanting to my friend? You may say, that I do it, that I may once more assert my superiority at the bar of justice. But even that has no influence with me. I wish that I could be as much superior to all domestic troubles as I am
to

¹ Meaning the railing of his nephew against him.

to these idle rumours. What! do you imagine that I aspire at any thing¹ which I have not yet effected? Well then, may not a man change his way of thinking? And yet I cannot but approve of what I have done already. At the same time, I can with great consistency lay aside, as I do, all thoughts of doing so any more. But enough of trifles.

EPISTLE XXI.

I SENT you a pretty long letter by Hirtius, which I had written but a little before at Tusculanum. I shall at another time answer yours of the same date; but at present, I choose to answer your other letters. How should I do any thing with regard to Torquatus, without hearing somewhat from Dolabella? As soon as I do, you shall know. I look for the return of my express from him to-day, or to-morrow, at farthest. As soon as the dispatches arrive, I will forward them to you. I expect to hear from my brother, for you know I sent an express when I left Tusculanum upon the 24th.

But now to my purpose. The term *inhibere* which you suggested, and which at first pleased me, does not now meet my approbation. It is quite

¹ To be at the head of Roman eloquence.

quite a sea term; I knew that before, but still I thought, that when it was made use of as a word of direction to rowers, they then rested upon their oars. But I was undeceived in this notion yesterday, while a vessel was plying near my villa; for when that was the word, they did not rest upon their oars, but they rowed in another manner than before. Now this is quite a different sense from the term *Epoché*. You will, therefore, insert *sustinere* in your copy; and apprise Varro likewise, unless he has changed it already. No better word can be used than *sustinere* in the sense Lucullus¹ uses it.

Sustineat currum ut bonus sæpe agitator equosque.

Carneades always expresses by *Epoché* the posture of a boxer taking aim at his antagonist, or a charioteer holding in his steeds before he starts. But *inhibitio* implies motion, and a strong motion too; for it signifies a ship going backwards².

You

¹ I cannot easily believe that the verse here quoted was written by Lucullus. It was more probably put into his mouth by our author in the first edition of his academics, in which that great man is made an interlocutor.

² The criticism which Cicero here makes on the word *ἐπιχειρῶν*, *inhibere*, shews that he was much less accurately acquainted with the Greek language than his friend Atticus. To express that suspense of the judgment, which the academy recommended

You see how much more I am concerned about this matter than I am about the talk you mention, or about the news concerning Pollio¹. Let me know if the news from Pansa² be true; for I suppose

mended, before it proceeded to pronounce upon the subject of deliberation, Atticus proposed the use of the term *προχῆ* or *inhibitio*, as very appropriate for the purpose. This, at first, pleased Cicero, but as it was applied to a ship whose motion was not suspended, but changed, he rejects it for another. But Atticus must have replied to this, that *προχῆ*, as its etymology suggests, signifies not merely the act of the mind in *restraining* its impulse from passing on, as it were, to assent or dissent, but in *dwelling upon* and *retracing* its progress, so as to have a new and a more accurate view of the subject of its deliberation. In this respect, its conduct is analogous to the reverted motion of a ship, or of a chariot, as mentioned by Cicero; and these analogous ideas might with perfect propriety be expressed by the same term. On the other hand, the word *sustinere* is not proper, because it does not follow, that when the oars are suspended or stopped, the ship also is immediately stopped. Cicero is more egregiously mistaken, when he says, *semperque Carneades προβόλην pugilis, et retentionem aurigæ, similem facit προχῆ*. The *προβόλη* of the pugilist is when he puts forth his arm against his antagonist: while *προχῆ* expresses his *clinging to him* or *dwelling upon him*, when brought to the ground, and both of them different in this instance from the *retentionem aurigæ*, or the backward motion of a chariot. It might appear presumptuous in a modern critic thus to call in question the judgment of Cicero, but he is supported by the more accurate authority of Atticus.—E.

¹ He was left by Cæsar in Spain to watch the motions of Sextus Pompeius.

² He was then governor of the Gauls.

suppose, by this time it is public; whether you hear any thing of Critonius; or have any certain account concerning Metellus and Balbinus? But let me ask you, Do you think it proper my works should be published without my orders? Hermodorus himself¹, who published the works of Plato, from whence came the proverb, *Hermodorus trafficks in the works of other men*, never did so by Plato. Tell me again, is it proper they should be public to any body before Brutus sees them, as I have addressed them to him by your advice? Now Balbus has written me word, that by your leave, he has transcribed the fifth book of my treatise “concerning the Ends of Things.” I have not, indeed, made many alterations in it, but some I have made. You will please, therefore, to reserve the other books, lest Balbus should have what is incorrect, and Brutus what is not new. But I say no more on this head, lest I should seem to make much ado about nothing. But indeed, at this time, these are to me matters of importance, for what have I to think of besides?

As to what I have, at your request, addressed to Varro, I make such dispatch to send it to him, that I have sent it already to Rome to be transcribed. You may have that work when you please, for I wrote to the transcribers, that if you desire it, your transcribers should have leave to

¹ He was the cotemporary and disciple of Plato.

to copy it out. You will not, however, make it public before I see you; and I know you are very observant when I put you upon your guard. I forgot to tell you, that Cærelia, who is passionately fond of the study of philosophy, is writing over my works from your copies; and she has already my treatise "concerning the Ends of Things." Now I give you my word for it (though all mankind is liable to mistake) that she did not transcribe them from my copy, for I never suffered it to go out of my sight, and my transcribers were so far from making two copies, that they have scarcely completed one. I would not, however, have you imagine, that your transcribers are any way in fault, for I neglected to tell them, that I did not choose my work should be published so soon. How long I dwell upon trifles! Indeed, I have no business of importance upon which to write. I agree with you in respect to Dolabella. The co-heirs, as you advise, will come to Tusculanum. Balbus has sent me word, that he does not believe Cæsar will come to Rome before the 1st of August. It gives me pleasure to hear that your daughter is better, and more tranquil and cheerful.

You solicit my opinion on an affair, which is as near to my heart as to your own¹. Hitherto, I approve

¹ This probably was a marriage proposed between a female relation of Atticus, perhaps his daughter, (though she seems to

I approve greatly of the match, so far as I have any knowledge of him, I mean his rank, his family, and his estate. With respect to his personal character, which is the principal thing, I am indeed ignorant; but I hear an exceeding good character of him from Scrofa. He is likewise to be my neighbour¹, if that can be of any service; and I know he can boast of nobler blood than his father². But when we meet, I will talk to you, and that in a manner which shall convince you how much I am for the match. For, I suppose, you know, that I love, and have had reason for a long time to love, his father, not only more than you love him, but more than he himself knows of.

EPISTLE

to have been rather too young for marriage at this time), and some Roman nobleman of distinction.

¹ *Orig. Proxime accedit.* Monsieur Mongault has followed the sense of Bosius and Manutius, in translating this passage, *Il loge auprès de vous*, and he owns, that he is far from being satisfied that it is Cicero's meaning, but that he cannot find any better in the words. I cannot, however, help thinking, that it is more natural to apply them to the neighbourhood of our author, than of Atticus, because of the following expression, *Si quid hoc ad rem*, as if, he would make it his business to be acquainted with the young nobleman if that would do Atticus any service.

² Meaning that his mother was more noble than the father.

EPISTLE XXII.

IT is not without reason I am so importunate that you will let me know your mind with regard to Varro. Certain things have occurred to myself; but of these when we meet. As for you, it is with the greatest pleasure that I have introduced you into my works, and hereafter I will take every opportunity to do the same. For by your last letters, I knew, (for the first time,) that it would not be disagreeable to you. Cassius had already written to me concerning Marcellus, and I had a very particular account from Sulpicius. What a lamentable event! But to return to my writings, I never can wish them to be better deposited than in your hands. But let us agree that they never shall become public, but when both of us think proper; and yet I intimated that the case was otherwise when I wrote you, that Cærelia had got some of them in her hands, which she could not have got but through you. I perceive that you was determined to oblige Balbus, but I was unwilling that the work should lose the grace of novelty before it came into the hands of Brutus, or that it should be imperfect when it came into those of Balbus. If you think it proper, I will send my work, as soon as I have seen you, to its Patron Varro, and

and when we meet, I will impart to you the difficulties I have hinted at.

I think you have done extremely right¹ in serving those, who have given me drafts, with notice of payment. I am sorry that you have so much trouble concerning the estate which belonged to your Grandmother. What you say concerning Brutus must be very mortifying to him, though such rubs are common in life. With regard to the ladies, it is unnatural in them to be at such variance with one another, while they agree in every other point of duty².

You had no occasion to serve Tullius, my secretary, with notice, for if he had received the money of me, I would have desired you to call upon him for it. But there is no part of that which was designed for building the temple in his hands. He has however some money of mine, which I am now determined to apply to that purpose. I therefore was in the right to tell you that I had money there, and he was in the right to deny that I lodged it there with that view. But let us forthwith set about the work itself. I do not think a grove to be a proper situation

¹ *Orig. Attributos quod appellas, valde probo.*

² This relates to some differences between Servilia, the mother of Brutus, and Porcia his new married wife. There is a great elegance in the original here, *Cum utraque officio pareat.*

situation for a building, the object of which is to perpetuate the memory of human beings¹, because of its being but little frequented. It is however convenient. But in this, as in all things, your opinion will be decisive with me.

I shall be at Tusculanum as I appointed, and I wish you could be there the same day. But should any thing happen, as many things may, let it be next day, when the coheirs are to meet me, and it would be spiteful in you to suffer them to surprise me alone. In your two last letters, you mention nothing concerning your daughter, but this gives me hopes that she is quite recovered. In one respect I am displeased, not with you, but with her, for not sending me her compliments. But I desire you will make a thousand on my part, both to her and to your wife, without the least hint that I take any thing amiss. I have sent you Cæsar's letter, in case you had not read it.

EPISTLE

¹ *Orig. Lucum hominibus non sane probo.* I think I have hit upon the meaning of this expression, though the learned Manutius is of opinion, that Cicero disapproves of the situation of a grove, because he intended to make his dwelling-house, and the temple he designed to build, as it were, under the same roof. Therefore such a situation was not fit *hominibus* for living people.

EPISTLE XXIII.

I ANSWERED without delay your letters of yesterday morning; I now reply to those of the evening. I should have chosen that Brutus had invited me to come to Rome. As he was speedily, and on a sudden, to set out upon a long journey, there was the more reason for me to have waited upon him, and, indeed, we are both of us now in such a state of mind, as to have little relish for one another's company; for you know in what consists the principle of social harmony, and therefore I should prefer to see him at Rome, rather than at Tusculanum. The books, I have addressed to Varro, could not detain me in this place. For they were transcribed, as you saw them, and they are now correcting the typographical errors. You know my difficulties with regard to this work; but I leave all to you. My transcribers are likewise at work upon the treatise I have addressed to Brutus.

I beg that you would finish the commission with which I charged you in the manner you mention; though Trebatius says, that all my debtors have taken the advantage of that deduc-

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tion

tion¹. What is your opinion of them?—You know the house which I am offered at the appraisalment; let us therefore upon the best terms conclude the transaction. You cannot believe how little I trouble myself about these matters.

I affirm to you, by all that is sacred, and I hope you will believe me, that any little estate I have, gives me more pain than pleasure; I mean, that I am more afflicted at not having my daughter to share in it, than I am pleased with having what serves my necessary expences². Trebatius informed me, that he told you the same thing as he did me, about that transaction. But you perhaps was afraid lest I should not have cared to hear it. This was indeed a good-natured consideration in you, but, believe me, these are matters, which, at present, I do not mind. Let your interview with him occupy your whole mind; use a language that shall pierce and

¹ This probably related to a debt, which had been owing to our Author before the civil wars broke out, and during which so much had been paid for interest, which, by Cæsar's law, was to be now deducted from the principal. By the same law Cicero seems to have been obliged to receive the house here mentioned as part of payment, at the appraisalment which it bore before the civil war.

² *Orig. Me non habere cui tradam, quam habere qui utar.* If our Author had not had a son, and a grandson, or no issue of his own body, there could have been no difficulty in this passage. The meaning of it must have been as I have translated it.

and mortify him; excite, flatter, and speak, and yet do not forget that you are speaking to Scæva¹. You are not however to think, that they, who used to command other people's properties, will relinquish their own. You are only to endeavour to fix the day of payment, and even that must be delicately handled.

EPISTLE XXIV.

Is it true, as Hermogenes Clodius told me, that Andromenes had seen my son at Coryra? I suppose, if it was so, you must have heard it.—No letters then from him?—Or is the information false?—Pray let me come to a certainty. What shall I answer you with regard to Varro? You are in possession of the four books. I will approve of whatever you do, without fear of the public talk. For why should I? I was more apprehensive as to the manner in which Varro would receive this compliment. But now that you have undertaken for him, I can sleep with composure.

EPISTLE

¹ He was a great partizan for Cæsar, and our author gives Atticus this hint, lest he might exasperate him by some unreasonable warmth or tenaciousness.

EPISTLE XXV.

I HAVE replied to your accurately written letters concerning the deduction. You will therefore finish the affair, and that too without any hesitation or exception. This is proper, nay necessary, to be done. I thought, as you write, that my information about Andromenes was false. For you must have known, had the thing been as was reported, and you would have told me of it. Your letter speaks so much of Brutus, that you have said nothing of yourself. But when do you think he will come to Tusculanum? For I go to Rome on the 14th. I meant to tell Brutus in my letter (but, as you tell me you have read it. I have perhaps been a little obscure) that I understood by your letters, that he was against my coming to Rome at this time, for no other reason, as it were, than to pay my compliments to him. But, as I am now about to set out, I beg you will so order matters, that the business, of the 15th, may not prevent his coming to Tusculanum at his own leisure. For I shall have no occasion for his presence at the sale. You are sufficient to manage any affair of that kind. But I wanted him to witness my will,

will¹, though I can put that off to another time. Lest I should seem to come to Rome on that account, I have for this reason written to Brutus, that I shall have no occasion for him as I thought I should upon the 15th. I therefore beg you will manage this whole affair, so as not to occasion Brutus any inconvenience.

But why, my friend, are you so much alarmed at my making you answerable for the reception of my books with Varro? If you have even now any difficulties, let me know them. Sure nothing can be more elegant², than they are; I have addressed them to Varro, chiefly because he desired that compliment; but, as you know,

*He is so severe a man, that he would
Discover faults in what from fault is free—³.*

I very

¹ He had probably, in consideration of Terentia, his former wife, upon whom his son and grandson had a dependence, made his testament a-new, and had it witnessed by more creditable and disinterested people than before.

² I question whether Monsieur Mongault has not mistaken the sense of this passage. The original is, *Nihil est enim illis elegantius*. He translates it, *Il n'est rien de mieux écrit que ce livres*. I am not positive whether this may not be the true sense; I only should be glad if our author has not been guilty of such gross vanity, and if he only jokes here upon the elegance of the binding, the writing and the like, of the dedication book which he hints at, more seriously a few lines after. I have therefore translated his words literally, and the reader may make what application of them he pleases.

³ Orig. Δεινὸς ἀνὴρ. τὰ χαλὰ καὶ ἀναίτιον κρίνειν αὐτῷ.

I very often think I see him complaining, perhaps that my part, in those treatises, is more fully defended than his. But I solemnly appeal to yourself that it is not; and you shall be judge when you have leisure to read the books at Epirus; for at present the dispatches between you and Alexion¹ must engross all your attention.

Meanwhile, I really cannot be of opinion, that Varro will dislike the compliment I have paid him, and as I have been at the expence of large paper for the dedicated copy, which, I should be obliged to you, if you would present to him. But I tell you again and again, that you must be answerable for the success of its reception. If therefore you have any scruple, instead of Varro, let us fix upon Brutus, for he too is a follower of Antiochus. How much do my academic disquisitions resemble the academy itself, never regulated by fixed principles, but fluttering from one object to another². But let me ask you, are you not greatly pleased with my dedication to Varro? Let me perish if ever I
was

¹ He was steward and agent for Atticus, upon his estates in Epirus.

² The original is, *O! Academiam volaticam, et sui similem, modo huc modo illuc*. His meaning is, that the names of the speakers, in his Dialogues, are as often changed, as the scholars of the academy changed their sentiments. The epithet *volaticam*, which is here beautifully applied, carries an allusion to the grove of Plato, where the birds sung and fluttered from one branch to another.—E.

was at so much pains about any thing; I did not even dictate it to Tyro, who can take in whole periods, but to Spintherus word by word.

EPISTLE XXVI.

I APPROVE greatly of what you propose concerning Virgilius¹, you will therefore put it in execution. Let that seat be our first consideration; and Clodia's the next. If I can get neither, I am afraid I shall be weak enough to buy that of Drusus at any price. You are no stranger to this affair, and to the immoderate passion I have to see it finished. I therefore sometimes resume the thoughts of building at Tusculanum, for I will do any thing rather than it shall not be finished this Summer.

In my present circumstances, I can enjoy myself no where better than at Astura. But the company that are with me (I suppose because they cannot put up with my melancholy disposition) are making haste to Rome. I am determined,
mined,

¹ He was one of the co-heirs of Scapula; I have not altered the order in which this Letter is placed in the common editions, but it is easy to prove that, together with many of the following letters of this book, it was written about the time of the writing the 40th, 43rd, 45th of the preceding book.

mined, as I wrote you, to leave this place, lest I should seem to be quite forlorn, though I could like very well to live here. But whither shall I go? To Lanuvium? I should love to go to Tusculanum.—But it shall not be long before you know my determination. Do you proceed in writing. You cannot believe how much I write all day, nay all night, for I am a stranger to sleep. Yesterday I finished the letter to Cæsar, which you advised me to write, and it was right I should compose it, in case you should judge it might be necessary to send it. As matters are now circumstanced, I can see no such necessity, but that shall be as you think proper; I shall however send you a copy of it from Lanuvium, if I do not go to Rome. But you shall know farther to-morrow.

EPISTLE XXVII.

WITH regard to myself, I always thought it extremely proper that Cæsar's friends should see the letter I sent him before it came to his hands; I should have acted disrespectfully towards them had I done otherwise, and dangerously for myself had I given him any offence. As to them, they have acted very openly. It gives me pleasure that they speak their sentiments so frankly as they have done, but I am better pleased that they

they want so many alterations, that I must write the letter a-new, which they cannot expect. Yet after all, why should I hint at any thing concerning the Parthian war, but what I knew would be to his liking; for what is the whole design of my letter, but to keep him in good humour? Should I have been at a loss for expression, had my intention been to have spoken to him in what I think ought to be the language of a good patriot? We must therefore let the letter, remain where it is. For in a case where no great good could arise from success, and where the consequences may be vexatious from the smallest miscarriage, why should we run any risk? especially when we consider that, as I had written nothing to him before, he might conclude that I never would have addressed any thing to him, unless the war had been entirely finished. I likewise am apprehensive, lest he should think that I design this letter to be a sort of apology for my panegyric upon Cato. In short I greatly regret the event; and nothing, in the whole, gives me so much pleasure as that my complaisance has been disapproved of; not to mention my exposing myself to the ridicule of his party, and of your nephew among the rest.

But now as to the gardens.—Unless it is in every respect agreeable to you, I would not have you to go to them. For there is no hurry. But whatever happens, let us do all we can to get payment

ment from Faberius. Meanwhile, inform me, if you know any thing of the day of sale. I instantly dispatched to you the messenger who came from Cumæ, with the news of your daughter's perfect recovery, and of his having letters for you.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

As you was to see those gardens to-day, I suppose I shall know to-morrow what you think of them. In regard to Faberius, we will talk of him when he arrives.

With respect to my letter to Cæsar, believe me when I swear to you, that I can do nothing in it. It is not the dread of disgrace, (though that ought to have a powerful influence with me) that deters me. For is it not scandalous to flatter the man, under whom one ought to be ashamed even to live? But as I was saying, it is not the dread of shame that deters me; I wish it were, for I should then act more consistently with what ought to be my own character. But nothing occurs to me. You are no stranger to the nature of those persuasive addresses which were made to Alexander, by men of eloquence and learning. They addressed a young prince fired with the love of the truest glory,
and

and panting for those counsels which lead to the paths of unperishable fame. Eloquence is not wanting, when it is inspired by a subject truly glorious. This in Cæsar I do not possess. Nevertheless, from the untowardly materials of the oak, I have carved, if not the image of true glory, yet something that bears the resemblance of it; and because some strokes in it were better than those which we have seen, and daily see, they are blamed, at which I am by no means sorry, as, believe me, I should have been, had that letter been forwarded to Cæsar.

Reflect, my friend, how sublime was the genius, how amiable was the modesty of that pupil of Aristotle; but, after being hailed king of the East, he grew haughty, extravagant, and cruel. How then can you imagine that the man, whose statues are carried in procession with those of the gods, and stands under the same roof with that of the father of Rome, can have any agreeable relish for than plain, that modest, letter of mine? Let him blame me for not writing, rather than condemn what I write. In short, he may do as he thinks proper; I am no longer troubled with the doubts and difficulties which I imparted to you. Indeed the desire, which I now feel for the event, whatever it may prove, exceeds the fear which I previously entertained of it.

I should be glad to see you here, unless somewhat of consequence should detain you. Ni-
cias

cias is earnestly called upon by Dolabella, (for I saw the letter) I was sorry for it, but yet I advised him to go. This I write with my own hand.

EPISTLE XXIX.

WHILE I was asking some indifferent questions of Nicias, concerning men of learning, our conversation fell upon Talna. Nicias said not much in commendation of his talents, but he said that he was a modest, industrious man. There was one thing, however, I did not like. Nicias said that he knew Talna had lately courted Cornificia, the daughter of Quintus Cornificius, an old woman, and one who had been several times married, but that she, and her female relations, did not approve of the match, because they found that his estate did not exceed eight thousand serteces. I thought proper you should know this.

I have received information about the gardens, from your letter, and from Chrysippus. I was no stranger to the inelegance of the house, and I perceive it has received few or no alterations. Chrysippus however praises the large baths, and he says that winter baths may be made of the smaller ones; I must therefore add a small covered

vered gallery, and though I should make it as large as that I have built at Tusculanum, yet this seat will cost me little more than half of what the other did. As to my design of erecting a temple, nothing can be more proper than the grove which I remember; but when I knew it, it was an unfrequented place, though now I hear it is greatly frequented.

I conjure you, however vain, to indulge me in this passion. Let me but once be paid by Faberius, and never mind the price. I would have you outbid Otho, whom I know too well to believe that he will bid extravagantly; I hear he has suffered so much, that he will be no formidable competitor. Had he money, would he ever bear with what he has borne? But what am I talking? If you get in the debt of Faberius, let us buy them at any rate; if you do not, I shall not be able to buy them at a low rate. We must in that case, apply to Clodia, with whom I am in some hopes to agree, both, because her gardens are far less valuable, and the time of Dolabella's payment is so near, that I can promise her ready money. So much for the gardens. To-morrow I expect yourself, or your excuse. Perhaps you may be employed by Faberius. But come if possible.

EPISTLE XXX.

I HAVE sent you back our nephew's letter. How hardened must you be if you do not tremble at the dangers he has incurred. At the same time he blames me in a letter which I would have sent you, had you not sent me yours; for every thing else that regards the campaign is, I believe, the same in both letters. To-day I have dispatched an express to Cumæ, and charged him with your letter to Vestorius, which you delivered to Pharnaces. Just as I had sent Demea to you, Eros arrived here. But there is no other news in the letter he brought, but that the sale will be in two days. After it is over, do you then come as you promise me: I wish you could first finish my transaction with Fabrianus. Eros says, that he is not arrived at Rome to-day, but he thinks that he will to-morrow morning. You must pay your court to him; for there can be no guilt in any complaisance of that kind. I hope to see you the day after to-morrow.

I wish you could recover the names of the ten deputies who were sent to Mummius. They are not mentioned by Polybius, I remember Albinus the consular, and Spurius Mummius were
two

two of them. If I mistake not, Hortensius told me Tutitanus was another. But I perceive, from the Annals of Libo, that Tutitanus was not made Prætor till fourteen years after the consulship of Mummius. This does not tally. I design to compose a discourse held in an assembly of patriot statesmen at Olympia, or some other proper place in the manner of your friend Dicæarchus.

EPISTLE XXXI.

ON the morning of the 27th, I received a letter from Demea, dated the day before, by which I ought to expect you to-day or to-morrow; but I believe, though I wish for your coming so soon, I shall be the very person who will prevent it. For though that transaction with Fabrianus is in great forwardness, yet it is not so forward as not to occasion some delay to your setting out. As therefore you have staid so long, you may come at your leisure. I beg you would send me the Treatises of Dicæarchus, which you mention. You may likewise add that upon the Descent.

I have laid aside all farther thoughts of the
VOL. III. L letter

letter¹ I addressed to Cæsar; and yet in it I advised him to the very measure which his friends say he declared in writing, that he would undertake nothing against the Parthians, until he had settled all the affairs of the Roman government. But, at the same time, I left it to himself what course to take. Now you must know that he waits for my opinion, nor will he do any thing till he knows it. Let us, my friend, decline all considerations of that kind; let us be, at least, half free, which we can be only by silence and retirement.

But you will, as you write me, negotiate with Otho. My dearest friend, finish that affair. For
I can

¹ It is pity that this letter has not come to our hands; for, in the manner our author talks of it, it must have done great honour to his memory. Meanwhile I cannot help thinking there is a great deal of grimace in his apprehensions from Cæsar, who was too great a man, and had too great a superiority of genius to take any thing amiss, that our author could say. Cicero however had great management to observe towards Cæsar's friends and ministers, and so had Atticus, which was the true reason why they durst not send that letter to Cæsar, without their participation. There might be many things in it which Cæsar might be fond of, (and indeed I believe our author knew, and thought so) and yet be extremely distasteful to the great men who acted under Cæsar. Meanwhile, if the orations, which our author, about this time, pronounced before Cæsar, are the very same with those which have come to our hands, we have full proofs of the noble indulgence which Cæsar gave to his eloquence, and that it was not Cæsar, but his ministers whom Cicero dreaded.

I can find no other place where I can keep myself retired from the public, and, at the same time, enjoy your company. Now my scheme, as to the payment for that seat, is as follows. Caius Albanus, has bought of Marcus Pilius, a certain number¹ of acres, for which he is to pay him one hundred and fifteen thousand sesterces, to the best of my remembrance; though, you know, that the price of every thing is now greatly fallen. But I have a strong desire for the place, nor do I think, I shall have any body to bid against me for it, excepting Otho. But, perhaps, you may be able to make some impression upon him, especially if you can get Canus to second you. What a stupid cormorant he is! He is a disgrace to his family². But write me an answer when you think proper.

EPISTLE

¹ The reading here is very uncertain in the original. I have, therefore, as the matter is of little consequence, kept an indefinite number of acres.

² *Orig. Putet me patris.* The reader must perceive how extremely uncertain Cicero's meaning is here. I have given it the most probable turn I could. He probably either meant to say, Does he think, that my passion as a father, for having this temple erected, will carry me so far as to gratify Otho at any rate, or to bid extravagantly for the estate; or does he think, that my passion as a father, for my son who has run into extravagant expences at Athens, has disabled me from buying it?

EPISTLE XXXII.

THIS day I have received from you a second letter. I am unwilling, therefore, to send you in return only one. Do you deal with Faberius, as you mention in yours. All my hopes depend upon that transaction, and (believe me in this as in every thing else) it never otherwise would have entered into my head. Continue, therefore, your earnestness, which I know, cannot be exceeded. Press him by all possible means to come to a conclusion. I beg you will send me the two Treatises of Dicæarchus concerning the soul, and that upon the descent into the cave of Trophonius. His dissertation under the title of *Tripoliticon*¹ I cannot find; nor am I able to meet with the letter which he addressed to Aristoxenes². I should be extremely glad to have those three books at present, because they suit well with my intention. My Torquatus is at Rome, and I have ordered it to be delivered to you. If I mistake not, I sent you before my

Catulus

¹ *Orig. Τριπολιτικόν.* This treatise is quoted by Athenæus, and I suppose, received its name from his treating of three states, viz. those of Athens, Corinth, and Pellene.

² He was a very voluminous author, and a disciple of Aristotle, whom he followed in not believing the soul to be immortal.

Catulus and Lucullus. I have prefaced them a-new, with a panegyric upon these two great men. These prefaces, with other additions, I have ordered to be delivered to you.

I perceive you misapprehend what I wrote to you concerning the ten deputies, because, perhaps, I wrote it in characters¹. My inquiry was concerning Caius Tuditanus, who, as I was told by Hortensius, was among the ten deputies. Now, I perceive by the annals of Libo, that he was prætor under the consulate of Publius Popilius, and Publius Rupilius. My difficulty is, whether he could have been a deputy fourteen years before he was prætor, unless, which I cannot suppose, that he was very old when he was made questor². For, I perceive that he readily obtained the curule magistracies in the years appointed by law. As to Postumius, whose statue you say, you remember in the Isthmus of Corinth, I know he was one of the ten deputies. He is the same who was consul with Lucullus, whom you proposed as a proper person to take

a part

¹ *Orig. Δια σημείων.* *Per notas* From this, and many other passages of a tiquity, it appears, that the practice of writing in short-hand was common in the days of our author; and under the Emperors it was brought to great perfection.

² Our author cannot imagine, that this Tuditanus should be an old man when he first was made questor, which was the lowest of all public offices, as he went through all the higher offices with such dispatch and regularity.

a part in my dialogues. Find out some others if possible, that the respectability of the speakers may contribute to the credit of the work.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

WHAT amazing negligence! Can you imagine that Balbus and Faberius did not often tell me, that the declaration had been made¹? I even sent one at their request (for they said it was proper) to make it, and it was made by our freedman Philotimus. If I mistake not, you are acquainted with the clerk. Whether you are or not, write to him, and let him forthwith engross the deed. I have written to Faberius, in the terms you desire. I suppose that you have concluded upon something with Balbus to-day in the capitol. I am under no restraint with regard to Virgilius². Surely I am far from being under

¹ *Orig. Professionem relatam.* This refers to a declaration which every Roman was obliged to get before the prætor, of the increase of his estate, since the last general Census or survey of the people, at which time he was obliged to make a declaration of all he was worth.

² Our author seems to have been sometimes very pliable in his principles of patriotism. Nothing was more common for him than to exclaim in the most bitter manner against those who bought estates confiscated by a conqueror, and yet, he could buy this estate of Virgilius, which was confiscated for his adherence

under any obligations to him, and should I buy his share of the gardens, how can he be at any loss¹? But let us take care, that he does not act the part of a Cælius in Africa². You will talk concerning that debt with Cispinus; but if Plancus has an eye upon the effects, the transaction will be attended with difficulties. I am as impatient as you are for your coming hither. But that affair must be by no means neglected. You tell me, that it is possible to prevail with Otho, which gives me great satisfaction. When we begin to treat, we shall then think of the valuation³, though he wrote nothing to me, but concerning the quality of the land he wanted. Endeavour to come to a conclusion with Piso if possible.

I have

adherence to his country's interest, without any scruple. By this purchase he stood in the place of Virgilius, who was one of the coheirs of Scapula, and he was thereby at liberty to bid for the gardens. It is true, this Virgilius was governor of Sicily during our author's banishment, and was far from being complaisant to him at that time. But still, one should think, that the principles of patriotism might have got the better of any private resentment or affection.

¹ Because, if he obtained his pardon, he would have a title to the purchase-money, which, however, was generally far below the value of the purchase.

² This is the Cælius whom our author mentions in the twelfth letters of the tenth book, who made a stand in the Marian interest, and obtained his terms.

³ Probably Otho was willing to give over thoughts of the purchase, provided our author, would sell him part of his estate, which was to be valued.

I have received the treatise of Dicæarchus, and I look for his descent into the cave of Trophœ-nius.

If you employ a proper hand, he will find what I want to know in the register of the senate's resolutions, under the consulate of Cnæus Cornelius and Lucius Mummius. With regard to Tuditanus, your opinion is very plausible¹. Hortensius would not without good grounds, have affirmed, that he was at Corinth, and if so, he must have then been a questor, or a military tribune. You may come at the truth by Antiochus. Inform yourself likewise, in what year he was a questor, or a military tribune. If neither of those answers with the year, whether he did not serve amongst the prefects, or amongst the volunteers, provided he served at all in that war.

As I was going to speak of Varro, he comes in like the wolf in the fable. He is just arrived here, and at an hour that required my keeping him all night. But my entreaties to make him stay, were not so pressing as to tear his robe. For I remember your manner; besides, he had a great deal of company along with him, and I was not prepared for their entertainment. But this is immaterial. Soon after, Caius Capito arrived

¹ *Orig. Contubernales.* They were young gentlemen of fortune and family, who served under generals of reputation, and were treated pretty much upon the same footing as our volunteers of distinction.

rived with Titus Carrinas, and I but just touched their garment, when they consented to stay, which happened luckily enough. But by accident Capito talked about the project of enlarging the city; he said, that the Tiber was to be turned from the Milvian bridge, and to run by the foot of the Vatican mountain; that the Campus Martius was to be enclosed and built upon within the walls, and that the Vatican field was to supply its place. What, said I, is your opinion? Am I safe to buy the gardens of Scapula? Take care, answered he, what you do in that, the law will certainly pass, for Cæsar is much for it. I was glad to receive this intelligence, but should be sorry were the thing carried into execution. But what is your opinion? But why should I ask that? For you know, that Capito does not yield even to Camillus himself, in hunting after news.

Upon the whole, you will make me certain as to the transaction of the 15th, for it is that which carries me to Rome. It is true, I have other business, but I could easily put that off for a day or two. Meantime, I would not have you fatigue yourself by the journey, and I excuse Dionysius likewise. As to what you write concerning Brutus, I have left him entirely at liberty in regard to me, for I wrote to him yesterday, being the 15th of May, that I should have no occasion for his attendance.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

I RESTED for three hours at Lanuvium, to avoid the excessive heat, so that I did not come to Astura till the 23d. If it is not too much trouble to you, I beg you would so contrive, as not to render it necessary for me to come to Rome before the 7th of next month. You may bring this about by the means of Egnatius Maximus. I beg of you above all things, to finish the affair with Publilius¹ before my arrival, and write me what the world say concerning it; since it is become a subject of public notice. This indeed I did not expect: for it is now an old story. Alas! in what I write, I only mean to fill up this page. Why should I say any more? For I am to see you in person, unless you give me a farther leave of absence. It was with that view that I have written to you concerning the sale of the gardens.

EPISTLE

¹ He was brother to his last wife, and this probably related to our author's divorce.

EPISTLE XXXV.

How scandalous is it, that your countryman¹ is upon enlarging the walls of Rome, though he saw it for the first time but two years ago. Does he then think it too little, when it is large enough to contain even him. I therefore, expect a letter from you upon the subject. You write me, that you will give my books to Varro, as soon as he shall arrive. If so, they are delivered by this time, and now you cannot retract. Alas! you know not to what danger you have exposed yourself. But, perhaps, my letter on that head has kept you back; though, when you wrote your last, you had not received it. I therefore, am impatient to know how that affair will turn out.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

WHEN you tell me of the affection Brutus has for me, and of your conversation together, you tell me nothing that is new. I have heard the same thing often, but the oftener I hear it, I hear it

¹ Orig. *Gentilis tuus*. He probably was a Greek; for our author often jokes Atticus with being a Greek from his great affection to that country.

it with the greater pleasure, and that too is augmented by the satisfaction which it gives you; and I am the more sure not to be mistaken, since I have my information from yourself.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

THIS is my second letter to-day. With regard to the debt due to you by Xeno, and the forty thousand serteces, which lie for you in Epirus, nothing can happen more conveniently and fitly than what you write. The younger Balbus mentioned the thing to me in the very same manner you do. I have no news whatever but that Hirtius is a strenuous champion for me against my nephew Quintus, who rails against me on all occasions, and especially at entertainments. When he is tired of abusing me, he then falls upon his father; but he says nothing so specious as that both of us are irreconcilable to Cæsar, who, he says, ought not to trust us, and that he ought to be on his guard especially against me (this might have dreadful consequences with regard to me, did I not know that the tyrant thinks I have no spirit left) and that I act cruelly to my son.—But let him talk as he pleases.—

I am glad that I gave to Lepta my panegyric upon

upon Porcia¹ before I received your letter. If you love me, you will take care, if it is sent at all to Brutus and Domitius, that it be the very same as it goes out of my hands. I beg you will daily inform me concerning the gladiators, and other subjects of public conversation. If you think proper, I wish you would talk to Balbus and Offilius, about advertising that sale. I have myself spoken to Balbus, and he has consented to it. I suppose, Offilius has a catalogue of all the effects, as well as Balbus. But Balbus was for having the sale to be within a day or two, and at Rome. If Cæsar should not come so soon, it may be put off for some time. But it is probable that he will arrive immediately. You will therefore think of all this. Vestorius is of the same opinion with me.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

I SCRIBBLED I know not what to you before day-break by the same lamp, and with the same pen
with

¹ She was the sister of Cato, and the mother of Domitius Ænobarbus. Those panegyrics upon old ladies, which were common in Rome, answered pretty much to our funeral sermons. That mentioned here never was pronounced, and is now lost.

with which I was writing against the Epicureans¹, and I sent it off before it was light. Afterwards, falling asleep again, and waking with the sun, I received a letter from your nephew, which I have sent to you. The beginning of it, is highly insulting, though perhaps he intended no insult. For he says, "I do not approve, that any thing unhandsome should be said of you," meaning, that though a great many unhandsome things may be said of me, yet, that he was against their being said. Can any thing be more unbecoming² than this? But I have sent for the letter, that you might read the whole of it. You may perceive³, that he was moved by the daily and repeated encomiums which Brutus made upon me, and of which many people have given me information, and this made him write to me, as I suppose he has to you. If he has, you will let me know what it is. I know not what he has written to his father, but you shall hear how respectfully he writes
to

¹ He was then composing his Tusculan questions.

² Perhaps the reader may think with me, that our author is a little too sore upon this occasion; for indeed, I can see nothing in the passage here quoted, that ought to give him so much offence.

³ I read the whole of this passage as follows, *Jam cætera leges, nisi enim ad te; judicabisque, Bruti nostri quotidianis assiduisque laudibus, quas ab eo de nobis haberi permulti mihi renuntiaverunt, commotum istum aliquando, scripsisse aliquid ad me: credo et ad te.*

to his mother. "I wanted, says he, that you should hire me a house, that I might be the oftener with you, and I wrote you so much, but you took no notice of it; we therefore can have very little of one another's company; for I cannot bear that house of yours, you know for what reason. Now my brother says, that the reason he hints at here is his hatred to his mother.

Now, my dearest friend, assist me with your advice; whether I ought to attack this fellow *from the high and open walls of justice*, or meet him in the crooked paths of disguise. For to use the words of Pindar. "I am divided whether or not to express the real truth¹. The former is most agreeable to my inclination, but the latter, perhaps, is better suited to my circumstances. You may depend upon my agreeing with your advice be it what it will. I am extremely] afraid lest he should surprise me at Tusculanum. Were I at Rome, I could manage better. Then ought not I to go to Astura? But what if Cæsar should arrive suddenly. I beg you will assist me with your counsel. I will do whatever you shall think proper.

EPISTLE

¹ The passage in Pindar, to which Cicero alludes is lost. But it appears to be the same with that quoted by Plato de Repub. Lib. ii. though in a different sense. *ποτερον δικας τειχος υψις η σκολιας απατας διχα μοι νοος ατρεκειαν ειπειν.*

EPISTLE XXXIX.

WHAT an arrogant fellow your nephew is! He writes to his father in very dutiful terms, that he must leave his house on account of his mother. The old man gives way, and says, that his son has reason to hate his mother. But I will follow your advice. For I see you are for temporizing measures. I will as you advise me, come to Rome, but even, that will be against my inclination, for I am extremely busy in writing. You will say, that I shall see Brutus at the same time. But that would be no motive for me, were it not for another reason. I do not like the quarter from whence he has come¹. He has not been long away, nor has he written to me any letter. I am, however impatient to know what success he has had, upon the whole in his journey. I beg that you will send me the books which I wrote for to you before, and especially the remarks upon Plato's Phædrus, and the lives of the illustrious men of Greece².

EPISTLE

¹ Meaning from Cæsar.

² *Orig.* Φαίδρος περισσων, κ, Ελλάδος. This I have translated upon conjecture, for the original is corrupted.

EPISTLE XL.

DOES Brutus then say, that Cæsar brings good news for our patriots? but where can he find them unless he hangs himself, and follows them into the other world? for his power is too well established in this. Where, where is now your fine device which I saw hanging in your cabinet¹ I mean, an Ahala and a Brutus in one piece. But what can he do? It happens luckily, that even the author of all the scandalous things our nephew has done, has no good opinion of him. I was afraid, lest Brutus himself should have fallen in love with him, for he intimated so much in the letters he wrote in answer to mine. I should have been glad to have heard something of their conversation. But as you write to me, we will talk of this at meeting. But what will you advise me to? Am I to go instantly to Rome, or am I to stay here? I am, indeed, extremely fond of my studies

² *Orig.* Parthenon. This probably signifies a maiden apartment, and perhaps was so called by Atticus, because only a very few choice relations or friends got admittance into it. The Servilius Ahala, here mentioned was an ancestor of Brutus by the mother's side, and was famous for killing Spurius Melius. By the hint which our author gives us in this passage, it is plain, that the greatest men of Rome looked upon Brutus, as the deliverer of his country.

dies, and I am unwilling to receive that fellow here. I hear his father meets him to-day at the Acronoman stones. You cannot conceive in what a passion he went. It is true, I reproved him for it. I myself am in suspense; I must therefore take time to consider. Meanwhile, do you consult with yourself, and let me know your opinion about my going to Rome; and if you can have any insight of the other matters by to-morrow, let me know early next day.

EPISTLE XLI.

I HAVE actually sent off to my brother, the letter addressed to your sister, upon his complaining of the variance between his wife and son, which he said would oblige him to leave his own house to the latter. I have acquainted him, that he has written a civil letter to his mother, but none to you. My brother seemed to be surprised at the first part of this intelligence, but with regard to his omitting to write to you, he took that blame upon himself, because he had often in his letters to his son, complained bitterly of your having treated him ill. When he intimated, that his resentment was now cooled (and after reading your letter¹ advising to temporize) I told him, that

¹ Monsieur Mongault has certainly misunderstood this passage,

that I should show as little resentment as he. We then talked of Cana, and should that marriage be adviseable, it must necessarily be brought about by lenient measures. But as you advise, we must still have regard to our own characters and importance, and we ought to act entirely in concert together; though indeed, his treatment of me has been more disrespectful, and is doubtless more notorious. If Brutus, however, brings us any new light, there can be no manner of doubt of our following those measures. But we shall talk farther at meeting, for the affair is weighty and delicate. I therefore, unless you can for some time longer dispense with my absence, will set out to-morrow.

EPISTLE

sage, by its not being properly pointed in the printed editions. The original according to my pointing is, *Ego ei, tuis litteris lectis, σχολιας απαρτας, (versatæ fraudis) significavi me non fore.* And he translates it, *Je lui ai dit que depuis que j'ai reçu la lettre ou vous me conseillez de menager notre neveu, je ne serois pas plus en colere que lui.* But this never can be Cicero's meaning; for it is plain, from the tenor of all the former letters between him and Atticus upon this head, and even from the letter before us, that there was no good understanding between Quintus and Atticus, and that our author did not make his brother his confidant in what passed between Atticus and himself. It is plain, that they looked upon Quintus to have great weaknesses, with regard to his son, and that he was a worthless young fellow. But at the same time, as he was so much in favour with Cæsar, and as they had a great match in view for him, they thought it proper to humour him.

EPISTLE XLII.

THE young man our nephew, has been with me in great dejection. Why so grave, said I? Need you to ask that, answered he, since I am immediately to set out, and that too for a campaign¹ as dangerous as it must be disgraceful to me.

¹ Monsieur Mongault for some plausible reasons, thinks the campaign here mentioned to have been that against Pompey's sons in Spain, and not as is commonly thought, the intended war against the Parthians. He observes, that it must have been written towards the latter end of December, in the year of Rome 707, at which time of the year, Cæsar actually set out upon the campaign against Pompey's sons, whereas the Parthian expedition was not to take place before the months of April or May in the year 709. In the next place, that Cicero speaks here of the differences between the mother and the son, as being a new matter; whereas, it had made a great noise after the Spanish war was finished. Lastly, he observes, that if the war mentioned here is that against Pompey's children, the expression of the younger Cicero is entirely conformable to the sentiments of Cicero and all his family, who thought it disgraceful to serve against Pompey and the Republicans. For those reasons, he concludes that this letter ought to stand before almost all the letters of the twelfth and thirteenth books. But after all I cannot easily be of this learned gentleman's opinion. For in the first place, this letter might very well be written in the end of December 708, because, though Cæsar did not himself purpose to set out to the Parthian war, till the beginning of April following; yet three months was a time
short

me. And pray, said I, are you under any necessity to do this? Yes, replied he, I am in debt, and I have not money to defray my journey to the camp. On this occasion I borrowed a little of your eloquence by holding my tongue. But, continued he, my uncle gives me the greatest

short enough for the other officers to put themselves in readiness for their march from Rome to the place of rendezvous. This is confirmed by a passage in Appian, lib. ii. de Bel. Civ. who tells us, that Cæsar in the winter of the year of Rome 708, or rather in the beginning of the year 709, sent across the Adriatic sea, sixteen legions of foot, and ten thousand horse for the Parthian war. Supposing therefore, as we may reasonably do, that the younger Cicero was ordered to this service, there can be no absurdity in his holding the conversation repeated here with his uncle in the end of December 708, especially as in all probability he was not within less than three or four weeks of his departure, since we perceive, he purposed to celebrate his marriage before he went abroad. As to Monsieur Mongault's second reason, I think, the fact is against him; for I can perceive nothing in this letter that supposes the differences between the son and the mother, to have been of a late standing, but rather the contrary; besides, in fact, the younger Cicero cannot well be supposed before the campaign in Spain, to have contracted so much debt as he is represented to have done here; for he was not, even at this time, above two and twenty years of age at most. As to his last conjecture of the conformity of the younger Cicero's sentiments with those of his family, our author does not give us the least intimation that the young gentleman had any scruple on that account. Nay, he was so far from having any, that he was very forward in embracing Cæsar's cause, and even outstript his father in his zeal. Upon the whole, I have not ventured to alter the place of this letter.

est pain.—How so, said I?—Because, replies he, he is angry with me—Then why do you suffer him to be so? for I choose to talk to him in that strain, rather than say, “Why do you give him cause?” I will not suffer him, answered he, for I will take from him all ground of resentment. In that, said I, you will do quite right. But, if it is not disagreeable to you, I should be glad to know what those grounds are?—Because, replies he, when I hesitated concerning my marriage, I disoblged my mother, and, of course, my uncle. At present, every thing of that kind, is indifferent to me, and I will do as they would have me. I wish you, continued I, all happiness in the match, and I think you are very much in the right to comply. But when is it to be?—Why, said he, as I am determined upon the match, all times are alike to me. Then, I suppose, concluded I, you will finish it before you set out, and you will thereby give satisfaction to your father likewise. With all my heart, replied he. And here our conversation ended.

But!—I had almost forgotten—Do you know, that the 3rd of January is my birth-day, I therefore, expect your company. As I am writing this, behold I receive a message from Lepidus, entreating me to come to Rome. I suppose, they have not a sufficient number of augurs for
the

the consecration of the temple¹, I shall then have the pleasure of meeting with you.

EPISTLE XLIII.

I WILL take the liberty of deferring my absence one day longer, and you have been very obliging in intimating the same to me, at a time when I did not look for it, for your letter seems to have been written just after the plays were over. It is true, I have some necessary business at Rome; but it may be done two days hence.

EPISTLE

¹ Monsieur Mongault looks upon the Greek expression that follows here to be irrecoverable to any sense, and in this I agree with him. But he seems to suppose that the temple, here mentioned, the dedication of which, required a certain number of augurs, at least three, to be present, to have been either the temple of Mars, or of Venus, both which were built by Cæsar. But I must observe that Plutarch, in the life of Cæsar and Apian, de Bel. Civ. lib. ii. inform us, that there was a temple built, at this time, by the public, dedicated to Clemency, in which the statues of Cæsar and Clemency were erected as joining hands together. As this temple was built by a decree of the senate, after the Spanish war was finished, it confirms my conjecture in the preceding note.

EPISTLE XLIV.

YOUR letter gave me pleasure, but the procession grieved me. My grief however was alleviated by some circumstances, such as that of Cotta¹. As to the people, they acted nobly in giving no applause even to victory herself, while she was coupled to such a companion. Brutus has been with me, and he is earnest that I should address somewhat

¹ We are in the dark as to this circumstance. Monsieur Mongault, upon the supposition that this letter was written before Cæsar's return from Spain, thinks that this passage cannot relate to Cotta (who was one of the commissaries for keeping the Sibylline books) intending to make a motion in the senate, for declaring Cæsar king, because the Sibylline oracles had declared the Parthians could not be subdued but by a king; "for, says that translator, the report of making Cæsar a king did not rise till long after this letter was written." Notwithstanding this gentleman's opinion, it is certain that the Parthian expedition was talked of even before Cæsar set out for the Spanish war, and his creatures, for some months before his death, had been hinting at the expediency of making him king. But they were always discouraged by the people. Appian, de Bel. Civ. lib. ii. tells us that immediately upon his return from Spain, "some people were for making him king;" nor can I find either by Plutarch or Appian, or the best authorities, that the extravagant honours, mentioned in this letter, were paid to Cæsar, till after the battle of Cordova, when the republican party was entirely destroyed.

somewhat to Cæsar. I promised to do it, but let him look upon his arrogance¹.

Meanwhile, have you ventured to present my work to Varro?—I long to know his sentiments of it.—But he must first read it—and when will that be? I approve of your indulgence to Attica. The very exhibition itself, as well as the ideas of religion and reverence which it raises, gratifies the imagination; and so far it is right. I beg that you will send me the works of Cotta. I have those of Libo here, and I had Casca's book before². Brutus has informed me, from Titus Ligarius, that I was mistaken in making mention of Lucius Curfidius in my oration for Ligarius, but this was no more than a slip of the memory. I knew that Curfidius was intimate with the Ligarian family, but I perceive that he was dead before I spoke that oration. You will therefore take care that the transcribers Pharnaces, Anteus and Salvius, erase his name out of all their copies.

EPISTLE

¹ Meaning that all the compliments he could pay, must be insipid after the extravagant flatteries of the senate.

² These three gentlemen had composed books which bore their several names.

EPISTLE XLV.

LAMIA was with me after your departure, and shewed me a letter that Cæsar had sent him. It was indeed of an older date than that which Cæsar wrote by Diochares¹, but it positively intimated that he would be at Rome before the celebration of the Roman plays. Towards the close of his letters, he orders him² to take care that every thing be in readiness for the exhibition of the plays, and he charges him to take care that he might not be disappointed after the dispatch he had made to come to Rome. In short, from those letters, there can, I think, be no manner of doubt of his being at Rome before that time, and Lamia told me that when Balbus read that letter, he was of the same opinion.

I see I have got a farther leave of absence for a few days. Pray let me know for how many? You can know it from Bæbius, and from your other neighbour Egnatius. You advise me to employ those days in my philosophical compositions. This I would most cheerfully do³, but you

¹ He was a favourite freedman belonging to Cæsar.

² Lamia was one of the Ædiles to whom the charge of those exhibitions were committed. They began the 4th of September, and continued for nine days, and they were celebrated in honour of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva.

³ *Orig. Currentem tu quidem.*

you perceive that I must spend them with Dolabella. And yet unless I had been employed in the business of Torquatus, that interval would be sufficient for making an excursion to Puteoli, and returning to the time. Lamia, it seems, was informed by Balbus, that there was, in the house¹, a large sum of money, which must immediately be divided; that there was likewise a great quantity of plate, besides lands, all which must be sold off at auction by the first opportunity. Let me know your opinion upon this matter. For my own part, were I to look through all mankind, I think I could not pitch upon a more active, faithful, and affectionate agent, than Vestorius is. I have written to him in a very exact manner, and I suppose you have done the same. This I take to be sufficient, but what is your opinion? For there is one thing only that gives me concern, which is, lest I should be thought to neglect my own interest. I therefore look for letters from you.

EPISTLE

¹ Monsieur Mongault takes no notice of this passage, though it is a pretty obscure one. From comparing it with other passages, it appears, that Brennius had left his estate to our author, and others, and that upon taking an inventory of his effects, the particulars here mentioned were discovered.

EPISTLE XLVI.

POLLEX, according to his promise to return by the 13th of August, came to me at Lanuvium upon the 12th. But this same Pollex is no conjurer¹. You may therefore inform yourself from him. I have talked with Balbus, for Lepta, who is extremely anxious about his wine affair², carried me to him. He was in that house at Lanuvium, which he made over to Lepidus. He first accosted me thus: "I have just received a letter in which Cæsar is very positive, that he will be at Rome before the Roman plays begin." The letter I read. He says a great deal in it concerning my Cato; particularly, that by frequently reading it, he has enriched his own stile; but that when he read the Cato of Brutus, he thought himself eloquent³.

From

¹ *Orig. Sed Pollex plane non index.* He is a thumb, not a forefinger. It is impossible to preserve this pun in English. It is sufficient to inform the reader, that the forefinger was termed *Index* from its being made use of in demonstrating mathematical and other propositions.

² The plays and entertainments which Cæsar exhibited about this time, are very famous in history; and the affair mentioned here, probably related to a commission which he was soliciting from Cæsar to become one of his wine purveyors for the feast he gave to the people.

³ *Orig. Multa de meo Catone, quo sæpissime legendo se dicit copiosiore*

From him I first understood (how negligent was it in Vestorius not to inform me!) that the administration to the will of Cluvius, might be done by an attorney in presence of witnesses, and any time within the sixty days. I am afraid that Vestorius will have difficulties in administering.

copiosiore factum: Brutus Catone lecto se sibi visum disertum. Monsieur Mongault, I am afraid, has not sufficiently attended to this passage. He translates it, *Il dit qu'en le lisant souvent son style en devient plus riche; et que lors qu'il avoit lu le Caton de Brutus, il s'étoit trouvé éloquent.* It is true, this translation, in the main, is the same with mine. But he does not observe the sarcastic turn of the passage. Brutus was, at that time, a young man of great parts and spirit, and the republican party had conceived the highest expectations from his virtues. Being a professed Stoic, he thought it did not become him to disguise his sentiments either of men or things; and we see, in the course of these Epistles, a certain secret malevolence which our author all along bears him for the freedom with which he spoke and wrote. It is true, they came afterwards to have great connexions together; but that was because Cicero could not longer help perceiving the exalted character of Brutus, and the world would think the worse of him, if Brutus was not his friend. But even this consideration was not sufficient for him to suffer Brutus to come in competition with him, for the palm of eloquence or composition. Both of them had written upon the same subject, viz. in praise of Cato, and Cæsar, who was one of the greatest judges in the world, had read both. But our author would not have reported his opinion to Atticus, in the manner he does, had he not thought that it contained a real compliment to himself at the expence of Brutus; as if Cæsar had said, The stile of Cicero enriches my own; but when I read the work of Brutus, I think myself an eloquent man, viz. in comparison of Brutus.

tering¹. I am now to send off an express for him to administer for me, and Pollex returns to him for that purpose. Balbus was very obliging when I talked to him concerning the gardens of Cluvius, for he said he would instantly write to Cæsar². He told me likewise, that Cluvius had burthened the share of Titus Hordonius, with a legacy of fifty thousand serteces, to Terentia, a tomb, and many other particulars, but that he had not burthened mine with a farthing; I beg that you will charge Vestorius with this neglect. How can he be excused? Never to inform me, though my domestics were always going between us, of a matter which Balbus learned distinctly from the slaves of the perfumer Plotius, a long time ago. I am sorry for the loss of Cossinius: I loved the man. I will assign the remainder of the money to Quintus, if there should be any remaining after my debts and purchases are paid. When I have done that, it is my opinion, that I must

¹ *Orig. Metuebam ne ille arceudus esset.* This may either relate to the time for accepting the administration being almost expired, or to some scruples which Vestorius might have as to the value of the effects, and that part of the estate which was devised to him; or it may be translated, "I am afraid that I must press Vestorius to accept of the administration." If we read with some old manuscripts *Ne arcessendus*, it signifies, that he must send to talk with him.

² Who was one of the coheirs in the succession to Cluvius, and Balbus was his agent.

must borrow money myself. I know nothing concerning the house at Arpinum—But hold.—

Vestorius is not to blame. For after this letter was sealed up, my express arrived from him in the night time with very full letters from him on the subject, and with a copy of the will.

EPISTLE XLVII.

AFTER Agamemnon¹ hinted to me on your part, not that I should come to Rome, as I would have done, had it not been for the affair of Torquatus, but that I should write to you, I instantly dropped all other business I was about, that I might execute your commands. I beg that you will receive from Pollex an account of the disbursements I have made; for it would be dishonourable to suffer my son, whatever may have been his behaviour, to be in want for this first year. Afterwards I will manage more frugally. Pollex must be dispatched back to Puteoli, that Vestorius may administer for me. For my own part, it is impossible for me to go thither, both for the reasons I have mentioned to you, and because Cæsar is in the neighbourhood.

Dolabella writes me word, that he will be with me by the 14th. The master of the horse,
(and

¹ He was a slave or freedman of Atticus.

(and a troublesome master he is to me) last night wrote to me from Antium¹, where he is in the house I sold to him. He is very earnest that I should assist in the senate the first of next month, and he says, that both Cæsar and he would take it as the greatest favour. I suppose, had there been any thing to do, Oppius, as Balbus is indisposed, would have mentioned it to you. But I shall choose to lose the trouble of my journey, rather than be absent, if there should be occasion for my presence, the consequences of

¹ The whole of this passage runs thus in the original, *Dolabella scribit se ad me postridie idus, O magistrum molestum! Lepidus ad me heri vesperi litteras misit Antio.* Monsieur Mongault has chosen to refer the expression, *O magistrum molestum* to Dolabella, because Cicero in another Epistle says that he taught Hirtius and Dolabella to speak, and they taught him to eat; but I have chosen rather to refer it to Lepidus, who was then master of the horse to Cæsar. Monsieur Mongault might have produced another passage more to his purpose, viz. in Epistle 7. Lib. 9. Fam. Epist. where speaking of Dolabella he calls him *magister*, or instructor, as to the manner in which he was to behave to Cæsar. But as the word *magister* is thus indifferently applied, I cannot easily believe, that in this place it means Dolabella. Besides, it would have been highly improper for our author to have applied that expression to him, without previously acquainting, or hinting to, Atticus the reason for his calling him so, which we do not find he does in any of the preceding letters. But with regard to Lepidus, the reason is obvious, viz. because we find him perpetually teasing Cicero to leave his beloved retirement, and come to Rome, not to mention the patness of the pun in this place, and on such an occasion.

of which might be disagreeable to me hereafter. To-day, therefore, I set out from Antium, so as to reach Rome to-morrow in the forenoon. I expect a visit from you and Pilia, if you are not already engaged by the last of this month. I hope you have finished the affair with Publilius. For my own part, after the first of next month, I will hasten back to Tusculanum; for I choose that all business with those people should be settled in my absence. I have sent you my brother's letter, which is not a very civil answer to mine, but, his apology may, I suppose, appear to you satisfactory. You are the best judge.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

IT was yesterday rumoured that you talked of coming to Tusculanum. I heartily wish, my friend, that you would, could it be consistent with your engagements. Lepta begs me to hasten to him, if he should have occasion for my assistance, now that Babullius is dead, who, if I mistake not, has left Cæsar his heir for a twelfth. That, however, is not so certain, as that he has left Lepta his heir for a third. He fears, though there is no ground for his apprehension, that he will not be allowed to appropriate the inheritance. Should he require me, I will hasten to support him, otherwise I will not stir before there

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is

is occasion. Dispatch Pollex back to me as soon as possible. I have sent you a corrected copy of my panegyric upon Portia, which I have been the more expeditious in finishing, that it may be the copy that shall be sent, if any is sent, either to her son Domitius, or to Brutus. I earnestly beg, if it is not too much trouble, that you will take care of this affair, and that you will send me the panegyrics of Marcus Varro, and of Lollius¹, (but by all means, that of Lollius, for I have read the other) upon the same subject. I am inclined however, to re-peruse that of Varro, for I read it so cursorily, that many things may have escaped me.

EPISTLE XLIX.

MY compliments in the first place to Attica, who, I suppose, is in the country, and likewise my compliments to Pilia. Let me know if you have heard any thing lately concerning Tigellius². For, as Gallus Fabius writes to me, he charges

¹ This was the noble Roman to whom Horace has addressed two of his Epistles.

² He was the famous musician mentioned by Horace, and though a worthless whimsical fellow, yet he had ingratiated himself so with Cæsar and his court, that he was looked upon as a man of some importance.

charges me with having betrayed Phameas¹, after I had undertaken to plead his cause. It is true, I was far from being fond of undertaking it against the sons of Cnæus Octavius², and at the same time, I was under obligations to Phameas; for if you remember, when I stood for the consulship, he made me by you, a tender of his services. It is true, I had no occasion for them, but I look upon the obligation to be the same as if I had.

Now Phameas came to tell me, that by the appointment of the judges, his affair came on that very day, when by the Pompeian law, the cause of our friend Sestius was necessarily to be tried, and you know, that the rules for days by that law are not to be altered. My answer was, that he was no stranger to my obligations to Sestius, but let him pitch upon any other day he pleased, I would serve him; upon which, he went away in a passion, as, I believe, I told you when we were together. I cannot say that this gave me any great pain, nor did I think, that I had the least reason to be concerned at the groundless resentment of a man to whom I was almost a stranger. I acquainted Gallus, however, next time I came to Rome, with what I had heard, but

¹ He was grandfather to Tigellius.

² He was consul in the year of Rome 677, but he was of a different family from Octavius the father of Augustus Cæsar.

but without naming the younger Balbus. Gallus, according to his letters, executed the commission I gave him, and he tells me, that Tigellius said, I suspected him, because my conscience told me, I had betrayed Phameas.

All that I have now to recommend to you is, if possible, to elicit his opinion of my nephew, and not to betray any anxiety about me. There are some, of whom it is no less pleasant to express one's hatred without restraint, than it is to be free from obligation to all others. And yet, as you well observe, those fellows are more respectful to me, if indeed attention be a mark of respect, than I to them.

EPISTLE L.

You having advised me in several of your letters, to write in a fuller manner to Cæsar, and Balbus having lately acquainted me at Lanuvium of a letter sent by him and Oppius to Cæsar, informing him, that I had read his book against Cato, and greatly admired it; I have written to Cæsar a letter upon the same subject, which I sent to Dolabella under cover to Oppius and Balbus, with a copy of the same, desiring them not to send the original to Dolabella, unless they approved of the copy. Their answer to this was, that they never read any thing that pleased them

them better, and that they had forwarded the original to Dolabella.

Vestorius has written to me, that I should send him by his slave, a power of attorney for my part of the succession, to authorize him to sell one of the farms of Brinnius to one Heterius, so that he may transact the affair while he is at Puteoli. As that slave comes hither by the way of Rome, and as Vestorius, I suppose, has written by him to you, I beg that you would dispatch him to me. The accounts given me by Balbus and Oppius concerning Cæsar's journey agree with yours. I am surprised that I have heard nothing of what has passed between you and Tigellius.—Were it no more than how he received my apology.—But it does not signify a rush to me.—And yet, I should be glad to know. You ask me where I intend to meet Cæsar. Do not you think it sufficient, if I meet him at Alsium¹. For this purpose, I have written to Murena to procure me lodgings, but he, I suppose, is gone with Matius. I therefore, must try what can be done with Sallust. Just as I am writing this Eros tells me, that Murena has sent him back with a more obliging answer to my request. I, therefore, will lodge with him, for the

¹ This was a town of Tuscany, about twenty miles from Rome, situated near the sea upon the river Arno.

the house of Silius is without bedding, and that of Dida will be so full, that I suppose, he will be obliged to turn out of it himself.

EPISTLE LI.

IT escaped my memory to send you a copy of my letter to Cæsar, nor did that omission proceed from the cause you suspect, lest I should appear to you abject¹ and servile. So far from this, I wrote to him in that style of manly independence, which a mind, conscious of equality, naturally dictated. Nay, you know, I told you when we were together, that I really had a good opinion of his Anti-Cato. I therefore wrote to him in a strain of freedom indeed, but such, I believe, as he will read with the highest satisfaction. My heart is at last at ease, with regard to Attica. I therefore send her and you my compliments upon her recovery. Give me the whole of your Conversation with Tigellius, and that too as soon as possible, for I cannot be easy till I have it. You must know, that to-morrow our nephew comes to Rome, but whether he is to lodge with you or with me, I know not. He wrote me

¹ Francis Odin has the credit of having here deciphered the true meaning of the original: *Nec id fuit, quod suspicaris, ut me pueret tui, ne ridicule Micillus, i. e. μικυδλος, little, mean.*—E.

me word, that he would be at Rome by the 23d, but I sent him an invitation to my house, and I am now going to Rome, lest he should get thither before me.

EPISTLE LII.

WELL, this formidable visit at last is over, without my having reason to repent of my guest, who seemed to enjoy every thing he met with. You must know then, that on the evening before, being the 18th, when he came to the house of Philip, it was so crowded with soldiers, to the number of two thousand, that there was scarcely a room empty for Cæsar himself to sup in. This I own to you, gave me apprehensions as to my own case next day, but I was delivered from them by Barba Cassius¹, who appointed me a guard. Thus the soldiers encamped in the fields, and my house was kept clear. He passed the 19th at Philip's house till noon, without suffering any person to be admitted to him, being busied, I suppose, in settling accounts with Balbus. From thence, he walked to my house by the shore²; after two, he went into the Bath. He then heard the verses upon

Mamurra

¹ He probably was a Tribune in Cæsar's army.

² It appears, there was scarcely the distance of a mile between the house of Cicero and that of Philippus.

Mamurra¹, without changing his countenance. After this he was anointed, and sat down to supper, when he eat heartily, and drank freely, for you must know, he had taken an emetic², and indeed, every thing was well dressed, and the best of the kind.

*But of our pleasures, that was but the last,
For wit and humour season'd our repast³.*

Besides, Cæsar's table, his retinue was plentifully served in three other dining-rooms; and nothing was wanting in the entertainment of his freedmen of the second rank, and his slaves, for his freedmen of the better sort, were elegantly treated. In short, I came off like myself, though let me tell you, he is a guest to whom one would not say, "Pray do me the honour to call here as you return." No, no, one visit is enough. We talked nothing of business, but a great

¹ They were written by Catullus, and are still extant. This Mamurra was a Roman knight, and general of the artillery to Cæsar, but noted for extravagancy and luxury in living. The verses in question, lashed Cæsar as well as Mamurra.

² It appears from many passages, that the ancients thought vomiting to be a great preservative of health, and a great preventor of surfeits in eating or drinking. Monsieur Mongault is of opinion, that Cæsar took this vomit before he came abroad in the morning; but I think, from the words of our author, there is no necessity to suppose that.

³ This is a verse from Lucilius, and is mentioned elsewhere by our author.

great deal about learning. To conclude, he was free, easy, and happy. He told me, that he would pass one day at Peutoli, and another at Baiæ. Thus I have given you an account of my entertainment, or rather of the manner of my entertainment of this great man, which put me to some inconveniency, but to no trouble. I will stay here a little, and then remove to Tusculanum. When Cæsar passed by Dolabella's house, all his troops marched close to his horse upon the right and left, which they did no where else¹. This I learned from Nicia.

CICERO'S

¹ Monsieur Mongault is of opinion, that this must have been done by way of honour to Dolabella. But the learned gentleman ought to have reflected, that Cæsar's not paying Dolabella a visit, considering the great posts that Dolabella held under him, and that he passed by his house, was no great mark of confidence; but though there should be nothing in this remark; yet it is certain, that there was at this time a variance between Dolabella and Antony, who had Cæsar's ear, and had accused Dolabella to Cæsar, which proceeded to open war in the senate. This therefore was the true reason of Cæsar's caution.

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XIV.

EPISTLE I.

I HAVE called upon the person¹ we talked of in the morning.—According to him all is desperate, and irreconcilable. For, if a genius like that of Cæsar failed in expedients for unanimity, who can hope now to succeed? In short, he said, (though I am not sure it is so) that all was undone; but he assured me, at the same time, with great joy, that the Gauls would invade

¹ All the letters of this and the following books, were written after Cæsar was killed in the senate, which happened on the 15th of March, in the year of Rome 709. The person here spoken of was Matius.

vade our empire¹ in less than twenty days.—
That he has had no conversation with any of that
party

¹ *Orig. Gallicum tumultum.* There was a difference between the *Gallicum bellum*, and the *Gallicus tumultus*. The former served to express the war when it was confined beyond the Alps, to Gaul itself. The latter was very dreadful to the Romans, ever since the invasion under Brennus, when Rome itself was burnt; and when such an invasion was threatened, the apprehensions of the Romans were so great, that very extraordinary precautions were taken to defend Italy, for at that time, as in the time of a civil war, the censors exempted no person from carrying arms.

The reader may readily ask, why Matius should be in such raptures, upon telling Cicero this disagreeable piece of news? To which I answer (though I think it has been taken notice of by no commentator or translator) as follows. Caesar, notwithstanding his prodigious successes, and the extraordinary means he had made use of to endear himself to his countrymen, found that their minds were still irreconcilable to slavery; and as the most glorious of his victories had been obtained over the best and the greatest of the Romans themselves, he was sensible, that something of horror and grief mingled in all their acclamations. According to all accounts, he had a secret passion to be created king; but the visible joy of the people upon his faintly rejecting that title, took from him all hopes of succeeding until he had done something that might raise his power as well as his glory beyond all possibility of an attack. It was upon this principle that he projected the scheme of the Parthian war, and all those mighty designs which could have been formed only by his genius, and executed by his power. In short, if we compare his conduct with what happened afterwards, it is plain, that he did not think peace was as yet compatible with his safety. An unconstitutional power, like his, was not to be upheld by the practice of the most
amiable

party, excepting with Lepidus, ever since the
15th of March; and upon the whole, that things
would

amiable virtues, or the exercises of the most commanding genius. All the mighty things he had done to reconcile the heads of the republican party to his interest, the amazing proofs he had given of clemency, moderation, and magnanimity, were ineffectual for removing in the minds of the people the defects of his title to be the master of Rome. Every day gave him new proofs, that empire acquired by arms, must be supported by arms. His veteran army, it is true, (by their long absence in the Gallic, and other, wars, and by their being so long accustomed to the military modes of Life,) he was sure would serve him faithfully; because, they had almost forgot they had a country, and they knew no other authority but his. But his frequent wars, and length of time, had greatly reduced the number of those veterans he could depend on, and his other troops were commanded by generals who were jealous of one another, and many of them secretly disliked his service. But he knew, that all of them would unite against a common enemy in a foreign war, and that a short time, if he commanded them in person, would easily reconcile them to his views and principles, while the keeping them employed in the remote parts of the empire, secured his government at home from all attempts. But he was cut off in the midst of those mighty designs, without leaving a successor capable of carrying them into execution. His friends and followers, however, were no strangers both to the maxims, and to the necessities of his government; they knew that they possessed the sword; but they knew they must always hold it drawn, otherwise it must be wrested from their hands, and that too in a very short time, or else they must live upon free quarters, there being no person now powerful enough to bring the senate and people to consent to their proceedings. An invasion from the Gauls therefore, the most dreadful terror that could be
spread

would take another turn¹. How wisely does Oppius act, who, though he bewails the death of Cæsar, yet drops nothing that can give any offence to the patriot-party? But enough upon this subject.

I beg you will not think it too much to write me all the news, for I expect a great deal—Let me know whether the accounts concerning Sex-
tus

spread through Rome, was the only expedient that could reconcile their country to their service; and though this news was false, yet we find that Matus, one of Cæsar's strongest partizans could not help mentioning it with raptures.

¹ *Orig. Ad summam non posse istæc sic abire.* Upon the death of Cæsar, on the Ides of March, in the consulship of Marcus Antonius, and Cornelius Dolabella, to whom Cæsar had resigned the consulship upon his undertaking his Parthian expedition, the conspirators proclaimed peace and liberty to the people; but finding them in too great a consternation and ferment to bear to be spoken to immediately, they retired to the capitol; and Brutus in a speech to the people whom he had summoned thither, justified the act of Cæsar's death, and pathetically exhorted them to protect that liberty which he and his friends had purchased for them. His speech was seconded by our author, while Antony throwing off his consular habits, shut himself up at home, and by a very masterly conduct he bade fair to succeed to all the power of Cæsar. For Lepidus, who was a vain irresolute man, being at the head of a fine army, with which he was to have marched to the government of Spain, which had been conferred on him by Cæsar, had some thoughts of seizing the government, and of destroying the conspirators, which he might easily have done, had he not been artfully diverted from the thoughts of both by Antony, who thereby gained some credit with the conspirators.

Meanwhile,

tus Pompeius¹ are confirmed; but, above all things, inform me as to our friend Brutus. The person I have been with, told me, that Cæsar used to say of Brutus, "It is of great importance what he is earnest in; for when he is in earnest, he is in great earnest," and that Cæsar made that observation upon him when he spoke at Nicea², in favour of king Dejotarus, for whom, he said, he spoke with amazing force and freedom. The same person told me farther, (for I love to write to you whatever comes in my mind) the last time I was with him at the desire of Sestius, and sat down, waiting till I should be called in, that Cæsar said, "Can I now doubt my being greatly hated, when Marcus Cicero waits without, and cannot, when he pleases, have access to me, though, if to any man I am easy of access, it is to him; and yet, I am sure, he hates me?" A great deal of such conversation passed between us.—But, as I was saying,

Meanwhile, both parties seemed disposed by our author's advice, to pass an act of amnesty, by which, both parties were mutually to forgive, and forget all injuries, and Antony and Lepidus interchanged visits with Brutus and Cassius. It was easy for Matus to foresee, that things could not continue long in this situation.

¹ He was a son of Pompey the Great, and was then at the head of an army in Spain.

² This was not the capital of Bithynia as the Jesuits Catrou and Rouille imagine in their Roman History, but the present city of Nice lying upon the Ligurian coast in Italy.

saying, write to me about trifles, as well as things of importance. For my part, I will omit no occurrence.

EPISTLE II.

YESTERDAY I received two letters from you. The first informed me of the theatrical news, and the satirical strokes of the actor Publius¹. The plaudits of the people are unequivocal proofs that they are pleased with the death of the usurper. As to the applause Cassius met with, I think there is somewhat in it that is humorous. In your other letter you mention Matius; you rightly imagine, that we cannot fix in his bald head² the anchor of public tranquillity. With him I made little stay, but proceeded, though

¹ We have already seen in the preceding epistles, some specimens of the liberties which the Roman actors took with their great men; and as their theatre contained audiences infinitely more numerous than any of ours can, the applause which those strokes of satire or panegyric met with, was looked upon to be the sense of the people.

² There is a pun here arising from the Greek word, which signifies the bald prominence of a rock, and the baldness of Matius's head, which I have endeavoured to preserve in the translation, but it is of very little consequence to explain it, because, if there is any wit in it, the reader will easily perceive it.

though not with the expedition I wished. I was also retarded too long in conversing with him; of which conversation I sent you perhaps an obscure account, but it was to this effect; he told me, that when I went to see Cæsar at the entreaty of Sextius, and was waiting till I should have access to him, Cæsar said to him, "I am so simple as to believe, that this man, condescending as he is, is my friend, since he waits so long, till I please to see him." Depend upon it, that this baldpated man is very hostile to the public tranquillity, and therefore no friend of Brutus. To-day, I go to Tusculanum; to-morrow to Lanuvium, from whence I designed to go to Astura. My house is prepared to receive Pilia; I wish your daughter was to come along with her; but I forgive your fondness, and send my compliments to both.

EPISTLE III.

ACCORDING to your letter, all things are quiet; long may they continue so! for Matius is positive that they cannot. Meanwhile, my workmen, who had gone to Rome for corn, returned without any, and told us, a report prevailed there, that Antony had carried all the corn to his own house. Surely, had there been any foundation

for such a report, you would have let me know. I have heard as yet nothing of Cornufius the freedman of Balbus, and yet, I am no stranger to his name, for they say, he is an able architect. There may be reasons, why some people should be fond of calling upon you to witness their testaments¹ in my favour; they would have me too, to believe them in earnest, and I know no reason why they are not. But what is that to me? I would have you however explore the intentions of Antony. For my part I believe him to be so occupied in feasting as to have no time for dangerous designs. If you have any thing of consequence, pray let me know it. If not, write to me what the dispositions of the people appear to be, and the sarcasms of the theatre. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE IV.

You surely do not suppose that I can write you any news from Lanuvium. But that is not your case at Rome, from whence I every day look for some

¹ Because our author was now likely to become of great importance, on account of his credit with both parties, and it was usual for the Romans to court the friendship of a great man, by giving him to understand, that they had put him into their testament.

some revolution¹; matters are now ripening to a crisis. If the dispositions of Matius are as I acquainted you, what must that of others be? I speak it with grief, never was it known before, that a people recovered their constitution and not their liberty. The talk, the menaces, of the party are dreadful. I am in pain about an invasion from Gaul, and what is become of Sextus Pompeius. But whatever may be the event, I will rejoice in the remembrance of the ides of March. As to the authors, all that they could perform, they performed with the most heroic grandeur. Their remaining measures require troops and money, in which we are entirely unprovided. I write this to engage you to send me an immediate account of whatever shall happen, for I look every day for some news; and, should there be none, yet still let us keep up our uninterrupted correspondence by writing; which shall not fail on my part.

EPISTLE V.

I HOPE you are now recovered, because I know that abstinence² usually cures you of these slight disorders;

¹ I point this passage as follows, very different from the other editions I have seen. *Nunc quid putas me Lanuvii? At ego te. Istic quotidie aliquid novi suspicor.*

² This puts me in mind that the author of the Life of Atticus

disorders; I should, however be glad to know how you are. It appears favourable, that Matius is uneasy at his being suspected by Brutus; but it will have a bad appearance if those legions should, with a warlike aspect¹, march out of Gaul² for Rome. Do not you think the legions that were in Spain will insist upon the same terms? As will those which are marched under the command of Annius, pardon me—I mean Canninius³. The gamester⁴ raises a dreadful disturbance; for were the designs of Antony justifiable, the tumult, made by Cæsar's freedman⁵, might have been easily quashed.

My

ticus tells us, that, towards his latter end, he took a resolution of neither eating nor drinking, which had a very good effect upon his disease, which was a fever; but he persisted so obstinately in this abstinence, that he could never be persuaded to eat nor drink, and he accordingly starved himself to death.

¹ The reader, no doubt, will be offended at the jingle that is here, but as a faithful translator, I do not think myself at liberty to omit following my author, even in his play of words, when it can be done with tolerable propriety in our language. The original runs, *signa bella, quod Calvena moleste fert, se suspectum esse Bruto. Illa signa non bona, si cum signis legiones veniunt e Gallia.*

² It was talked, that they intended to demand the rewards which had been promised them by Cæsar.

³ There is an obscurity here in the original, but I believe I have hit upon our author's meaning, which was to ridicule the irresolution of Antony and that party, by frequently changing the officers under them.

⁴ Meaning Antony.

⁵ *Vix.* When his funerals were celebrated.

My diffidence was misplaced, when I refused a legation¹ before the senate broke up, lest I should seem to abandon my country, now that her affairs are drawing to a crisis. could I assist her, it would be my duty to attend.—But you see what kind of magistrates, if they can deserve that name, we have chosen. You see the body-guards of the tyrant are possessors of provincial governments; you see an army of his veterans at our doors, and that all is in fluctuation. Meanwhile the men, whose safety, nay whose glory, merits the attendance of a grateful world, are so far from being rewarded with the praises and affections of mankind, that they are forced to conceal themselves for protection². But whatever may be their fate, they must be happy, it is our country that is miserable. I should be glad to know whether the arrival of Octavius³ has made any alteration; whether the people

¹ We have already seen that those legations exempted the persons on whom they were conferred from being present in the senate. *Vile* Vol. i, p. 107. Note 1.

² This happened through the artful speech which Antony made when he produced Cæsar's dead body before the people, and which is so inimitably well imagined by Shakespear. That speech made such an impression upon the people, that Brutus, and his friends, thought proper to retire from Rome.

³ This extraordinary young man was, at this time, but about nineteen years of age, and was at Appolonia, in order to attend his uncle Cæsar in his Parthian expedition, when he heard of his death, and that he had appointed him to be his heir.

people rally round him? And whether he will be able to produce a revolution in his favour? I do not think that he will, but I would gladly know the truth. I write this on the 11th of April, as I am leaving Astura.

EPISTLE VI.

UPON the 12th I received your letter at Fundi, while I was at supper. In the first place, I am glad that you enjoy better health, and that you tell me better news; for that of the march of the legions for Rome was very disagreeable. As to Octavius, I give myself no trouble about him. I long to hear what Marius¹ is doing, I thought Cæsar had sent him out of the world. The interview, between our heroes and Antony proved very serviceable, as it happened; though hitherto nothing but the ides of March has given me pleasure.

For now that I am at Fundi with our friend Ligus, I am pained to see that wretch Curtilius in possession of the estate of Sextilius. What I say of him is to be understood of all the rest. For what can be more deplorable than for us to give

¹ We have already taken notice of this impostor, who pretended to be descended of the great Marius.

give a sanction to those very measures¹, for which we hated Cæsar. Have we not confirmed the nomination of his consuls and tribunes for two years? I can, by no means, see how I can take any concern in public matters; for a greater absurdity cannot be imagined than to extol to heaven the slayers of the tyrant, and yet sanction the tyrant's acts. But look upon our consuls; look upon our magistrates, if they can be called magistrates; look upon the despondency of our patriots. As to the municipal towns they exult with joy. Their transports are inexpressible, how they flock about me! how eager they are to hear my account of that action; and yet, all this while, no decree passes the senate. Our timidity is such, that we are afraid of those we have vanquished. Thus far I had dictated when the second course was served in; I will write more fully, and more to the purpose hereafter. Let me know what you are doing, and what is passing abroad.

EPISTLE

¹ At the conferences already mentioned between both parties, when the amnesty was agreed upon, it was resolved to take from the army all pretexts of fear that Cæsar's death should make any alteration in the distribution of the lands, and the other favours he had conferred upon the rest of his veterans. An act therefore past confirming all he had done, and particularly his arbitrary nomination of the consuls and tribunes, which was looked upon as one of the most unjustifiable stretches of his power.

EPISTLE VII.

UPON the 14th, I saw Paulus at Gaetta, and he gave me an account of Marius, and some other very bad news of public affairs. All this, while not a line from you; for none of my domestics are come from Rome. But I hear that our friend Brutus has been seen near Lanuvium. Where will he fix at last? This is one of the many things which I earnestly desire to be informed of: I write this on the 16th in setting out from Formia, so as to be next day at Puteoli.

I have received from my son, a letter in an elegant style, and of a reasonable length. I am not so certain as to the other particulars I hear of him, but by the manner of his writing, I am sure he has improved in learning. I therefore now earnestly repeat what I mentioned to you lately, that you will take care he wants for nothing; for I cannot otherwise do justice to my duty, my character, and my dignity, and, if I am not mistaken, you are of the same opinion. Therefore, if our funds answer, I think of going to Greece next July, where I will put every thing upon a better footing. But as the times are such, that I cannot as yet determine what measures are most becoming my character, what is within my power, or what is most conducive

to

to my interest; I beg you will take care that my son be provided for in the most genteel, liberal manner. You will pay your usual attention to this, and all my other concerns, and though you should have nothing material to write to me, I beg you will write whatever your tongue may dictate.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHEN you wrote your last, you imagined that I was in the neighbourhood of the sea¹ but I was in the inn at Sinuesca on the 16th, when I received your letter. I am glad of what has happened to Marius, but I am sorry if he was the grandson of Lucius Crassus. Nor could I have heard better news, than that our friend Brutus approves of Antony's conduct². You write me, that Junia³ had brought him a letter expressed in

in

¹ *In actis esse nostris*—on our shores. Cicero from the frequency of his quoting Greek terms, sometimes writes them in Roman characters. This is the case here. *Ἀκτῆ* is a sea or river bank. But it has been conjectured that the true reading is *agris*; and surely it is much more congruous to say, *in agris nostris*, than *in actis nostris*.—E.

² Brutus and his most intimate friends, were the more readily deceived by Antony, because he had put his fictitious Marius to death, and because they knew that he had entered into some designs against Cæsar, before he was killed in the senate.

³ She was the sister of Brutus, and the wife of Lepidus.

in terms of moderation and friendship, but Paulus put into my hands a letter from his brother Lepidus, the close of which intimated, that a plot had been laid against his life, and that he had discovered it by undeniable evidences. This information was disagreeable to me, but much more so to Paulus. I am not at all sorry for the flight of the Egyptian queen¹. But I beg you will write to me in what manner Clodia has proceeded. I beg you will take care of the Byzantines, and my other concerns; and send for Pelops². I will obey you in informing you of every thing that passes at Baiæ, and of that assembly which you are so curious to know of, as soon as I have seen it, so that you shall be ignorant of nothing.

I am extremely impatient for news from Gaul, from Spain, and from Sextus Pompeius. Give me every information with your usual exactness. I am glad that you had indulged yourself on account of your disorder in your stomach, in a little respite from business, of which I was sensible when I read over your letter. Fail not to write to me every thing concerning Brutus, where he is, and what he intends to do. I am in hopes,
that

¹ She was the famous Cleopatra, who had been for some time at Rome, and was in great favour with Cæsar, but left Rome abruptly upon his death.

² He was a Byzantine, and appears to have been a man of some consideration in learning.

that at this very time, he may walk securely all over Rome without guards. But yet he ought not to be too confident.

EPISTLE IX.

YOUR letters, of which I received several at one time from the freedman of Vestorius, gave me much information respecting the affairs of the public. As to what you desire to know, I will answer you in a few words. In the first place, I am much gratified by the estate left me by Cluvius. You ask me why I sent for Chrysippus? The reason was, that two tenements of mine are fallen to the ground, and I have others in such a shattered condition, that not only the inhabitants, but the very rats¹ have left them. This would give many people pain, but it does not give me so much as a thought. O Socrates², and ye disciples of Socrates, never can I express what I owe you. Immortal gods, with what unconcern do I regard sublunary things! Meanwhile I have, by the advice, and upon the plan, of Vestorius, set about rebuilding them in such a manner, as to turn the loss to my advantage.

We

¹ We see here the vulgar notion prevailed even in Cicero's time, that the rats always left a falling house.

² If the rant in this passage is not ironical, as I am apt to think it is, it shows our author in a very ridiculous light.

We have a great deal of company here, and, by what I understand, we shall have more. Amongst others, are our two pretended consuls elect. Good God! Tyranny is alive, while the tyrant is dead. We rejoice at his death, while we adopt his measures. How cutting, and yet how just, is the accusation which Marcus Curtius alleges against us! Well may we be ashamed to live. For would not a thousand deaths be preferable to what we suffer, and to what we must suffer, heaven knows how long? Balbus is here, and we spend a great deal of time together. Vetus has sent him a letter the last of December, informing him, that when he had surrounded Cæcilius¹ and had him in his power; Pacorus, the Parthian, came with a great army and rescued him, and that Vetus had lost a great many men, the blame of which he lays upon Volcatius. Thus I think war is unavoidable in that quarter. Dolabella and Nicias² should look to this. Balbus has other letters from Gaul written one and twenty days ago, with better news than we had reason to look for; that the Germans, and the other nations there, having heard of Cæsar's death, had sent deputies to Aurelius, who is lieutenant to Hirtius in those parts, with assurances

¹ He was surnamed Bassus, and escaping from the battle of Pharsalia he made head against Cæsar's party in Syria.

² He was a great friend of Dolabella.

assurances of entire submission on their parts. In short, every thing is calm there, which is very different from the accounts I had from our bald-pated friend.

EPISTLE X.

Is it really so? Has all that has been done by our common Brutus, come to this, that he should live at Lanuvium, and Trebonius¹ repair by devious marches to his government! That all the actions, writings, words, promises, and purposes, of Cæsar, should carry with them more force than they would have done, had he been alive²? You may remember what loud remonstrances I made the very first day we met in the capitol, that the senate should be summoned thither by the

¹ He was the only consular who was engaged in the conspiracy against Cæsar, who gave him the government of the lesser Asia.

² The case was this. Antony having obtained under the specious pretence of keeping the veteran troops quiet, that Cæsar's acts should be confirmed, made a very bad use of this decree of the senate; for Cæsar kept a register, in which he entered all his grants, promises, and other public deeds, and which Antony brought the senate, or at least the majority of them, to look upon as a kind of record, which was to serve them as a direction for making those acts good. Meanwhile he made himself master of this register, and at the same time, gained over Faberius, Cæsar's secretary, by whose hands all his acts were entered;

the prætors¹. Immortal gods! What might we not have then carried amidst the universal joy of our patriots, and even our half patriots, and the general rout of those robbers. You disapprove of what was done on the 18th of March, but what could be done? We were undone before that day. Do not you remember you called out that our cause was ruined, if Cæsar had a public funeral²? But a funeral he had, and that too in the Forum, and graced with pathetic encomiums, which encouraged slaves and beggars, with flaming torches in their hands, to burn our houses. What followed? Were they not insolent enough to say, "Cæsar issued the command and you must obey?" I cannot bear these and other things, I therefore think of retiring, and leaving behind me country after country: and even
your

entered: so that it was easy to forge whatever he had a mind. By those practices, and by seizing the treasure laid up by Cæsar, he amassed upwards of six millions sterling, and had his application to business been equal to his parts and abilities, he might easily have succeeded to all Cæsar's power.

¹ The prætors were Brutus and Cassius. This was truly a very patriot advice of Cicero, and had it been taken, must have certainly had great consequences in favour of public liberty; because it was, in effect, disowning the power of the consuls, that had been nominated by Cæsar, and whose business it was to summon together the senate; but upon a failure of the consuls, it belonged to the prætors to issue the summons.

² Atticus was in the right to oppose this funeral, for it was the first thing that disconcerted the measures of the conspirators for the causes there mentioned.

your favourite Greece is too much exposed to the political storm to continue in it¹.

Meanwhile, has your complaint quite left you? For I have some reason to believe, by your manner of writing, that it has. But I return to the Thebassi, the Scævæ, and the Frangones². Do you imagine that they will think themselves secure in their possessions, while we stand our ground, and experience has taught them, that we have not in us the courage which they imagined. Are we to look upon those to be the friends of peace, who have been the fomenters of rebellion? What I wrote to you concerning Curtilius, and the estates of Sestilius, I apply to Censorinus, Mesala, Plancus, Posthumius, and the whole clan. It would have been better to perish with the slain, than to have lived to witness things like these³. Octavius came to Naples about the 16th, where

¹ I have here adopted the ingenious interpretation of Earnest. *ἐπὶ νημεῖος* is an epithet of *γῆ* proceeding, and not to be connected with the subsequent *nausea*. The whole passage should be thus punctuated. *Itaque γῆν πρὸ γῆς cogito: tua tamen ἐπὶ νημεῖος. Nausea jamne plane abiit?—E.*

² These were all subalterns and creatures of Cæsar, as were the others mentioned in this paragraph.

³ I think, in the common reading, there is here some deficiency, or rather, contradiction, in the sense. Monsieur Mongault reads this passage, *Melius fuit periisse illo interfecto, quod numquam accidisset, quam hæc videre*, and he translates it accordingly. But I like the reading of Gronovius better, *Quod uti-*
nam

where Balbus waited upon him next morning, and from thence he came to me at Cumæ, the same day, where he acquainted me, that he would accept of the succession to his uncle's estate. But this as you observe, may be the source of a warm dispute between him and Antony.

I shall bestow all due attention and pains upon your affair at Burthrotum. You ask me whether the legacy left me by Cluvius, will amount to a hundred thousand serteces a year. It will amount pretty near it, but this first year I have laid out eighty thousand upon repairs. My brother complains greatly of his son, who, he says, is now excessively complaisant to his mother, though he hated her, at a time, when she deserved his respects. He has sent me flaming letters against him. If you have not yet left Rome, and if you know what he is doing, I beg you will inform me by a letter, as indeed, you must do of every thing else, for your letters give me the greatest pleasure.

EPISTLE XI.

THE day before yesterday I sent you a long letter, and I now set down to answer your last. I feel

nam accidisset, I am not, however, positive on either side, and have translated it in a manner not inconsistent with either reading.

feel the most earnest desire that Brutus would come to Astura. You complain of the extravagance of Cæsar's partisans; but can that surprise you? For my part, I wonder they are not more extravagant than they are. I ought, indeed, to laugh at such things, and yet I lose all patience in reading the speech¹ in which he is stiled *so great a man, and so eminent a citizen*. But mark what I say; a taste for these panegyrics is thus cherished among the people, to the destruction of our friends, who ought rather to be deemed gods than heroes, and whose glory, though eternal, must still be accompanied with envy, nay with danger. But they enjoy a noble consolation, the consciousness of having performed a great and a glorious action. But what have we to comfort us, since the tyrant is dead, without our recovering our liberty? But let fortune determine all, since reason has no authority.

What you write concerning my son gives me great satisfaction; I hope it will continue. As to your care in supplying him plentifully with the means of subsisting and appearing genteelly, I am extremely obliged to you for it, and I beg you

¹ The speech here mentioned, was either that of Octavius or Antony, or some of their followers, who now took all opportunities of displaying the virtues and amiable qualities of Cæsar; and the harangues produced the effects here mentioned.

you will continue it. You are in the right, as to your measures about the affair of Buthrotum, to which I shall give a particular attention. I shall even undertake for the success, as I perceive it to be daily more and more practicable. As to the estate I received from Cluvius, (because I see you are more solicitous about my affairs than I am myself) you must know, it exceeds the annual income of a hundred thousand sertes. The dilapidations have not hurt the estate; I know not whether they will not make it better. I have here with me Balbus, Hirtius, and Pansa. Octavius, who seems to put himself entirely under my direction, is just arrived at the house of my neighbour Philippus. Lentulus Spinther passes this day with me, and leaves us to-morrow morning.

EPISTLE XII.

I FEAR my Atticus that all we have reaped from the Ides of March, is but the short-lived joy of having punished him, whom we have hated as the author of our sufferings. What news do I hear from Rome! What management do I see here! It was indeed, a glorious action, but it was left imperfect. You know how much I love the Sicilians, and how much I thought myself honoured in being their patron. Cæsar (and I was

was glad of it) did them many favours, though granting them the privileges of Latium was more than could be well borne. However, I said nothing even to that. But here comes Antony, who for a large sum of money, produces a law past by the dictator in an assembly of the people, by which all Sicilians are made denizens of Rome, an act never once heard of in the dictator's lifetime. Is not the case of our friend Dejotarus almost the same? There is no throne which he does not deserve, but not through the interest of Fulvia¹. I could give you a thousand such instances. Thus far, however, your purpose may be served. Your affair of Buthrotum is so clear, so well attested, and so just, that it is impossible for you to fail in obtaining part of your claim, and, the rather, as Antony has succeeded in many things of the same kind.

Octavius lives here with me, upon a very honourable and friendly footing. His own domestics call him by the name of Cæsar; but his stepfather Philip does not, neither do I, for that reason. I deny that he can be a good citizen; he is surrounded by so many that breathe destruction to our friends, and who swear vengeance against what they have done. What is your opinion will be the consequences, when the boy shall go to

¹ She was the wife of Antony, and daughter to Clodius, Cicero's principal enemy.

to Rome, where our deliverers cannot live in safety? It is true, they must be glorious, and even happy, from the consciousness of what they have done. But we, who are delivered, if I mistake not, must still remain in a state of despicable servitude. I therefore long to go where the news of such deeds¹ can never reach my ears. I hate even those appointed consuls, who have forced me so to declaim, that even Baiæ² was no retreat for me. But this was owing to my too great condescension. It is true, there was a time³ when I was obliged to submit to such things, but now it is otherways, whatever may be the event of public measures.

It is long since I had any thing to write to you, and yet I am still writing, not that my letters give me pleasure, but that I may provoke you to answer them. I write this on the 21st of April, being at dinner at the house of Vestorius, who is no good logician, but I assure you, an excellent accountant⁴.

EPISTLE

¹ Cicero here quotes the two first words of a verse of Accius, *Nec Pelopidaram facta, neque famam audiam*. It is recited again at full length, Lib. xv. 11.—E.

² To which the Romans retired in the same manner as the English do to the bath for health, and amusement only. It seems Dolabella, and many of the nobility, had, in a manner, obliged Cicero when he was at Baiæ, to give them lessons upon the art of declamation.

³ *Viz.* In the lifetime of Cæsar.

⁴ He was a banker.

EPISTLE XIII.

I RECEIVED your letter on the 18th, not till the seventh after its date, in which you ask me a question, which you think will puzzle me to resolve, whether I am most in love with rising grounds and fine prospects, or the sea coasts¹ for walking? I swear, it is as you observe; for both are so pleasant, that I am at a loss which to prefer. But I am at present in the situation of the Greeks, who waited upon Achilles,

*A greater care sits heavy on my soul,
Not eas'd by banquets, or the flowing bowl.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear².*

It

¹ The original is *αλιτειν*, which Hesychius interprets *παρὰ λιν* *maritimus*. Cicero in a preceding letter appears to have been addressed by Atticus as supposed to be then *in actis nostris*, on our coasts. The situation of our author might have tempted his friend to ask how he liked the sea view. He however was too much interested in the political scenes that were passing to be sensible of the comparative beauties of nature.—E.

² Orig.—*Αλλ' ἡδαιτος ἐπὶ κρατε ἔργα μεμνηλεν.*

Αλλὰ λιν μέγα πῆμα, διότραφες, εἰσοφρωντες.

Δειδόμεν, ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σώσειμεν, ἢ ἀπολεσθαι,

The lines are part of the ninth book of Homer's Iliad. The translation is Mr. Pope's.

It is true what you write me, concerning the arrival of Decimus Brutus¹ at his army, is great and welcome news, and I expect great consequences from it. But, should a civil war break out, which I know must be the consequence, if Sextus Pompeius continues in arms, as I am sure he will continue, I am at a loss to know how we shall act, for then we shall not be at liberty, as we were during Cæsar's war, to join either party. For there is not a man whom this abandoned crew shall suppose to have rejoiced at Cæsar's death, as all of us surely did in the most public manner, whom they will not mark out as their enemy, and this very circumstance points towards an universal massacre. We then have nothing to do but to join the army, either under Sextus or Brutus. This is a disagreeable thing at our time of life, not to mention the doubtful events of war; for, I think you and I may in some sense say to one another,

*'Tis not my friend for thee to follow war,
Be thine the placid trophies of the bar².*

But we must leave these contingencies to fortune,

¹ He was Governor of the Cisalpine Gaul, and the conspirators had great dependance upon him, on account of the nearness of his province to Italy.

² Orig. Τεκνῶν ἐμῶν, ἃ τοῖς δεδοταὶ πολεμικὰ ἔργα,
Ἀλλὰ σὺ γ' ἡμετέραντα ματὲρ χροῖα ἔργα λογοῖο.

tune, which sways more than reason does in such affairs. All my concern is, that whatever be the event I bear it with fortitude and composure, and this is what lies in every man's power by reflecting that man is liable to casualties and changes. With these impressions I may still find some relief from reading, and a great deal in reflecting upon the ides of March.

I will now lay before you the difficulties that perplex me; so many reasons occurring for either part of the question. I am now, as I proposed, to set out upon my legation for Greece. It is true, I may thereby have a chance of escaping the danger of the threatened massacre, but at the same time, I must incur the reproach of abandoning my country in the day of her distress. Now, supposing that I stay in Italy; I shall indeed expose myself to danger, but I may happen to do service to the state. On the other hand, I have private reasons for going abroad. I think, I could be of great service in completing my son's education at Athens, should I go thither, and indeed, this was the only motive that determined me to solicit a legation from Cæsar. You will therefore, consider this affair, in the same friendly manner as you do every thing, that you think concerns me.

I now return to your letter. You tell me, it is reported, that I am about to sell my estate near the lake Lucrinus; and that I am to make over at
an

an extravagant price, my little country seat, to my brother Quintus¹, that, as his son tells you, he may carry thither his bride Aquillia. For my part, I have no thoughts of any such sale, unless I find somewhat that pleases me better. As to my brother, he does not trouble himself about any purchase at this time; for he meets with sufficient difficulty in refunding Attica's fortune, in which he owns himself to be under great obligations to Egnatius. As to any thoughts of marrying, he is so far from it, that he declares he thinks no pleasure equal to that of sleeping alone.—But enough of this.

I am now to return to the subject of our wretched, or rather annihilated, government. Antony has written to me concerning the recalling Sextus Clodius² from banishment. I send you a copy of his letter, in which you may see with what respect he treats me, but at the same time, you must readily conclude his request to be so abandoned, so scandalous, and so pernicious, that we are tempted to wish that Cæsar were again alive. For what Cæsar never would have done, never would have suffered to be even proposed, he is now proposing from Cæsar's forged journals. For my part, I most cheerfully yielded to Antony's request, which he would have carried through, even though I had

¹ He had been by this time divorced from the sister of Atticus.

² He was the freedman, and instrument of Publius Clodius in all his outrages against our author.

I had opposed it, since he has now persuaded himself, that he may do what he pleases, for which reason I send you a copy of my answer.

*Antony Consul to Marcus Cicero, wisheth
Prosperity.*

IT was owing to my hurry of business, and your sudden departure, that I did not address you in person upon the subject of this letter; and I am therefore apprehensive, that you will treat my request with the less regard in my absence. It will, however, give me pleasure, if your goodness shall answer the high opinion I have always entertained of you. I asked, and obtained from Cæsar the restitution of Sextus Clodius, I was even at that time determined to make use of this indulgence no farther than it was agreeable to you, and I now wish more than ever, that you would give me your consent to carry it into execution. But should you appear insensible of his wretched, undone situation, never shall I put myself in competition with you. And yet, methinks it is my duty to support the register of Cæsar. And if indeed you would oblige me by a wise, humane, and amiable act, you will concur with my request, and convince that excellent and hopeful youth Publius Clodius that when it was in your power, you did not gratify your resentment against the friends of his father.

Let

Let me beg of you, to make it evident to the world, that you differed with the father only upon a patriot-principle. Continue no longer the foe of his family. For, we can with more dignity, and more ease, lay aside resentments contracted on account of our country, than those arising from personal motives. Let me, in short, prevail with you to suffer me to form the boy to this principle, and to implant it in his mind now susceptible of the impression, that enmities ought not to be handed down to posterity. It is true, Sir, I am entirely sensible, that no danger can come near your fortune; yet do I believe, that you would choose your old age should be accompanied with dignity and ease, rather than with toil and trouble. Let me add, that I have of myself a kind of right to solicit you for this favour; since I have left nothing unattempted to serve you. If I cannot obtain this favour of you, I shall not extend it to Clodius, that you may be sensible how powerful your authority is with me, and for that consideration suffer yourself to be softened.

Cicero to Antony Consul, wisheth prosperity.

THERE is one reason why I wish you had treated with me in person, rather than by letter, for then you might have discerned the affection I
bear

bear you, not only by the expression of my lips, but by the emotions of my countenance. You endeared yourself to me first by your attachment, and next by your services to my person; and your public behaviour, at this period, has been such as sets you equal with any man alive in my esteem. Your letter, which is so full of respect and love for me, has affected me in such a manner, that I seem not to bestow but to receive a favour, since your request is attended with an assurance, that, unless I give you leave, you will not deliver even an old friend, because he is my enemy, while at the same time, you might effect his deliverance without danger or difficulty to yourself.

As to myself, my Antony, I sacrifice my resentment to you, acknowledging at the same time the obligations you have laid me under by your most polite and respectful letter. Had the matter been of far greater importance, I should have thought myself bound to resign myself entirely to your request, but, in this case, I likewise gratify my own disposition and natural temper. I never harboured, within my breast, any spirit of revenge, nor did I ever extend resentment or severity, farther than the good of my country absolutely required. Let me add, that Sextus Clodius never experienced from me any instances of spite and resentment; for it has ever been a maxim with me, that we ought not to persecute the friends
of

of our enemies, especially those of an inferior sort, for fear of taking such supports from ourselves.

As to young Clodius, it is, I think, your duty to season his mind, which, as you observe, is now susceptible of impressions, with such principles as may give him no room to think, that there is now any variance between our families. In my contest with his father, I acted for my country, and he for himself. It is long since the public decided upon our controversies, and were he now alive, I should consider him no longer as my enemy. Therefore as you declare that you will not, without my leave, carry this measure into execution, though what you request is in your own power; I beg, if you think proper, that you will make my compliance a compliment to the young Clodius likewise. I am too old, and he is too young, for me to suspect danger from him, nor can I be apprehensive of any competition in dignity; but it is in order that you and I may be more intimate than we have hitherto been. For while those enmities interposed, your heart was more open than your doors. But of this enough.—I conclude with assuring you, that I shall always, with the greatest readiness and zeal, execute whatever I think can give you pleasure, or can do you service, and of this I beg you will be thoroughly convinced.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIV.

THAT sound again¹! Our nephew crowned with garlands at the Parilia!--What! crowned at the shows celebrated in honour of Cæsar!—How say you, was he alone? But you mention Lamia too, and that surprises me! But I long to know who besides wore crowns; none I am sure but the unprincipled. You will therefore give me a particular detail of the whole. You must know that it happened after I had dispatched a pretty long letter to you, on the 25th, that not quite three hours after I received one from you, and one too of great consequence. Be assured that your facetiousness respecting the Vestorian heresy, and the sharks² that swarm on the shore of Puteoli, made

¹ I have taken, I hope, a justifiable liberty in translating this passage, which our author has taken from Paucuvius. For I have translated by a hemistich of our English Paucuvius Shakespear, of the very same import. The original is, *Iterandum eadem ista mihi.*

² There is a great deal of trifling in the conjectures of commentators about the original of this passage, the true reading of which is now irretrievable, and, if it were not, it would be perhaps next to impossible to come at the wit. It is sufficient to observe, that Vestorius being a banker, profit was probably all his religion, for which reason our author calls him a heretic, and there appears to be some kind of a jingle intended between the Puteal, which was a kind of exchange for bankers and merchants at Rome, and Puteoli the place where Vestorius then resided.

made me laugh heartily, but now to public matters.

So—you take up the defence of the Bruti and of Cassii, as if I had impeached them, while, at the same time, I want words to express my regard for them. What I sent you was a detail of facts, and not an impeachment of persons. I tell you again, that the tyrant is removed, and yet the tyranny remains. His successors in power, as in the case of Clodius, are doing what he would not have attempted. Yes, I can answer for it, that so far from doing it himself, he would not have suffered it to have been done by others. We shall next hear of the recall of Rufio, the antagonist of Vestorius, and of Victor who never was mentioned in Cæsar's register, and of as many as Antony shall please. For who can we say will not? I say this is acting in obedience to the writings of that man, to whose person we disdain subjection.

Let me ask you, how could one have avoided assisting in the senate, on the 18th of May? But supposing it had been optional for us to be present or absent¹, after we were there, could we have delivered

¹ Monsieur Mongault seems not to have comprehended the meaning of Cicero in this expression. The original is, *Nam liberalibus quis potuit in senatum non venire? Fac id potuisse aliquo modo: num, etiam cum venissemus, libere potuimus sententiam dicere?* He translates it, *Quant à l'assemblée du dix-huit*

delivered our sentiments with freedom? Must we not have fallen upon every measure to have gratified the veteran troops, who surrounded the senate house in arms, while we were defenceless? You know that I was against our party's retreat into the capitol, and what followed. But was that the fault of our friends the Bruti? No, it was the fault of others, who, though destitute of sense, look upon themselves as possessed of circumspection and wisdom. All of them thought it enough to rejoice, some congratulated, but none staid to support the action. But enough of what is past. Let all our care and interest be employed to defend our deliverers. Let us take your advice in reflecting with pleasure on the ides of March, which has opened to our heroic deliverers the gates of immortality, but not of liberty to the Roman people. Remember your own admonition. Remember how loudly you called out, that all was ruined if the body of Cæsar should be publicly buried. This, as the consequences have shewn, was the remonstrance of a wise man.

You write to me, that Antony will, on the 1st of June, make a motion concerning the provinces, and that he himself may have the two Gauls, and his government of both prorogued beyond

huit de Mars, qui pouvoit se dispenser d'aller au senat? Mais je suppose que nous l'eussions pu, quand une fois nous y avons été, avons-nous pu opiner librement? But it requires little reflection to observe, that this translation implies some contradiction.

yond the legal term¹. Let me ask you, can I speak my mind freely upon this question? If I can, I shall rejoice at the recovery of public liberty. If I cannot, what benefit have I reaped from this change of masters, but the pleasure of seeing a tyrant meet with the death he deserved? You tell me, that the temple of Ops² has been plundered. That is no more than I had foreseen. Well it must be owned, that glorious were the hands which broke our fetters, and yet we are not free. Thus, they have the glory, and we the blame; and yet you encourage me to write a history of these times. It must consist only of a detail of their crimes who still hold us in bondage; nor shall I be able not to censure even those men, whose testaments you have witnessed in my favour? I am not, indeed, moved by the love of gain. But it is an unpleasant task to reflect upon those, however culpable, from whom I have received personal favours.

But, as you write to me, I shall be able to determine

¹ One of the best of Cæsar's acts was his limiting the term of a prætorian government to one year, and that of a consular to two at most. Antony, who knew the consequence of Decimus Brutus being governor of the Cisalpine Gaul, wanted to have that government to himself, and to set aside Cæsar's act.

² Where Antony found near six millions sterling ready money, which had been laid up there by Cæsar for the Parthian war.

termine more certainly upon the whole plan of my conduct by the 1st of June. On that day I will assist in the senate, and employ all my interest and all my abilities, (I mean assisted by your advice, your influence, and the obvious justice of the thing itself), to obtain a decree of the senate concerning the affairs of Buthrotum, according to the terms you propose in your letter. You desire me to reconsider my resolution of going into Greece. Well, I will think of it, though in my last letter, I recommended it as the subject of your consideration. Meanwhile, you are as liberal in reinstating your neighbours, the Massilians¹, in all their privileges, as if our country had already recovered her liberty. But, let me tell you, that it is not our authority, but our arms, that must restore us to freedom, and whether they be strong enough to effect this, I know not.

EPISTLE XV.

YOUR last short letter gave me sensible pleasure from what Brutus wrote to Antony, and now things begin to wear a much better aspect than heretofore.

¹ Probably their ambassadors lodged near Atticus at Rome, and they had been severely treated by Cæsar for their opposition to him.

heretofore. But, it is now time for me to consider where I am, or whither I intend to go. My friend Dolabella has acted most nobly; yes I call him my friend, though I hitherto have hesitated to rank him in that number. Some he threw from the rock—others he nailed to a cross—the pillar he demolished and the area he ordered to be paved¹. All, in a word, was heroic. To me he seems to have put an end to every pretext of mourning² for Cæsar, which till then daily gained ground, and must at last have, I apprehend, terminated in a manner fatal to those who destroyed the tyrant. Now, I agree to what you write in your letter; I now hope for better days, and yet, I cannot endure those

¹ As soon as Antony had left Rome, to make sure of the veterans of the army, who lay dispersed in the country of Italy, the lower kind of people erected an altar and a pillar to Cæsar's memory, and were guilty of such outrages as were very threatening to the friends of liberty. But Dolabella demolished both the altar and the pillar, and threw those votaries who were citizens of Rome, from the Tarpeian rock.

² Orig. *Simulationem desiderii*. Monsieur Mongault translates this, *Ce regret que le peuple paroissoit avoir de la mort de Cæsar*. And Dr. Middleton in his Life of Cicero, having occasion to translate part of this epistle, translates this passage by the words, "All appearance of regret for Cæsar." But neither of those gentlemen has expressed our author's meaning. The fact was, that the most needy and abandoned part of Rome pretended a mighty veneration for the memory of Cæsar, and under that pretence, met together at this place of devotion; where, in reality, they consulted together how they might rob and murder the men of property, which they very often did, as we perceive from our author and other writers.

those, who, while they pretend to be for peace, are defending the most nefarious deeds. But every thing is not to be had at once. Matters are much more favourably changed than I imagined, nor will I leave this place, till you advise me, that I may do it with honour.

You may depend upon my being wanting in no respect to our friend Brutus. Had I no manner of connection with him, I would serve him for his unrivalled, his amazing, virtue. Being to set out for Pompeii on the first of May, I leave my house under the care of my friend Pilia, and all that is in it. How earnestly do I wish that you could persuade Brutus to come to Astura?

EPISTLE XVI.

I WRITE this letter, just as I am going on board an open boat from the gardens of Clavius, after delivering over to Pilia, the charge of my house near the lake, my workmen, and my agents. As for myself, I this very day threatened to partake with Pætus in his plain fare. A few days hence, I design to go to Pompeii, from whence I will sail back to the delightful regions of Puteoli and Cumæ. What pleasurable spots these would be, did not crowds of company break in and almost drive me from them.

Q 2

But

But to come to business. How great is the exploit which my friend Dolabella has performed! What a lovely prospect has it opened! Well never can I sufficiently praise and encourage him to proceed. It gives me pleasure, that in all your letters, you intimate your sentiments of the action, and of the person who performed it. Trust me, my friend, Brutus might carry through the Forum, even a crown of gold upon his head; for who durst offer violence to him, while the fear of the rock and the cross is before their eyes, especially as the punishment was inflicted amidst such applauses and such rejoicings, of even the lower classes of the people? Now, my friend, you must take care to fit me out for Greece, a journey I am extremely desirous to perform, as soon as I have fully completed my engagements to our friend Brutus. It is of great consequence to my son, or rather to me, indeed, to both of us, that I should superintend his studies in person. For, give me leave to ask you, what is there in that letter of Leonidas which you sent to me, that ought to give me such mighty joy? The reserve he makes use of in praising my son, in my opinion, renders his commendation very imperfect. "At present," says he, "this is not the language of assurance, but of apprehension of what may happen hereafter." Now, though I charged Herodes that he should write me a minute account of every thing, yet I have not as yet had one line from him.

him. This, I am afraid, is owing to his having nothing to write, which he thinks would give me pleasure. I am extremely obliged to you for writing to Zeno. Both my duty and my character require, that my son should want for nothing.

I understand, that Flamma Flaminus is at Rome; I have written to him, that I have sent to desire you to talk with him upon the affair of Montanus. I beg you will take care, that my letter be delivered to him, and that you will converse with him at your leisure. I think, if the man has any shame in him at all, he will take care that other people do not in any respect suffer for him. I am extremely obliged to you for not telling me, that your daughter was indisposed, before you acquainted me of her recovery.

EPISTLE XVII.

I CAME to Pompeii the 3d of May, the day after I delivered up to Pilia the charge of my house at Cumæ, as I wrote you before. While I was at supper there, I received a letter which you sent by Demetrius the freedman, the 30th of last month. In that letter you specify many wise precautions. But, as you rightly observe, these measures may be unavailing, since caprice and fortune have now so much influence in all matters.

ters. We will, therefore, take a farther opportunity when we meet together, to consult of those things. It would be of great service to your business at Buthrotum, if I could by any means speak with Antony. But I am afraid, he will not turn out of his road for Capua, and that his journey thither, may prove to be the destruction of his country¹. Lucius Cæsar, whom yesterday I saw very much indisposed at Naples, was of the same sentiments. Therefore, we must delay to treat or conclude any thing on your affair, till the 1st of June. But so much for that.

The younger Quintus has written in most opprobrious terms to his father, who received his letter just as I arrived at Pompeii. He begins with telling him, that he shall never be able to endure his step-mother Aquillia. In this, perhaps, he may not be so much in the wrong, but what will you say to what follows? He tells them, that he had every thing from Cæsar, nothing from his father; that he depends upon Antony for the rest of his fortune. How lost to a sense of decency! But let him see to it. I have written to our friend Brutus, to Cassius, and to Dolabella. Inclosed you have copies of the several letters I sent to them, not that I am in any kind of doubt, whether they are proper to

¹ Antony went to Capua, in order to bring the veteran troops, whom Cæsar had settled thereabouts, into his measures.

to be delivered to them, for I am quite satisfied as to that, but because I hope to obtain your approbation.

Suffer me, my friend, to give you the trouble of supplying my son with what money you think proper, and I am extremely obliged to you for all your past favours in that respect. I have not yet finished to my mind the work which I think proper not to publish¹. As to the additions which you want should be made to them, they will require a separate volume. For my part, and I believe, you may depend on what I say, I am of opinion there was less danger in talking of those detestable measures while the tyrant was alive, than there is now that he is dead. For though I know not how it happened, he bore with wonderful patience, all I said to him². At present, we cannot stir without being called to submit not only to what Cæsar did, but what he designed to do. As Flamma is at Rome, you will

¹ *Orig. avindorov.* Dion says, that Cicero left this book sealed up in the hands of his son, with a charge that it should not be opened before his death; but Monsieur Mongault thinks, that this is improbable from what our author says in this place.

² We have many instances of the great liberties which Cæsar indulged our author in, particularly in breaking upon him several cutting jests; but Cæsar was secure in the superiority of his own genius, which was not the case with his successors.

will look after Montanus. I think the affair at present is in a more promising state.

Cicero to his Friend Dolabella Consul, wisheth Health.

IT is true, my Dolabella, that I felt interested in the glory you have lately acquired, and it gave me a great degree of joy and pleasure; yet I cannot help acknowledging, that my transport exceeded all measure, when I understood that the public voice pointed me out as the partner of your merits. I meet with nobody (for you must know, I see a great deal of company here, because many excellent persons resort to this neighbourhood on account of their health, not to mention the great number of my friends from the municipal cities) who, after extolling you to the skies, in the most honourable terms, immediately express their unfeigned obligation to me. They tell me, they are convinced, that in consequence of compliance with my precepts and counsels, you are become an excellent patriot, and an incomparable consul. Now, though I could with great justice tell them, that what you do is the result of your own judgment, and your own inclination, without standing in need of counsel from any man; yet I neither heartily
join

join with them, for fear of detracting from your merit, if all you do should appear to be the effect of my counsels, nor am I very forward in contradicting them. For you must know, that the love of praise is my predominant failing And yet, let me tell you, your dignity receives no diminution in that which was held to be an honour to Agamemnon himself, the king of kings, to have a Nestor to direct him in his counsels. With regard to myself, I esteem it a glory, that young as you are, you make so exalted a figure as a consul, and that you are deemed to be the pupil of my cares.

When I paid a visit to Lucius Cæsar, whom I found indisposed at Naples, and tortured with pain in every part of his frame, yet before our first compliments were over, "O my Cicero, said he, I congratulate you upon having so much influence over Dolabella. Had I as much over my nephew¹, all might yet be well with us, and our country. As to your Dolabella, I congratulate him, and I thank him. He is the only man since the days of your consulate, whom I really can call a consul." He then talked much of what you had done, and the measures you had executed. That never was there any thing done more magnanimously, more gloriously, or more for the service of our country, and the
public

¹ Meaning Antony, who was son to Julia, sister to Lucius Cæsar.

public unanimously agree in the same sentiments. Give me leave, therefore, to beg of you, that you will allow me to avail myself of this unmerited claim to the praise which belongs to you, and that you will suffer me in some degree to become a partaker of your fame.

Yet, after all, jesting apart, my dear Dola-bella, if I have acquired any glory, I would more willingly transfer the whole of it to you, than deprive you of the smallest portion. You are sensible how much I have ever loved you, but your late behaviour has raised my affection to the highest ardour. For, believe me, my friend, virtue is the fairest, it is the brightest, it is the loveliest object of human passion. You know, how dearly I have always loved Marcus Brutus, on account of his elevated genius, his amiable manners, his matchless probity and resolution, yet the love I bore him, received such an addition from the ides of March, that I wondered how a passion, which to me seemed long before at its highest pitch, could admit of advance. Who could have thought, that my affection for you could have been capable of increase? Yet so much is it increased, that what I feel for you now is love, and all before seems only to have been esteem. Need I then to exhort you to persevere in the paths of dignity and glory? Need I, like those who deal in exhortations, place before your eyes the examples of illustrious
heroes,

heroes, since I know none more illustrious than yourself? You have now none but yourself to imitate, none but yourself to exceed. After the glorious actions you have performed, you are not, Sir, at liberty to be unlike yourself. To exhort you, therefore, is unnecessary. Give me leave, rather to congratulate you, upon a thing, which, I believe, is unprecedented, namely, that the extreme severity of the punishment, so far from being odious, was even popular, and gave pleasure to every description of citizens, from the most illustrious and the most wealthy, to the poorest and most obscure. Had this been owing to fortune, I should have complimented you upon your felicity, but it was owing to the greatness of your soul, your genius and your wisdom; for you must know, that I have read your address to the people. Nothing surely was ever better composed. So gradually do you open the motives of your action, so artfully do you close it, that all must allow the offence to be ripe for the punishment you inflicted.

You, therefore, have freed the city from danger, and her government from dread, by an action not only meritorious at this time, but deserving of being transmitted as an example to future ages; an action which ought to make you sensible that the government now rests upon you, and that you are not only to protect, but to distinguish those heroes who gave rise to our recovered

vered liberty. But in a day or two, I hope to see you in person, and to talk with you more fully upon these matters. As you have saved us and your country, I beg, my dearest Dolabella, that you would take the most tender care of yourself.

EPISTLE XVIII.

As you frequently censure me for the exaggerated praises I have bestowed upon Dolabella's actions, I must beg to observe, that though I think his conduct highly meritorious, yet the manner in which you repeatedly wrote to me concerning him, induced me to extol it in the manner I did. But you are disgusted at Dolabella, for the very same reason which has incurred my cordial resentment. What a shameless fellow he is! My money was due the first of January, and he has not paid it yet, though he could free himself from an immense load of debt by the liberality of Faberius, who usually supplies him on all necessary occasions¹. I indulge in

¹ There is something here that looks very like what we call a conundrum in English. The original is, *Opem ab eo petierit*. That is, He sought assistance from him. But the wit lies in the similarity of *Opem* to the accusative of *Ops* the goddess, in whose temple Cæsar's money was deposited, of which Dolabella received a large share.

in such pleasantries, to shew you that I am not too much grieved at heart. On the 8th I wrote to him early in the morning; and, that very evening, I received at Pompeii your letter so soon as the third day after its date; but, as I wrote to you that same day, I sent a pretty sharp letter to Dolabella, which, I believe, if it has no other effect, will have that of making him not dare to look me in the face. I suppose you have finished that affair with Albius. You have highly obliged, by enabling me, to discharge the debt I owed Patulcius. Your conduct in this respect is in unison with your other acts of friendship to me. I left Eros at Rome, as well qualified to transact that business; and things have miscarried on this occasion by his culpable negligence. But I will forbear till I see him. I beg you will direct the affair of Montanus, as I have often desired you to do by my letters.

I am not at all surprised that Servius, when he was leaving Rome, talked to you, as if public affairs were desperate, for he cannot have a worse opinion of them than I have. If our worthy friend Brutus shall not assist in the senate on the first of June, I know not to what purpose he should appear in public at all. But he is the best judge of his own conduct. From the measures which I see going on, I cannot think that the ides of March have greatly improved our situation. For this reason I feel every day

day more inclined to withdraw into Greece. For I cannot see how it is in my power to serve the interest of my dear Brutus, who, as you write to me, thinks of going into voluntary banishment.

I am not quite satisfied with a letter I have received from Leonidas. I agree with you as to Herodes. I wish I had seen the letter of Saufeius. I think of setting out from Pompeii the 10th of May.

EPISTLE XIX.

ON the seventh of May, when I was at Pompeii, I received two letters from you, the one on the sixth, and the other on the fourth day after its date. I begin with the former. I am greatly pleased that Barnæus has delivered my letters so opportunely. You have acted like yourself with Cassius. It happened luckily, that four days before I received your letter, I wrote to him in the very terms you point out to me, and I have sent to you a copy of my letter. But at the very time I was driven to the greatest despair by the insolvency of Dolabella¹, as you call it, I received a letter from Brutus, and another from you.

Brutus

¹ Monsieur Mongault thinks that Cicero is in jest here, which I much doubt of, because, in the preceding letter, he is very much in earnest upon this head.

Brutus thinks of going into a voluntary exile¹. For my part I shall steer to another harbour², better suited to my time of life. Before I enter it, I could wish to see our friend Brutus happy, and our constitution established. But at present, as you observe, we have no choice left us. For you are of my opinion, that nothing is more unsuitable than war, especially a civil war, is to my time of life.

Antony's answer respects only Clodius. He thanks me for my forbearance and clemency, and tells me I shall find great satisfaction in the exercise of these virtues. But Pansa³ appears quite outrageous in regard to Clodius, and likewise to Dejotarus, and if we are to believe him, he talks in a very high strain. I do not however think it looks well in him to condemn so violently, as he does, the action of Dolabella. When our nephew was reproached by his father, for being crowned with garlands, he wrote him back in answer, that he wore a garland, to testify his respect for Cæsar, and that he laid it aside to testify his grief. In short, that he look-
ed

¹ We must not understand this question literally. Our author's meaning is, that if Brutus should leave Italy, as Pompey had done; he must never expect to see it again.

² Meaning death.

³ Cicero was mistaken in his opinion of this great man, who was afterwards killed in the battle of Mutina against Antony.

ed upon it as an honour to be reproached for loving Cæsar even after death. In conformity with your advice, I wrote very particularly to Dolabella, and likewise to Sicca. That is a task I do not impose upon you, because I wish you to stand well with Dolabella. I have reflected upon the words of Servius, and I perceive in them more fear than wisdom, and yet I agree with him, because we are all of us frightened out of our senses. Publilius has trifled with you. For Cærellia¹ came to negotiate with me in their behalf, and I easily persuaded her, that what she requested was not only against my inclination, but not within my power. If I should see Antony, I will do the best with him in regard to your business at Buthrotum.

I now come to your last letter, though I have already answered every thing concerning Servius, and that I think the achievements of Dolabella to be highly deserving of praise. Indeed I think greater exploits could not have been performed on such an occasion, and at such a juncture.

The

¹ We have already observed that our author has been accused of certain levities with this lady, who was considerably older than himself. But I think the passage before us carries with it a strong presumption of his innocence. For had there been any thing criminal between them, she was a very improper agent to have been employed in the affair mentioned here, which was a negotiation set on foot by the brother and friends of Cicero's last wife for his taking her back to his family.

The praises which I bestowed on him proceeded in a manner from the style in which you wrote to me, though I own myself to be so far of your opinion, that his conduct would be much more praise-worthy if he would remit his debt to me.

I wish that Brutus may come to Astura. You think I am in the right not to come to any determination concerning my voyage, before I see how public matters will turn out. I am now of another opinion. I shall however form no resolution before I see you. I am pleased with my dear Attica's acknowledgments in behalf of her mother, under whose superintendance I left my house and furniture. I am in hopes of seeing her by the 11th of this month. Do you make my compliments to your daughter. Pilia shall experience my affectionate regard.

EPISTLE XX.

I WENT by water from Pompeii, and reached the house of our friend Lucullus on the 10th, about nine in the evening. I was but just landed when I received your letter of the 7th, which, I was told, was brought to Cumæ by your express. Next day, about the same hour on which I landed, I received from Lucullus, yours dated from La-

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navium on the 9th. To these I sit down to return an immediate answer.

In the first place, I am obliged to you for your exertions in my behalf; for the care you have taken of that payment, and for the affair of Albianus. Now, with regard to your business at Buthrotum, you must know that when I was at Pompeii, Antony came to Misenum, but left it before I heard of his being there, and went to Samnium. Thus you see, that I must meet with him in Rome upon that matter. The speech of Lucius Antonius¹ filled me with horror; that of Dolabella was noble. He may, for aught I care, keep my money in his own hands, provided he pays me the interest punctually. I am sorry that Tertulla² has miscarried, for the race of Cassius and Brutus ought to be multiplied. I wish to know farther about the queen of Egypt, and her son Cæsario³. Thus much for your first letter, now to your second.

When

¹ He was brother to Mark Antony; and the harangue mentioned here, was a speech he made to the people for the distribution of certain lands to strengthen his brother's interest amongst the soldiers.

² She was sister to Brutus, and married to Cassius. Her name was Junia; but she was called Tertulla, from her being the third daughter in the family.

³ Whom she pretended she had by Cæsar; and he was afterwards put to death by command of Augustus.

When I come to Rome, I will, as you advise me, talk to my brother and nephew, and act respecting the affair of Buthrotum. You have obliged me in supplying my son with money. You think I am in the wrong to rest the whole interest of our country upon Brutus alone. But the thing certainly is so. Our country must either be nothing, or she must be saved by him and his friends. You advise me to draw up an harangue and send it to him. Give me leave, my dearest friend, to lay it down as what I think a general rule, on a subject in which I had a pretty large experience. Never was there a poet or an orator, who thought another man excelled him in his own art¹. If this is the case, (as in fact it is), with indifferent poets, what must you suppose of Brutus, who is really a man of genius and learning? An edict which I wrote for him at your request, furnishes some proof of this assertion. He preferred his own, though in my opinion, mine was preferable. When in compliance with his entreaties I addressed to him a piece upon the best manner of speaking, he wrote, not only to myself, but likewise to you, that he by no means approved of my taste. "As every man in love

¹ Nothing can be more true than this observation of our author, notwithstanding the affected humility of many great writers.

love is best pleased with the object of his affection, so every writer finds most gratification in his own compositions¹." This is not a very elegant quotation; for it is taken from Attilius, a stiff and unpolished poet. I wish, however, that Brutus were at liberty to harangue the people. All would be our own if he could remain at Rome with safety. For he, who would afresh erect the standard of a civil war, will either have no followers, or such as may be easily vanquished.

I now come to your third letter. I am greatly pleased that my letters were so agreeable to Brutus and Cassius. I have, therefore, answered theirs. They insist upon my making Hirtius a better patriot; which indeed, I endeavour to do, and he gives me fair assurances. But he lives and dwells with Balbus, who likewise is a fair speaker. We ought to look before we trust either. I perceive you are greatly pleased with Dolabella. For my part, I am charmed with him. I have passed some time at Pompeii with Pansa, who gives me the strongest proof of his having honest and pacific sentiments. I approve of the edict of Brutus and Cassius. You desire that I would bestow some thought in what manner they ought to proceed. This, let me tell you,

¹ The original is, *Quare sine, quaso, sibi quemque scribere, suam cuique sponsam, mihi meam, suum cuique amorem, mihi meum.*—E.

you, depends upon circumstances and contingencies, which, as you see, vary every hour. The first action of Dolabella, and this last harangue he made against Antony, have, in my opinion, done much service to the cause of freedom. Matters are now in a fair way. We are now likely to have a leader¹, which is the thing mostly wanted by the municipal cities and the patriotic party.

Shall you then pretend to quote Epicurus? Have you the presumption to say, "I will not meddle with state matters?" I think the very look of Brutus ought to frighten you out of such a declaration². You tell me that the younger Quintus is the right hand³ of Antony. We may therefore, through him, easily obtain all we want, and all we wish. If (as you are of opinion he
(would

¹ Meaning Dolabella. From the whole strain of this letter, it appears to have been written before the preceding, which hints at Dolabella's being bribed by Antony.

² This is a fine compliment to Brutus, who, by the bye, is represented on the coins and statues with a very noble open countenance.

³ *Orig. Dextella.* I have some doubt as to this passage. The manuscripts read Quintus F. If Cicero is serious here, the F. stands for *Frater*. If he speaks ironically, it stands for *Filius*, and I have translated it in that sense. I have translated *Dextella*, right hand, which is certainly our author's meaning; but the commentators, who never choose to deviate from the severity of language, and never make allowance for the familiarities of expression, have given this up as a desperate word.

would) Lucius Antonius has produced Octavius before the people, I long to know what kind of a speech he delivered. I am so pressed by the bearer of Cassius's letter, that I write this in a hurry. I now go to pay my compliments to Pilia, and then I set out in a barge to an entertainment made by Vestorius. My compliments to your daughter.

EPISTLE XXI.

ON the 11th of this month, soon after I had charged the messenger of Cassius with a letter to you, my own express arrived, and, which was very strange, without any letter from you. But I soon conjectured that you must have been at Lanuvium. Now you must know, Eros has dispatched him in a hurry, that I might the sooner receive Dolabella's letter, which did not, indeed, concern my own affair, (for mine had not yet come to his hand) but was an answer, and a very satisfactory answer it is, to that letter of which I sent you a copy. I had but just sent off Cassius's express, when in comes Balbus. It is, indeed, easy to perceive that he is afraid of public tranquillity. And yet you know he always is very reserved. But he made no secret of Antony's proceedings. He told me, that he had
been

been going round to all the veterans, to bring them to approve of Cæsar's acts, and to bind them by an oath, to support and maintain them, and that two magistrates should examine them every month. He likewise complained of the prejudice generally cherished against him, and his whole conversation betrayed his attachment towards Antony. He is not, in short, to be depended on.

In my opinion, there can be no manner of doubt that a war is inevitable. The action of our friends was manly, but their measures are childish. Who is so blind as not to see, that Cæsar has nominated a successor to his power¹. Now, what can be more absurd than to be afraid of one, and not of the other, though, indeed, we live in an age distinguished by political inconsistencies. For instance, the mother of the chief who armed himself against the tyrant still possesses the Neapolitan estate of Pontius². I ought frequently to peruse the work, entitled, Cato Major, which I sent to you as an antidote to that petulance and fretfulness which I perceive to
grow

¹ Meaning Antony. Some of the conspirators were for killing him at the same time with Cæsar; but this was generously opposed by Brutus.

² We have already taken notice of Servilia, the mother of Brutus, being the mistress of Cæsar, who had made her a present of this estate, which had been confiscated for the author's adherence to the cause of his country.

grow with my years. Every thing discomposes me. My life is now drawing to a close¹, and I relinquish the business and pleasures of the world to the young who succeed me.

Do you continue to take care of my interest. I have written, or rather, dictated this in the seat of Vestorius, when the second course was set upon the table. To-morrow I intend to see Hirtius, the last of the five commissioners of Cæsar's funeral. These are the means I make use of to reclaim this great man to our republican party. Yet, I know it to be a labour in vain. There is not a man amongst them who is not afraid of peace. Let me, therefore, retire—any where rather than to a camp. I beg you to express, in the warmest terms, my good wishes for the welfare of Attica. I am impatient to see the speech of Octavius. Write me every thing that occurs, especially if there is any remittance from Dolabella², or whether to get rid of my debt, he will not pass a bill in favour of all insolvent debtors³.

EPISTLE

¹ He was about sixty three.

² *Orig. Acquid Dolabella tinniat.* That is, whether Dolabella chinks.

³ This was the measure that had been long suspected.

EPISTLE XXII.

BEING informed by Pilia, that an express was going off for you upon the 15th, I immediately took up my pen that I might write to you something or other. In the first place then, I am to inform you, that I set out from hence to Arpinum on the 17th of May; you will, therefore, send thither any letters you write to me, though I shall very soon see you in passing. For I am desirous before I come to Rome, to ascertain with full assurance, what is likely to be the event. And yet, I am afraid, that my own apprehensions are but too well grounded. The designs of the party are but too plain. As to my pupil¹, who is to sup with me this evening, dearly does he love the man whom our Brutus wounded; and if I must speak it (for I speak it from what I see and know) they, in general, are averse to restore the public tranquillity. The reasons they adopt and profess are, that a most illustrious person has been murdered; that his death has convulsed the whole commonwealth; that, as soon as our fears have subsided, all his acts will be cancelled;

¹ Meaning Hirtius. It seems our author's country seat and his lay very near one another. For, though he went to see Hirtius, we find him entertaining him in his own house.

cancelled; that his clemency was his chief misfortune, and had he been less forgiving, he would still have been alive.

Now I am of opinion, that if Sextus Pompeius should come to Italy, as he probably will, at the head of a sufficient army, a war must be inevitable. The appearances and apprehensions of this give me infinite uneasiness, for we shall not now have the same liberty as we had in the late war. We have avowed our party by our rejoicing publicly for Cæsar's death. And his friends are perpetually accusing us of ingratitude. We shall then have nothing of that liberty which we¹ enjoyed with great many others at that time. I must therefore throw off the mask and take the field, which will be more disagreeable than a thousand deaths at my age. The ides of March, therefore, give me no such joy as they did some time ago, for they were followed by an egregious error². And yet the youthful heroes may plead,
that

¹ Monsieur Mongault here translates the plural number by the singular. But I think it is more natural to understand what is said here of Atticus, as well as of Cicero; because the former openly opposed the giving Cæsar's body a public funeral.

² Meaning that Antony was not killed along with Cæsar. From this passage and many others, it appears, that our author was not at all in the secret of the conspirators. The truth is, he had given so many proofs of weakness and irresolution, that they did not choose to trust him. There was another reason, besides that of magnanimity, why Brutus opposed the putting
Antony

*that their successful achievements are sufficient to shield them from any reproach*¹.

If you, however, have any grounds for hoping better things, as you have more opportunities of conversation, and of being present at consultations; I beg you will let me know by a letter, and bestow some thoughts how I am to proceed in the affair of my votive legation. The truth is, a great many people here put me upon my guard against being present in the senate on the 1st of June. They tell me, that soldiers have private orders to be in readiness that day to dispatch our friends; and it appears to me, that they will be in greater safety any where than in the senate.

CICERO'S

Antony to death along with Cæsar, and that was, that he had been engaged with Trebonius to kill Cæsar upon his last return from Spain. Antony afterwards was reconciled to Cæsar, but he never discovered his engagements with Trebonius, and the conspirators, for that reason, agreed that Trebonius should, under some pretext, keep Antony from going into the senate-house when Cæsar was killed, for fear they should have been obliged to have killed him likewise, if he had endeavoured to have saved Cæsar.

¹ The original here is a Greek Iambic. Ἀλλοις ἐν ἐσθλοῖς τοῖς ἀπαθουναὶ ψογόν.

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XV.

EPISTLE I.

THE death of Alexio is to me a melancholy event! It is incredible into what affliction it has thrown me, and I am fretful from different causes than most of the people about me suppose. Where, say they, will you find another physician? What occasion have I now ¹ for a physician? If I had, they, surely, are not so scarce. But I regret him for the affection he bore me, for the elegance of his manners, and the sweetness of his temper; let me add likewise, that it is an alarming consideration for ourselves, that such a man, notwithstanding

¹ Meaning that life was not worth his care, when his country was in so deplorable a situation.

ing his great temperance and skill in his profession, should be hurried so suddenly out of the world by so terrible a disease. But there is one thought which in general is calculated to console us under events of this kind, that we have received life on condition of submitting to all the calamities that befall it¹.

I acquainted you, by a former letter, that I had not seen Antony. For, while I was at Pompeii, he came to Micenum, which place he left before I knew of his being there. But it happened, while I was perusing your letter, that Hirtius was at my house at Puteoli. I therefore read your letter, and pressed your affair home, to him. He told me, in the first place, that whatever part he did in the business should be done for your own sake only, and he concluded by telling

¹ Sed ad hæc omnia una consolatio est quod ea conditione natus sumus, ut nihil, quod homini accidere possit, recusari debeamus. A beautiful and appropriate sentiment, but rather calculated to *silence* than soothe *complaint*, and yet this is the farthest limit to which the light of nature extends. The disciple of nature under affliction ceases to grieve because to grieve is unavailing; because the cause of sorrow is the inevitable lot of man. But the believer in revelation possesses sources of real consolation even in circumstances of the severest pain. Deprived of his dearest friends and relatives and in the prospect of his own death he looks through the evidences of christianity to a renewed and more exalted state of being, and he feels his fears and his sorrows subsiding into serenity and joy.—E.

telling me, that he would be directed by me, not only in this affair, but through the whole course of his consulship. With regard to Antony, I will deal with him in such a manner as to convince him, that, if he obliges me in this particular, he will make me wholly his. I am in hopes Dolabella will pay what he owes me¹.

Now to return to our friends, of whom you intimate your good hopes on account of their moderate edicts. You must know when Hirtius parted from me at Puteoli on the 16th, to meet Pansa at Naples, I satisfied myself as to his sentiments; for I took him aside, and exhorted him to pacific measures. You may be sure he told me that his inclination lay that way, but that he was as much afraid of violence from our friends, as from Antony; that in the meanwhile, though both parties had reason not to appear abroad without their guards, yet he was equally apprehensive of both sides drawing the sword. In short he is not rightly disposed towards peace.

I agree with you as to the younger Quintus, whose father received wonderful satisfaction and delight from your letter. As to Cærellia, I easily brought her over, nor indeed did I think her much in earnest, and if she was indifferent, surely

¹ Orig. *Dolabellam spero domi esse*. It is, if I mistake not, an act of bankruptcy for a trader to deny himself, if he is at home, to his creditor.

surely I have much more reason to be so. As to the other woman, who, you say, is so troublesome, I am surprised you pay her the least attention. It is true, I have spoken in terms of commendation in the presence of her friends. But before her sons and daughter I spoke in very different terms. You may demand my reason for this inconsistency. Age deviates from its natural character, when it again engages in the vain pursuits of youth, and debases itself with vexations which are already too numerous¹.

You tell me that Brutus desires to see me before the 1st of the next month, and he has sent me a letter to the same purpose. It is very possible I may see him, but indeed I know not how I can serve him. For how can I give him counsel when I am so much at a loss for it myself, and as his action has rendered his own name immortal, but has left our tranquillity precarious. The report

¹ Cærellia appears to have out-stepped the modesty of her sex, and through the medium of Atticus to have solicited marriage with Cicero. She seems to have been misled by the compliments which on some occasions he paid her, and which were hardly justifiable if accompanied with the reflection which he passed upon her person and character at other times. His words here are part of a Greek proverb which carries an allusion to a fable of Æsop. *Οὐ τὰ αὐτὸ ἐκ τῆ αὐτῆς*, supply *σφραγὶς*, *ἐκπορεύεται*, I did not pour out the same thing from the same mouth, i. e. the very tongue which praised her on some occasions censured her on others.—E.

The report about Cleopatra is come to nothing. I beg that you would deal with Flamma all you can.

I wrote to you yesterday, as I was leaving Puteoli to go to Cumæ where I found Pilia almost entirely recovered; I likewise saw her at Bauli. She was come thither¹ from Cumæ to attend a funeral, at which I likewise assisted; for our friend Cnæus Lucullus was then burying his mother. I therefore passed yesterday at Sinuessa, and have this morning written this letter to you, before I set out for Arpinum. Now there is nothing new that I can either tell you, or you me, unless you think there is any thing in the following circumstance. Our friend Brutus has sent me the speech, which he made in the assembly at the capitol, and he begged that I would use what freedom I pleased in correcting it before he published it. Nothing, I assure you, can exceed it in elegance of style and propriety of sentiment. But, if I had composed it, I should have animated the subject with more ardour, and enforced it with greater energy². You know the character he

¹ Bauli lay between Baiæ and Cumæ.

² Our author is certainly in the right in his observations of the difference between himself and Brutus; and there are, to this very day, two parties of the same kind in the republic of letters. Brutus had received a regular education; he had applied

he assumed, and therefore I could correct nothing in the speech. For, according to the manner which our friend Brutus thinks the best, and the judgment which he forms of a complete speaker, he has succeeded so well in that speech, that no composition can be more finished. But my taste is quite different. Whether I am right or wrong I know not. I would have you, however, read

plied himself to all the elegancies of stile and language; his sentiments were just and beautiful, and nothing could be more irreprehensible than all his compositions. Such I say was Brutus, and such the generality of the noblemen and gentlemen, who made great figures at that time at Rome, and such at this day is the character of the most distinguished moderns for learning who have gone through a regular course of education, and apply themselves to study. But, though these are qualities that form fine writers and good speakers, there goes more to the composition of a great genius. Our author thought that this either was wanting in Brutus, or that it had been too much polished away. He felt it within himself, he had seen its effects, but was himself too great a genius to descend to the drudgery of proving and defending it upon the principles of art, because, in fact, it is somewhat that is beyond the bounds of art, though it constitutes its chief beauties. With regard to elegance, we have had fewer instances of genius in it than in painting, poetry, or any of the fine arts, while the compositions of learned speakers are, in general, less faulty and more just than compositions upon any other art. There was scarcely a great man at Rome, who was not a fine speaker and a fine writer, who did not pique himself in publishing his compositions, and who did not hope for immortality from them. But they were without the characteristic I have mentioned, which so eminently distinguishes our author, and therefore their compositions are long lost.

read that speech, if you have not read it already, and let me know your opinion of it. And yet I am afraid that you will be betrayed into an erroneous judgment¹ by that refinement in criticism which is expressed by your own name. But if you reflect upon the thunder of Demosthenes, you will there see that force may be united with elegance. But of this we will talk when we meet. At present I was unwilling that Methrodorus should go to you either with no letter, or with one, only for form's sake.

EPISTLEII.

ON the 18th, as I was leaving Sinuessa to go to Cumæ, after writing a letter to you, I received yours from the express. It was unnecessary to say so much as you do concerning the affair of Buthrotum, which lies, and shall lie, as near to my heart as it does, or can, lie to yours. It becomes each of us to take care of the other's concerns, and I have engaged in this as a business of the highest consequence to myself. I learnt from

¹ Cicero here puns upon the name of Atticus which is synonymous with the Greek *αττικός*, *elegant*. We find our author, in several places, blaming his friend for his too great delicacy in criticism, which, he thought, damped that noble spirit, which marks the works of a great genius.

from your letters, as I have from another quarter, that Lucius Antony made a wretched speech; but I am ignorant of the particulars; for you do not give me so much as a hint of them. I am glad of what has happened to Menedemus. Our nephew certainly said those things which you write. I am glad that you think me in the right in not composing what you requested of me, and you would think me much more so, were you to read the Harangue which I mentioned in my former letter of this day. Your news of the legions¹ proves true. But I think you have not sufficiently considered that the authority of the senate alone will not be able to carry through our Buthrotian affair. So far as I can see (though all is but conjecture) our own safety will be but precarious. But if I am mistaken in this, I wish you not to be mistaken with regard to that business.

I am of your opinion, as to the harangue of Octavius², but I do not approve of the preparations

Antony had called some legions from Macedon, the province that had been allotted him by Cæsar, with an intention to employ them in Gaul, which was the province he had his eye upon at this time, and Atticus thought that this was a favourable circumstance for the affair he was soliciting at Buthrotum, which lay in the neighbourhood of Macedonia.

² Octavius, as Heir to Cæsar, intended to celebrate certain plays in honour of the Julian family, which that great man designed

tions which he makes for the plays¹; and that Matius and Posthumius should be his managers. Saserna¹ is worthy of being their colleague. Now, you are sensible, that all those fellows hate peace as much as we do war. I should be glad to contribute all I can in abating the public prejudice against Balbus. But he himself thinks that impossible, and therefore he is at work upon other schemes. I am glad that what I have said in my first Tusculan Disputation has diminished your fear of death, which is the best and the readiest refuge from calamity. I am glad that Flamma promises so fairly. I am ignorant, as to the particulars of the case of the Tyndaritans², about which you are so earnest. Meanwhile, I will endeavour

designed to exhibit before he was killed. Cicero did not like this proceeding. As yet, he looked upon Octavius in no other light than that of a boy, who from the nearness of this relation to Cæsar, might be made use of to balance the power of Antony. But he did not like, that the remembrance of Cæsar's person should be awakened in the minds of the people by such Exhibitions, and he certainly was in the right concerning it. The truth is, public affairs were then very much perplexed at Rome. If the conspirators were in the right to kill Cæsar, nothing could be more absurd, as our author often observes, than to enforce his measures, and in a manner, even to deify his person. If they were in the wrong, it was equally absurd in the body of the people, to bestow such applauses as they did upon every measure taken by the conspirators for the perpetual abolition of tyranny.

¹ These three were known, and violent partizans of Cæsar.

² They were inhabitants of a city in Sicily.

deavour to serve them. I find, that Hirtius is alarmed at the present proceedings, and especially at Antony's profusion. I am sorry for the loss of Alexio, but I think it a happiness for him that he is dead, as his disease was so violent. Meanwhile, I should be glad to know who are his second heirs, and the date of his testament.

EPISTLE III.

ON the 22d I received at Atina, two letters from you, in answer to two of mine, the one dated the 18th, the other the 21st. Now, in answer to the first. You will hasten to Tusculanum as you write, and I think of being there myself on the 25th. You write, "that we must obey our conquerors." I will answer, at least, for myself, that I will not. I know many measures preferable to that. You put me in mind of the decree¹ that was made in the temple of Apollo, under the consulate of Lentulus and Marcellus. But give me leave to say, that the party is not the same, nor are the times the same, especially as you write to me, that Marcellus and others are retiring. I must therefore try before-hand, and
come

¹ This was when, upon Cæsar's marching to Rome, the senate, as in the case of a rebellion, or conspiracy, or any other momentous concern to the public, gave it in charge to the consuls, "to take care that the commonwealth should receive no detriment."

come to some resolution, whether I can be safe at Rome or not. I am very jealous of the possessors of our new plantations. Thus, scarcely can I move without danger¹. But these are matters of no moment and I despise even the greatest dangers. I am acquainted with the contents of Calva's will, who was a mean, sordid man. I am obliged to you for the care you have shown in the sale of Demonicius. It is some time since I wrote very fully to Dolabella concerning Marius². I hope my letters came to hand, for I pay all due attention to his interest.

I now come to your second letter. I know all I wanted to know, concerning Alexio. Hirtius is entirely yours. I wish it were worse with Antony than it is³. What you write to me concerning my nephew, gives me very great pain. I will speak
with

¹ Meaning, that if he goes to Rome, he was there in danger from Cæsar's party, and, should he stay in the country, from the veterans which Antony had gained over by a late distribution of public lands amongst them.

² He was a friend and relation to Cicero; and some of his letters are still extant.

³ *Orig. Antonio, quam est, volo pejus esse.* Monsieur Mongault thinks, that this expression regards Lucius Antony, who had opposed his solicitations, in the affair of Buthrotum. But I see no reason, why we may not understand it of Mark Antony, whom our author began to be more than ever jealous of, especially, as he had made several fruitless attempts to talk with Mark Antony about that affair, the success of which depended more upon him than it did upon Lucius Antony.

with his father when I see him. I am greatly desirous to serve Brutus as far as I am able, and I perceive, you are of my opinion, with regard to his short harangue. But I cannot comprehend how you can imagine, that I should compose a speech, and put it off as that which was pronounced by Brutus, now that he has published his. How would this look, or would you have me to go upon the topic, that it was lawful to kill the tyrant. I shall speak and write much on that subject; but it will be in a different stile, and on a different occasion. The tribunes have behaved nobly in the affair of Cæsar's throne¹, and I likewise approve of what our knights have done. I am glad that Brutus has been at my house, provided he has enjoyed himself there, and without being hurried away.

EPISTLE

¹ This was a golden chair which the senate had decreed for Cæsar, in all public places, a compliment paid only to the gods. When Octavius attempted to bring this chair upon the theatre, he was opposed in it by the tribunes, probably seconded by the knights, who were disposed in fourteen rows of the theatre.

EPISTLE IV.

ABOUT two in the afternoon, on the 23d, I received a dispatch from Quintus Fufius¹, containing a note written in his senseless vapid manner, begging me to receive him to my former good opinion. Meanwhile, it may possibly happen, that when one does not love a person, he looks upon every thing to be stupid which that person does, or writes. My answer was such, as, I believe, you would approve of. The same express brought me two letters from you, the one of the 22d, the other of the 23d. Now, as to the first—What, a whole legion has deserted Antony!²—Excellent news indeed! Carfulenus too has abandoned him! I should have as well thought, that rivers would flow back to their source. What you tell me of Antony's measures, is very alarming; I wish that he would apply to the people, as I believe he will, rather than to the senate³.

But

¹ His surname was Calenus. He had been the friend of Clodius, and was afterwards attached to Antony.

² *Orig. Et Legio?* This legion was called Martia, and was commanded by the Carfulenus here mentioned, who went over to Octavius, and was afterwards killed at the battle of Modena, where his legion was cut in pieces.

³ Our author was afraid of any thing coming from the authority of the senate, that looked like condemning the action of the conspirators.

But the whole plan of his conduct, seems to point towards war; if it is true, that he intends to deprive Decimus Brutus of his government. According to the opinion I have of his spirit, I do not think Antony will gain his point without violence. But, as he has become responsible for your solicitation in favour of the Buthrotians, I wish he may meet with no opposition¹. You will perhaps, ask me, why I am so merry upon this subject. But give me leave to tell you, that I am so far from being merry, that I am sorry the mighty favour you obtained, has not been obtained by my assiduity and interest.

You tell me you are quite at a loss to conceive how our friends ought to proceed. I have been equally at a loss for a long time. The consolation, afforded by the ides of March, is now unavailing. We acted like men, but we consulted like boys. The tree was felled, but its roots were not plucked up, and therefore, you see how it puts forth fresh shoots. Let us, therefore, have recourse to our Tusculan Disputations², as you are so fond of them. If you please, we will conceal this last circumstance from Sausfeius, who never shall know it through me. You tell me, Brutus desires to know from you, on what day I am to be at Tusculanum. Let him know, about the 27th, as I wrote

¹ This is spoken ironically.

² *Viz.* Against the fear of death, and against the Epicureans, of which sect Sausfeius was.

wrote to you before, and I should be glad to see you as soon as possible. For, I am of opinion, that I must go to Lanuvium, which, I know, will afford much idle conversation to the public; and therefore requires deliberation.

I now return to your first letter, without adverting to what you say in the beginning of it concerning the Buthrotians, whose interest I have very deep at heart, provided, as you intimate, I shall be at liberty to appear in their favour. You still insist, and that too as peremptorily as you did before, on my writing a speech for Brutus. What shall I treat of? The subject that has been handled by him? and treat of it too without his desiring me! This he would regard as an impertinent interference. You will perhaps advise me to compose it in the manner of Heraclides. Well, I am not against that, but I must form my plan, and I must have time to execute it maturely. You may entertain what opinion you please of me, and I hope you always will entertain a very good one, but believe me (and I mean no offence) that if public matters continue as they are at present, I shall have no pleasure in reflecting upon the ides of March. Had we struck at the root, we should not have had a second Cæsar, nor should we have been terrified into a confirmation of all his acts. At least, for my own part (that I may speak in the stile of Sausfeius, and not in that of my Tusculan Disputations,

putations, which you exhort even Vestorius to read) I was so much in favour with Cæsar, whose memory I wish to consign to everlasting infamy, that since I have not recovered my freedom by the death of that tyrant, he would have been at this time of my life, by no means, an undesirable master. I blush, believe me I do, at what I write, but as I have written it, it shall even stand¹,

I wish that the news concerning Menedemus may be true, and likewise, that concerning the queen of Egypt. I will talk with you when we meet of all the other matters, especially how our friends are to proceed, and what I am to do myself, should Antony beset the senate-house with his soldiers. I have not trusted his messenger with this letter, for fear he should break it open, and,

¹ Our author, here, gives us a very true picture of himself. Whatever his professions are, it is plain, from the constant tenor of his letters, that when he did not meet with the consideration he thought he deserved, nothing went well in the government. We find him by turns courting the conspirators, Antony, Octavius, Dolabella and Hirtius, and all to recover his own importance. The apology offered for him by Dr. Middleton and his other admirers, as if he had done this in order to keep the parties balanced, so that his country might recover her liberty, is the most despicable that can be imagined. For he could not well, at this time, be ignorant of the views of Octavius, who had the address to sooth his vanity, and weakness, and to make use of him in all his most pernicious designs upon the public liberty.

and, as I was at any rate to answer yours, I have sent it off by express.

I wish with all my heart, that you could have answered the request of Brutus¹. As you cannot, I have let him know so much by letter. I have sent Tyro with a message, and a letter to Dolabella. You may send for him, and write by him whatever you have to say to me. When I write this, Lucius Cæsar interrupts me, begging that I would see him at his house in the grove, or that I would write to him where he can wait upon me, because Brutus wants very much, that we should meet together. What a vexatious, endless, business this is! Well! so far as I can foresee at present, I will give him the meeting, and then go to Rome. I write to you as yet only in general, for I have yet heard nothing from Balbus. I, therefore, am impatient for a letter from you, stating your opinion of what is likely to be the event, and giving me an account of the state of things.

EPISTLE V.

THE express is returned from Brutus, with letters from him and Cassius, who are extremely desirous of being advised by me. Brutus even asks

¹ Monsieur Mongault for very good reasons, is of opinion, that this paragraph begins a new letter.

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asks me, which of the two measures he should adopt¹.—You understand me; wretched situation! It will not bear writing upon. I, therefore, think of answering him by silence, unless somewhat should occur to you. If there does, I beg you would inform me by letter. As to Cassius, he is extremely earnest and importunate with me, that I would convert Hirtius into a patriot. Would you think the man in his senses thus to bid me do a thing impossible². I have sent you his letter. Both Balbus and Hirtius write to me in the same manner as you do concerning the senate's coming to a resolution upon the provinces of Brutus and Cassius. Hirtius tells me, that he has actually left Rome, and is returned to Tusculanum, and he is violently against my going to Rome, and that too, on account of the danger I must be exposed to, to which he himself has been exposed. For my part, though there were no danger, I ought to be so cautious of exciting Antony's jealousy, by not seeming to be pleased with his prosperity and power, that I have all the reason in the world not to go to Rome, for fear I should see him.

You

¹ *Viz.* Whether he shall go to Rome, or leave Italy.

² *Orig.* ὀγκρῆς ἀσθῆναι. Literally, *the fuller is black*, a proverb, which answers to the saying among us, *to wash a blackamore white*, that is, to attempt an impossibility.—E.

You must know likewise, that our friend Varro has forwarded to me a letter, sent to him, I know not by whom; for he has erased the writer's name, informing him, that such of the veterans¹ as were excluded from the division of the lands (for some of them were thus excluded) talked very desperately, and that all who seem not to favour their interests, must be exposed to great hazards, should they go to Rome. How then must I go, return, look, and walk about, amidst such ruffians. If, as you write Lucius Antonius is ordered to command against Decimus, and other generals are appointed to act against our friends the conspirators, what shall I do, and how shall I behave? My present resolution is to absent myself from a city where, in prosperity, I flourished with the highest dignity; and with a little, even in servitude. But my resolution is not so fixt to leave Italy, upon which I will consult with you, as it is not to go to Rome.

EPISTLE VI.

OUR friends Brutus and Cassius having written to me to employ all my interest with Hirtius, who in their opinion is a good patriot, to confirm him

¹ They afterwards went over to Octavius.

him in his present dispositions, from which they apprehend he may swerve: I have written and recommended to him a due regard for Brutus and Cassius. Meanwhile, though he is at present at variance with Antony, yet, I know him to be a friend to the party. I was willing you should see his answer, which I have sent you, and to know your opinion whether the party are apprehensive that our friends have more courage than they really have.

Hirtius to his Friend Cicero, wisheth Health.

“YOU ask me, whether I am now returned to the country, and whether I am inactive amidst this universal combustion. You must know then that I have left Rome, because I thought it my best course. I write this in my journey to Tusculanum, for you are not to think me so much of a hero, as to return to Rome by the 5th. For, I can see nothing now that can require my attendance there, since the governments are bestowed for a term of years. I wish, that you could as easily dissuade Brutus and Cassius from running into any violent measure as you can truly persuade them of my being directed by you. I observe you say, that they were leaving Italy when they wrote to you. Whither, or why, are they going? Dissuade them, I conjure you, my
Cicero,

Cicero, from this intention, and suffer not the whole system of our government to be ruined, which is every day, by heaven, receiving fundamental shocks from the rapines, burnings, and slaughters that are committed. All they have to do is to be upon their guard, if they apprehend any danger, but let them not stir an inch farther. Believe me, they cannot, by the most violent measures, come nearer to their purpose than they can do by the most inactive, provided they are circumspect. As to what is passing now, it cannot be durable, but should a civil war break out, it must be immediately pernicious and fatal. Let me know your sentiments of them when I arrive at Tusculanum.

Such is the letter of Hirtius, and my answer was, that to my certain knowledge, my friends had nothing violent in view. I was willing you should know how this matter has passed. This letter was sealed when Balbus wrote me, that Servilia was returned, and assures him, that Brutus and Cassius will not leave Italy. I now expect a letter from you.

EPISTLE VII.

THE letters you forwarded to me, gave me great pleasure, especially that of our friend Sextus. The cause, you will say, is that indeed it is

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so

so much in your own praise. There may indeed be something in that; and yet, before I came to this place, I was charmed both with his sentiments upon public matters, and his assiduity in writing to me. As to our pacific friend Servius¹, with his little secretary, he seems to have undertaken the negociation, and to be guarding against any fraud in the deeds of agreement. But he ought to have reflected, that it is not the law but the sword² that will decide the question. I expect to have a letter from you likewise.

EPISTLE VIII.

SINCE you left me, I received two letters from Balbus without any news, and one from Hirtius, intimating his terrible disgust with the veterans. I am extremely impatient to know, what will be done the first of next month³. For that purpose, I have dispatched Tyro, and along with him, several of my domestics, any of whom you may charge with a letter when any thing happens worth

¹ Servius Sulpicius was remarkable for affecting in the former war, to negotiate between Cæsar and the senate; and he was esteemed the greatest lawyer of his time.

² This is taken from a verse of Ennius.

³ The original has *Kal. Martiis*. But this must be a mistake, since our author evidently means the first of June, when the senate was to meet.

worth your writing. I have even written to Antony concerning a legation, for fear he should have taken it amiss, had I written to Dolabella singly.

As Antony, however, is said not to be easy of access, I have written to desire Eutrapelus¹ to put my letter into his hand, and have acquainted him how serviceable that legation would be to me. A votive legation would be more honourable², but I may make use of either.

I beg you would diligently examine your own situation. I wish that we could confer together upon it, but if that should be impracticable, we may do the same thing by letters. Grœceius³ has written to me, that he has received a letter from Caius Cassius, informing him, that a number of armed men have got together, and are ordered to march to my house at Tusculanum. This news does not seem very probable to me. Meanwhile, I must be upon my guard, and must have an eye upon my several country-houses. But to-morrow, I shall better know what to determine.

EPISTLE

¹ He was an officer of the artillery under Antony.

² *Viz.* Than a lieutenancy under Dolabella.

³ He was very intimate with Brutus and Cassius.

EPISTLE IX.

ON the third in the evening, I received a letter from Balbus, informing me that the senate would meet on the 5th, and that Brutus was to be dispatched to Asia, and Cassius to Sicily, to buy up corn, which they were to send to Rome. How desperate is our situation! First, that they should receive any commission from such a faction, and next, if they received any, that they should receive one in which they can act only in the capacity of deputies¹. Perhaps, it would have been as well to send them to divert themselves on the bank of Eurotas. But all must be as fortune directs. Balbus tells me likewise, that the senate at the same time will, by a decree, assign provinces to them and other prætorians. This, indeed, is better than their walking under the Persican portico. For you must know, that our friend has a Lacedæmon at Lanuvium². You ask

¹ Because the year of their prætorship not being expired, they could only have the title of Legati, and not of proprætores.

² A good many private circumstances are touched at in this, and the preceding sentence. Monsieur Mongault, after Grævius, thinks it probable, that Brutus had built at Lanuvium a kind of an epitome of the famous Persican portico which was at Lacedæmon, in commemoration of the victories of the Lacedæmonians

ask me, why I should laugh in talking of such matters? What shall I do, I am tired with crying?

Immortal Gods! into what agony was I thrown, by reading the first page of your letter? What! armed men breaking into your house! But I was glad that this cloud soon blew over. I am extremely impatient to know how you succeeded in your melancholy as well as difficult negotiation, of bringing our friends to act in concert¹. This seems to be impracticable, so closely are we beset on all hands with troops. As to myself, the letter from Brutus, which you say you read, so struck me, that though I was before uncertain what to advise, I am now rendered still more undetermined through grief. But I will write you more when I am better informed. At present I had very little to write to you, and the less, because

cedæmonians over the Persians, and that the river Eurotas, where the Lacedæmonians used to indulge themselves in time of peace, was represented there, either in painting, or by some real rivulet in the neighbourhood, to which Brutus gave that name. Meanwhile, from the manner of our author's expression, I am apt to think, that besides those allusions, he has a secret glance at Brutus's laconic way of writing, which he so much disapproved of.

¹ *Orig. Ad consiliandum legatione.* I agree in general with Monsieur Mongault's sense of this passage. Only, I think that the expression does not imply a simple consultation, but a consultation for acting with unanimity. This office suited very well with the character of Atticus, and the next letter justifies the sense I have given to this passage.

because I am in some doubt whether this letter will come to your hand, as it is not certain that this express will see you. I am extremely impatient for a letter from you.

EPISTLE X.

How affectionate is the letter from Brutus, and how wayward is your situation, that you cannot go to him! Now, what advice can I send them? It would be dishonourable to accept favours from that party? Shall I counsel them to make some attempt? That is what they dare not, and at this time, what they cannot do. Supposing I advise them to remain quiet. But who will answer for their being safe? But should the party proceed to extremities against Decimus, how then could our friends endure to live, even supposing, that none should attack them? Can any thing be more mortifying than that? Brutus dares not preside at his own exhibitions? To bestow upon him the commission for buying up corn, is no other than a plausible pretext for removing him out of the way¹; not to mention that it is one of the meanest employments

¹ *Orig. Quæ est alia Dionis legatio.* Because the tyrants Dionysius the elder and the younger, used to employ their kinsman, Dion, in embassies to keep him from practices against their government.

employments in all our government. In short, it is so delicate an affair to give counsel in such a situation, that the counsellors themselves are not in safety. But I should despise danger, could I be of service. For of what service can I be by thrusting myself between Brutus and his mother¹, who sways him either by her counsels, or her entreaties. I will, however, bestow some thought upon the matter. I shall write to him, for answer him I must; I shall, therefore, send my letter directly either to Antium or Circæi.

EPISTLE XI.

ON the 26th I arrived at Antium, where I met with a hearty welcome from Brutus. Then, in the hearing of a great many people, particularly of Servilia, Tertulla, Portia², and likewise of Favonius, he asked my opinion as to the part he ought to act. I had been thinking of this very thing on the road, and I accordingly advised him to accept of the commission for buying up corn in Asia; because now we had nothing to think upon, but how they should live in safety, which was the only expedient by which we could save our country. I had but just begun to deliver this opinion

¹ She had been beloved by Cæsar, and still lived in great friendship with his friends.

² These were the mother, sister and wife of Brutus.

opinion when Cassius came in¹, and I then repeated what I had said. Upon this Cassius, with furious looks, and with the very spirit of Mars, asserted positively, he would not go to Sicily. What, said he, am I to receive an affront as a favour? What then, said I, will you do? He then told me, he would retire to Achaia. And what will you do, Brutus, resumed I. If you think proper, replies he, I will go to Rome. I think it by no means proper, answered I, for you cannot be there with safety.—But, supposing I could, would you then advise me to go?—I could, by all means, wish, replied I, could you be in safety, that you should live at Rome, and that you should not leave Italy either now, or when your prætorship is expired, even for a government. But still, as matters are circumstanced, my opinion is against your going to Rome. I then strengthened what I had said with such reasons as must readily occur to yourself, why he could not live at Rome with safety.

They then bitterly lamented, and especially Cassius, who inveighed against Decimus Brutus²,
the

¹ Doctor Middleton, vol. iii. p. 61. of his *Life of Cicero*, translates the original here, which is *Cassius intervenit*, Cassius interrupted him. But it is plain he was mistaken.

² I cannot be of Monsieur Mongault's opinion, that this was, because Decimus Brutus opposed the killing of Antony. Because had Cassius inveighed against him for that, there could have

the opportunities which they had lost. I did not contradict him, but told him it was impossible to recal what was past. I then began to talk of the measures they ought to pursue, though without saying any thing particular that is not publicly and daily talked of. I did not even mention that we ought to have rid ourselves of any other person than Cæsar. I only said, that the senate should instantly be summoned together; that we should avail ourselves of the people's ardour, who ought to have been exhorted by some animated speeches, to take into their hands the whole system of the government. Upon this, the lady who is well known to you, exclaimed, "Well, never did I hear any body talk at this rate before." But I soon silenced her. Cassius however, in all probability, will be gone, because Servilia has undertaken, that the resolution of the senate, about his corn commission, shall be repealed, and our friend soon altered the idle strain in which he talked before; for he said he would

have been no manner of doubt of the thing, though it was a question at that time, and is not clear to this day, whether it was Marcus or Decimus Brutus, who dissuaded the conspirators from killing Antony. I rather think that, by this passage, he alludes to some other neglect of Decimus Brutus in not opposing Antony, though he was then at the head of three legions in the Cisalpine Gaul. This is confirmed by *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib. iii.* who says that Brutus and Cassius trusted chiefly to Decimus Brutus, for repressing the power of Antony, in which, however, they were disappointed.

would comply. It was therefore agreed upon, that, though he was absent, the plays should be celebrated in his name. Now, in my opinion, he intends to set out from Antium for Asia.

Not to detain you, this visit gave me no other comfort than the consciousness of having done my duty, for it would have been highly improper for me not to have seen him before he left Italy. Having thus discharged what I owe to the love and kindness I bear him, I may say to myself, *Tell me, O! my guardian angel, of what avail has been this journey which I undertook at thy suggestion?*¹ The vessel in which the enemies of tyranny have embarked, is not only leaky, but is fallen into pieces. They have among them neither concord, reason, nor regularity. For this reason, had I not been determined before, this must have fixed me in the resolution of flying to a land where the report of such doings would never reach my ears.

Meanwhile, in case you do not know it already, I was informed last night that Dolabella has given me a deputation under himself, dated the 2d of April², for I think you were against my accepting a votive legation. It was indeed absurd for me, after my country was ruined, to pretend to

¹ Orig. 'H δευ' οδος σοι τι δυναται νν θεοπροπει.

² There must either be a mistake in this date, or the commission must have been anti-dated.

to perform the vows which I made for her preservation. Besides, if I mistake not, those kinds of legations are limited to a certain time by the Julian law; nor is it an easy matter for the person, who enjoys them, to be at liberty to enter and leave Rome when he pleases, which I can do in my present situation. It is a delightful thing to enjoy this liberty for five years. But what do I talk of five years, I probably shall be free from the cares of life long ere then. Let us, however, dismiss ill-boding apprehensions.

EPISTLE XII.

I AM pleased with what you tell me of your business at Buthrotum. Meanwhile, I have sent Tyro to Dolabella with a letter, because you requested it. That can do no harm. As to our friends at Antium, I suppose you are convinced from what I already wrote to you, that they are determined to remain inactive, and to accept of Antony's insulting favour. Cassius spurned at the corn commission, and Servilia told him, that she would get it cancelled by a resolution of the senate. As to our friend Brutus, he is resolved, with an air of complacency, to go to Asia, after being of my opinion, that he could not live safely at

at Rome¹, for he chooses to have his exhibitions celebrated in his absence. He is collecting

¹ The Greek expression, in the original here, makes Monsieur Mongault think it to be a compliment to the steadiness and unconcern of Brutus, especially, says he, as Brutus was of Cicero's opinion as to the danger of his living at Rome. But I cannot agree with that gentleman. The expression, *καὶ μάλα σπουδῆς* (*Et valde gravis*) was certainly made use of to denote a person marching along in great state and gravity with a consciousness of his own merit and importance. Plutarch, in his Life of Cicero, makes use of the same expression, when he describes him, attended by almost all the people of Rome, returning to his own house from punishing the accomplices in Catiline's conspiracy. Besides, notwithstanding all the compliments which our author is in a manner forced to pay to Brutus, I never can be brought to believe that he either sincerely loved or esteemed him, nor did he ever miss an opportunity of sneering at him when he could. As to their agreeing together in their opinion on this head; if the reader attends to our author's sense of the conspirator's conduct, he may easily perceive, that the advice he gives them here, was no other than the result of his hearty contempt of their management. He more than once tells Atticus, that all their measures were childish, nor does he think he can put Brutus in a more ridiculous light, than by making him resolve to accept of this insulting commission, and to set out upon it, as if in reality it had been doing him an honour: but, in fact, our author was not in the secret of Brutus, as appeared by the sequel of his conduct. He had great resentments against Antony, who had rendered it unsafe for him to remain at Rome; and he was very sensible that the leave which he and Cassius had obtained from the senate, to be absent from thence, and which Antony agreed to, was artfully obtained by Antony himself, that he might remain master of Rome. In fact, therefore, it was very wise in Brutus to

ing vessels to carry him over. Meanwhile they are not to leave these parts. Brutus, at least, told me, he was going to Astura. Lucius Antonius has written a very handsome letter to me, desiring me not to be alarmed at any thing. This is one favour he does me, and perhaps he will do me another, if he does not come to Tusculanum. These things are not to be borne, and yet bear with them we must. Which of the Bruti are we to blame! So far as I can perceive, Octavianus has sufficient courage, and his disposition, towards our heroes appear to be such as we could wish them to be. But it requires great deliberation before we trust one of his years, his name, his family, and his education. His step-father, at least, whom I saw at Astura, thinks that we ought not at all to confide in him. We must, however, cherish him with the hope of our confidence, were it only to separate him from Antony. I will say, that Marcellus has done nobly, if he has prepossessed him in favour of our friends, and I can assure you, he seemed

to dissemble his resentments, and even to accept of this commission, which gave him an opportunity of getting together some ships. Antony, according to *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib. iii.* seemed to be sensible of this; for in the speech he there makes to the military tribunes, we find him complaining against the senate for bestowing this commission upon Brutus and Cassius, as being no other than a pretext for their getting together their friends and soldiers.

seemed to be entirely influenced by him, and not over-much by Pansa and Hirtius. His views are unexceptionable, if they continue unaltered.

EPISTLE XIII.

ON the 24th I received two letters from you, and shall begin with that of the oldest date. I agree with you that I ought neither to lead the van, nor bring up the rear. Let me, however, assist in the march. I have sent to you my speech¹, and I leave you at liberty either to suppress or to publish it. But when do you think it will be proper to do the latter? I think the truce which you mention to be impracticable. My best way will be to remain silent; I therefore think of making no reply. You write me that two legions² are arrived at Brundisium. You always receive the news before we do. Write therefore whatever you hear. I expect to see
Varro's

¹ I entirely agree with Monsieur Mongault, that this was a speech our author had composed by way of invective against Antony and his party, but which was not to be published before a favourable turn should happen to the republican interest.

² They were brought over from Macedon by Antony's order, to assist them in dispossessing Decimus Brutus of the Cisalpine Gaul (*Vide Appian de Bel. Civ. lib. iii.*) and to oppose the elect consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, who seemed, by no means, well disposed to his interest.

Varro's dialogue. I am now fond of the manner of Heraclides, especially as you are so much pleased with it. But I should be glad to know how you think I ought to manage the subject. I am the more inclined to it from what I wrote you formerly, especially as you have strengthened your opinion, to which I was no stranger, with that of Peduceus, which always will have a powerful weight with me. I shall, therefore, bestow upon the subject the united force of my talents and industry.

Conformably to your request, I shew every favour to Vectenus and Faberius. I believe Clælius had no bad intentions, but a person cannot be too much upon his guard. I entirely agree with you in your sentiments about preserving our liberty, which certainly is the dearest of all human enjoyments.—And has Gallus Caninius¹ been treated in that manner?—What a profligate villain he is, for what other appellation can I give him? Marcellus² is sufficiently cautious. I do my best likewise, but I am not so much upon my guard.

I have now answered your first and longest letter. To your second and shortest, what can I say, but that it gave me infinite pleasure? The
affairs

¹ He was a friend to our author, and probably had received some injury from Antony.

² This was Marcellus the consular, who had retired from Rome, and took no concern in party matters.

affairs of Spain are in a fair way, provided I can but see Balbilius¹ in health and prosperity, for I consider him as the staff of my old age. I am sorry for what has happened to Antonianus, because Visellia is greatly attached to me. But we are born to accidents of that kind. You tell me you know nothing of Brutus. But I understand from Silicia, that Marcus Scaptius is arrived, but conceals himself; that he is to see her privately, and that I shall know every thing. When I do, I will instantly acquaint you. Meanwhile, the same lady informs me², that a slave of Bassus is arrived, who tells her that the Alexandrian legions are in arms; that they have invited Bassus³ to their assistance, and that Cassius is expected. In short, our country seems now to be in the way of recovering her freedom. But we should

¹ He very probably was the son of Balbus, and one of Cicero's friends. There are, in this Epistle, several other allusions to private affairs, of which we know nothing.

² Monsieur Mongault very properly agrees with Grævius, that the original here ought to be read *Inter ea narrat eadem*. But he will have *eadem* to be the ablative, and *via* to be understood, and he translates it accordingly. This surely cannot be Cicero's meaning; for why should a slave of Bassus come along with Scaptius, who wanted to remain incognito? Besides the construction is forced, and I have therefore understood it to be the nominative, by which all difficulties of the sense are removed.

³ He is mentioned before in the 9th letter of the 14th Book.

should not be too confident of success¹. You know how well the other party is experienced in all the arts of treason and violence.

I am greatly pleased with Dolabella², and yet, while I am writing this, now that the second course is put upon the table, I understand that he is arrived at Baiæ, though I received a letter from him as I was coming out of the bath, which he writ to me from Formiæ, informing me, that he had done every thing I required, for securing to me the payment of the money he owed me. The blame that it was not done sooner, he lays upon Vectenus; I suspect that it is his design, as is usual with such men, to defraud me³. But he tells me, that that excellent person, and my very good friend Sestius, has undertaken the whole affair. But give me leave to ask you what Sestius could

¹ *Orig. Se ne quid ante*. Which Monsieur Mongault translates *Pourvu que les partizans d'Antoine ne vous previennent pas*. But I think both the words and the connection, more naturally point to my sense.

² Who had promised to serve Atticus in his Buthrotian affair.

³ *Orig. Tricatur scilicet, ut homo talis*. Which Monsieur Mongault understands of Vectenus; but I can, by no means, be of his opinion. The word *Tricari* is properly applied to those who shuffle off the payment of money without refusing it; nor is the expression *homo talis*, as Monsieur Mongault supposes, always made use of to denote contempt; and from what follows in this paragraph, I think it very plain, that Dolabella is here mentioned.

could do in this matter, that might not have been done by any one of us? However, if things should fall out beyond my expectation, let me know. If the whole affair is desperate, as I suppose it is, inform me by a letter, for it will give me no great concern.

I am now pursuing the study of philosophy, and I am engaged in a splendid work upon the moral duties, which I address to my son, as the most proper present a father can give to a child. I will afterwards pursue other studies. In short, I shall have something to show for my thus retiring from Rome. Varro is expected here to-day or to-morrow. For my part, I repair as fast as I can to Pompeii, not that it is a more agreeable place, but that there I am less plagued with interruptions. Let me know, I beg you, what Martillas was accused of, for I understand he is executed, and if it is certainly known who suborned him to the attempt¹. While I write this, I am thinking that you have received my oration. I fear much that you will not like it; and yet why should I be apprehensive, since it is not to be published, unless our country shall recover her liberty, a subject upon which I dare not trust my sentiments to writing.

EPISTLE

¹ This is a very dark piece of history, and probably alluded to some person that Antony had put to death under pretext of being employed to assassinate him. Vide *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib. iii.*

EPISTLE XIV.

ON the 27th I received a letter from Dolabella, (of which I have sent you a copy) acquainting me, that he has done every thing you desired of him. I immediately wrote him an answer, in which I returned him many thanks. But lest he should be surprised at my writing twice to him on the same subject, I pretended, that I had no opportunities of knowing from your own mouth, the services he had done you. But, to make short, my letter was as follows.

Cicero to his Friend Dolabella, Consul.

"I FORMERLY learned, by a letter from my friend Atticus, how very generous and kind you had been to him; and you yourself acquainted me by another letter, that you had done every thing we desired of you. In answer to which, I wrote you a letter, to let you know that you could not have done me a more agreeable piece of service. But when Atticus came in person to my house at Tusculanum, on purpose to testify to me the obligations he was under to you, for your extraordinary and inexpressible kindness to him in the affair of Buthrotum, and the matchless affection you bore him, I could not contain myself

U 2

self

self from making this second open declaration of my grateful sense of your favours. For, my Dolabella, you must know, that of all your distinguished proofs of zeal and kindness to me, there is none, I think, does me so much honour, or gives me such pleasure, as your giving Atticus to understand how much I love you, or you me. I have nothing more to say, than that, as men generally support by their power, what is bestowed by their kindness, you will protect, by your authority and assistance, the interest and the inhabitants of Buthrotum; and though it already owes its being to you, let me beg of you, once more, as I have often already done, to recommend it to your friendship. This will be for ever a sufficient protection to the Buthrotians, and you will deliver both Atticus and me from great pain and anxiety, if you will do me the honour to undertake this, and to preserve them under your perpetual tuition, which, in the most earnest manner, I conjure you to do."

Having finished this letter, I returned to the work, which at present I have in hand. It will, I am afraid, require to be marked in a great many places, by your red pencil, so fluctuating and embarrassed do I feel political considerations.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XV.

MAY the distresses which Lucius Antonius occasions to the Buthrotians, revert upon himself! I have drawn up my certificate¹ which you may seal when you please. If the Ædile, Lucius Fadius, asks from you the money for my house at Arpinum, you may pay him, though it were the whole sum. I wrote you, in the other letter, about the hundred and ten thousand sesterces, which must be paid to Statius. If, therefore, Fadius should call for the money, I desire it should be paid to him, and to him only. If I mistake not, there is some money in my hands, which I have written to Eros to deliver up².

I am indignant at the queen of Egypt. Ammonius³, who answered for the performance of her promises to me, knows that I have good reason for my indignation. The favours she promised

¹ That Cæsar, before his death, intended to grant to the Buthrotians, the favour which Atticus was soliciting, and this certificate must be sealed by Atticus, as well as our author. This was no very patriotic conduct in those two friends, who, when the affair was to bring no profit to themselves, were extremely disgusted that any regard should be paid to Cæsar's acts or intentions.

² All this is private affairs, nor am I quite certain as to the sense of the original.

³ He was an old servant of her family.

mised me, I assure you, were such as I need not be ashamed of, though they were proclaimed from the rostrum. They were only such as befitted a man of learning, and became my dignity. As to Sara, besides my knowing him to be a worthless fellow, he behaved very disrespectfully to me in particular; I never saw him but once, which was at my own house. When I asked him very civilly in what I could serve him, he told me, he came to look for Atticus¹. As to the haughtiness the queen herself expressed when she was at the gardens² beyond the Tyber, I never can reflect upon it without strong resentment. I will, therefore, have nothing to do with that gang, who supposed me to be void of spirit, and even of feeling.

I perceive that the ill management of Eros, in my affairs, will hinder my departure from hence. For, according to the accounts given to me, on the 5th of April, I ought to have money in hand, and yet I am obliged to borrow. I suppose, that

¹ Monsieur Mongault thinks that the offence of Sara, mentioned here, is not quite satisfactory for accounting why our author should abuse Sara as he does. But we have had many opportunities in the course of these letters, to observe how very susceptible our author was of the smallest piece of disrespect to his person.

² This hint agrees extremely well with the haughty imperious character of Cleopatra, who lived with Cæsar at the time of his death.

that the money arising from my rents has been set apart for the building of the temple I have so often mentioned¹. I have, however, recommended these matters to Tyro, whom I have sent to Rome for that purpose, for you have now too much business upon your hands for me to give you more. The more modest my son is in asking for money, I am the more concerned, lest he should want it. He has written me nothing upon this head, though it is natural to think, that I should be the first person he would apply to. He has, however, written to Tyro, that he has received no money since the first of April, for this year was then out. I have always understood, that your own disposition, as well as a regard for my character, led you to think, that I ought to supply him with what may sufficiently enable him to make, not only a decent, but a distinguished, appearance. I, therefore, beg (and indeed, I would not give you this trouble, could I employ any body else in the affair) of you to take care to furnish him with a whole year's supply at Athens, and you shall be reimbursed by Eros. I have sent Tyro to Rome for this very purpose.

You

¹ We see that our author had not yet given over the thoughts of deifying his daughter, nor is it quite certain that he actually build somewhat of that kind. At least some of the Italian antiquaries have pretended to make discoveries, that Tullia had been deified by her father.

You will, therefore, charge yourself with this, and write to me what you think proper on the subject.

EPISTLE XVI.

I HAVE at length received a letter from my son, written, I assure you, with such propriety and elegance, as sufficiently denotes his improvement in learning. All my other friends there, give me very flattering accounts of him. Leonidas, however, still qualifies his commendations with his old "At present." But Herodes commends him wonderfully, and without reserve. To tell you the truth, this is a subject in which I may be easily imposed on, and on which I am, with pleasure, credulous. I beg that you would let me know, if Statius has written any thing to you of my concerns. This part of the country is I assure you very pleasant, and very retired, and free from company, in case one has a mind to compose any work of learning. And yet I feel an unaccountable preference and attachment for my own residence. Meanwhile, I believe, I shall soon be tired of this lovely landskip, for, indeed, if our prognostics do not fail¹, we shall have

¹ Our author translated the prognostics of Aratus upon the weather, of which the croaking of the frogs was one.

have rainy weather, because the frogs are croaking¹. I beg you will let me know where, and on what day I can see our friend Brutus.

EPISTLE XVII.

ON the 14th I received two letters, the one dated the same day, and the other on the 13th. Now, as to the first, let me know, when you received any news of Brutus; I have heard of the pretended alarms of our consuls². For Sica, in the zeal of his affection, but in a manner too tumultuous, gave me an intimation of it. But what do you say of it?—We must be contented with what we can get. For, I perceive, you have not had a line from Siregius³. This is vexatious. I take it amiss, that any body should hear of what has happened to your neighbour Plætorius sooner than myself. You have managed the affair of Syrus with great address. I believe, it will be no hard matter for you to intimidate

¹ *Orig. εντρογισσιν ranæ*, literally, *the frogs are declaiming*. The noise of these animals recalled in our author the memory of the forum, where it was once his practice to *declaim* and he facetiously applied the term to them.—E.

² *Viz.* That the conspirators intended to assassinate them.

³ There is a very quick transition here from public to private affairs. We know nothing about the persons here mentioned.

intimidate Lucius Antonius, by means of his brother Marcus, so as to prevent him from distressing the Buthrotians. I requested you not to pay that money to Antro (but you had not received my letter), or to any body but Lucius Fadius the ædile, for I could not otherwise, either lawfully or safely, do it. You write me, that you want the hundred and ten thousand sesterces, which you advanced for my son. If you please, you may call for it from Eros, who has the rents of my houses in his hands. I am not at all offended at Arabio in the affair of Sitius. I do not think of setting out until my accounts are settled¹, and if I mistake not, you are of the same opinion. So much for your first letter. I now proceed to your second.

I beg you would act like yourself, in serving Servilia, that is, Brutus. I am glad, that you are

¹ *Orig. Nisi explicato* Λ. This mark has given the commentators infinite trouble, though nothing can be more clear, than that the meaning of Cicero is as I have expressed it. Monsieur Mongault, after informing us of the ridiculous conjectures of the commentators, gives us no opinion of his own. Mine is, that the mark here exhibited is a dipla or a caret, and it certainly was made use of by the Romans, as it is by us, to point at an interlineation, or at some remarkable passage in a letter. Very possibly Atticus had interlined in his letter somewhat about Cicero's debts, and nothing can agree better with our author's manner, than to hint at this caret, to express the state of his accounts. Or, perhaps, the Romans made use of that mark to denote a deficiency, as the sense is very clear, the interpretation is only a matter of mere curiosity.

are so far from having any concern about the queen of Ægypt, that you approve of what I have written with regard to her. I have received Tyro's report of the accounts of Eros, whom I have ordered to attend me. You give me a very sensible pleasure, in promising to supply my son with every thing. Messala talked wonders of him, when he paid me a visit in his return from Lanuvium, where he had been to see our friends, and, indeed, he writes so affectionately, and at the same time, so elegantly, that I should not be afraid of reading his letters before an assembly of critics; therefore, I think, he merits the more indulgence. I suppose Sestius will not be greatly afflicted at what has happened to Busilianus¹. When Tiro comes to me, I think of going to my house at Tusculanum, and I recommend it to you, to write to me instantly, whatever you think it is proper for me to know.

EPISTLE XVIII.

THOUGH upon the 15th, I informed you sufficiently of what I wanted, and of what I should be glad you would do, yet after I was set out, and while I was sailing on the lake², I resolved to send Tiro to you, that he might be present at whatever

¹ Sestius and Busilianus were two of the conspirators against Cæsar.

² *Viz.* Lucrinum.

whatever was transacted. I likewise have written to Dolabella, that I wanted to be gone if he thought proper, and I asked him to furnish me with mules¹ for carrying my baggage on my journey. I know, that you have your hands very full of the affairs of the Buthrotians, as well as of Brutus, the chief care, and likewise the management of whose plays, I apprehend, are particularly trusted to you. But, I beg you will bestow a little, and a very little attention will suffice upon the following circumstance. The situation of public affairs seems to me, to point towards a general, and that too an immediate massacre. You see the agents, you see the armaments. I must tell you, I do not think myself in safety. Should you think otherwise, I beg you would let me know by a letter. For could I do it consistently with prudence, I would much rather choose to live at home.

EPISTLE XIX.

You write me, that you stood up for the Buthrotians, but that your interference proved unavailing. What then can you attempt farther to serve them? Let me know, how Brutus intends to

¹ This was done at the public expence to the lieutenants, and the governors of provinces.

to proceed. I am sorry, indeed, that you are so much embarrassed, which I attribute to the ten commissioners¹. The affair indeed was troublesome but unavoidable and you have greatly obliged me by your exertions. I think war is inevitable. Let us therefore, fly hence, but as you write to me, not before we converse together. I know not what Theophanes means, for he has written me a letter, to which I sent the best answer I could. He tells me, in it, that he wants to pay me a visit, to inform me of his own affairs, and some things that concern myself. I look for a letter from you.

Take care, I beg of you, that we adopt no rash measures². Statius has written to me, that our nephew has told him very peremptorily, that he could not put up with such proceedings, and that he was determined to espouse the cause of Brutus and Cassius. I should be glad to learn, for I cannot possibly apprehend, what he means. He may, perhaps, be in a passion with Antony. He may be ambitious to retrieve his reputation, by changing his party, and very probably, but the whole is a momentary whim. Meanwhile,
I am

¹ *Viz.* The commissioners which Antony had made, for the division of the public lands to his veterans. Our author, by way of contempt, calls them *decem homines*, instead of *decem viri*.

² *Viz.* In the affair of the younger Quintus, which the reader will be acquainted with in the sequel.

I am apprehensive, and my brother is confounded, for he is no stranger to what Antony said of his son, and indeed, formerly he told me very dreadful things of him. In short, I know not what he intends. I have no orders from Dolabella, and of this I am very glad. Let me know, whether Caius Antonius wants to be made one of the seven commissioners¹. He certainly has a claim to that office. With regard to Menedemus the affair is as you write. Pray inform me of every thing.

EPISTLE XX.

I HAVE returned Vectenus my thanks, for nobody could have acted with greater honour than he has done. I do not care what commission Dolabella shall send to me. Let it be any thing; were it only to talk with his friend Niccias², for every body knows, that that is a matter of mere form; nor is there a man of sense, who does not perceive, that I set out, not upon public business, but because I think the cause of the commonwealth is lost. You tell me, the people, and even the patriots, talk as if our country was undone. For my own part, I began to have my own

¹ *Viz.* For dividing public lands that lay within Italy.

² He was a particular friend of Dolabella, and then at Athens.

own apprehensions ever since the day when I heard the appellation "of a most illustrious hero," given to that tyrant in an assembly of the people. But afterwards, when I found, while I was at Lanuvium with you, that all the hopes our friends had of living, depended upon the will of Antony, I then entirely despaired. Therefore, my dearest friend, I beg you will receive this information as intrepidly as I write it. Calculate upon the foulest ruin¹, for Antony has already, as it were, pronounced our doom. I am determined to leave the bottom on which we are now embarked, not in hopes to save my life, but to meet with a more honourable death. All this misfortune is owing to Brutus. You write to me, that Pompey has been admitted into Carthage². An army is ordered to march against him, and which camp shall I join? for Antony has declared against all neutrality. One party is weak, the other wicked. Let us, therefore, make haste. But assist me with your counsel where I ought to embark, at Brundisium, or at Puteoli? As to Brutus, he sets out instantly, and in this he does wisely. His departure gives me concern. Alas! when shall I see him again. But we are born to these afflictions. You yourself will not be

The original here is very obscure, but I believe, I have hit upon Cicero's meaning.

² This was a sea-town in the farther Spain.

be able to see him. May the gods punish the slaughtered tyrant¹ who put you to this trouble about Buthrotum. But what is passed cannot be recalled. Let us, therefore, look forward.

Though I have not as yet seen Eros himself, yet from his letters, and from the information of Tyro, who has examined his accounts, I can form a pretty exact judgment of them. You tell me, that I must borrow two hundred thousand sesterces, for five months, that is, to the first of November, when my brother's money becomes due to me. I therefore beg, since as I am informed by Tyro, you think it improper for me to come to Rome on that account, that you will, if it is not inconvenient for you, look out for that sum, and borrow it in my name. I perceive, I have immediate occasion for it. I will inform myself more particularly of every thing from Eros in person, and especially concerning the rents of my wife's estate². which, if they are punctually paid to my son, will nearly supply him with every thing as plentifully as I could wish for, were I ever so opulent. Meanwhile, I perceive, that I shall have occasion for travelling expences, but let those rents be paid to my son, as they fall due,

for

¹ Viz. Cæsar, who it seems, had assigned to his soldiers some part of Buthrotum, and perhaps, Atticus's estate there.

² This probably was some part of Terentia's estate, which she had either sold to Cicero, or given to him for the maintenance of her son.

for I must have the money, I shall have occasion for, all together. Though I think, the person who is afraid of his own shadow, breathes¹ slaughter, yet I will not set out until I have settled all my payments. When I meet with you, I shall know whether my funds will answer or not. I have written this with my own hand, because I think it of importance. You are to pay Fabius, as you say you will, but nobody else. I wish you would answer this letter to-day.

EPISTLE XXI.

My brother, let me tell you, is quite overjoyed. For his son has written to him, that he intended to fly over to Brutus, because, that when Antony urged him to name him dictator, and to seize some strong¹ post, he refused to do either; for fear, as he says, of offending his father. He adds, that Antony is, on that account, become his enemy. But then, resumes he, I recollected myself, lest, out of spite to me, he might do mischief to you. I have, therefore, appeased him, and he is to pay me four hundred thousand sesterces, and the rest afterwards².

Now

¹ Meaning Antony.

² These I take to be the words of the letter which young Quintus wrote to his father.

Now, Statius writes, and to my great surprise¹, he seems glad at it, that he is desirous of living with his father. Did you ever hear of so great a villain?

I very much approve of your reluctance to accede to the proposals of Canus². I had not the least notion that he was in debt, and I imagined that every farthing of his daughter's fortune had been paid her back. I wait to see you in person, to be informed fully of what you hint at. You may keep this express as long as you please, because I know you are busied. You have done right with regard to Xeno. When I have finished what I am now composing, you shall have it. You tell my brother, that you have sent him a letter, but nobody has yet delivered it. Tyro says, that you are now against my embarking at Brundisium, and that you are under some apprehensions respecting the troops. But I had already resolved to embark at Hydruntum³. I was

¹ Because Statius, who was his freedman, had great sway over the elder Quintus. Our author is therefore surprised, that he should be fond of the younger Quintus coming to live with his father.

² His daughter was to be married to Cicero's nephew, and it seems, she was accounted to have a large fortune. But when her circumstances were inquired into, it appeared, that being a widow, great part of her fortune was mortgaged for the payment of her husband's debts, for which she stood engaged.

³ This was a city in Apulia, now called Otranto.

was pleased with what you said, that I should be only five hours in my passage. But I shall be much longer, if I go from this place. We shall, however, talk about that. I have nothing from you upon the 21st; and indeed, what could you write? Let me, therefore, see you as soon as you can. I make the more haste lest Sextus Pompeius, who I hear is on his march, should arrive in Italy before I leave it.

EPISTLE XXII.

I CONGRATULATE you upon our nephew's leaving Rome, for he will give us no more trouble. I have no doubt, that Pansa makes fair professions. I know him to have been all along closely connected with Hirtius, and could he find his account in it, I suppose, he would be so with Brutus and Cassius likewise. But when is he to see them?—You say he hates Antony. When did that appear, or how shall we believe it? Is there no end of our being duped? You must know that, when I wrote to you, Sextus Pompeius was upon his march. I did not mean, that he was actually at hand, but because I knew it to be a measure already concerted, and that nobody now thinks of quitting his arms. If he advances,

X 2 there

there can be no doubt of a war commencing. This minister of Venus¹ says, that every man must purchase his life by conquest. What does Pansa say to all this? Should war, which seems to be unavoidable, be declared, what party will he join? But we will talk over those, and other matters at meeting, which will, according to your letter, be to-day or to-morrow.

EPISTLE XXIII.

I AM incredibly perplexed, though not pained, with the many considerations that suggest themselves, both for and against my journey. And how long, say you, will your perplexities last? Why, I tell you, as long as I am undetermined, that is, till I get on ship-board. If I should receive an answer from Pansa, I will send it to you, with a copy of mine to him. I will give the treatise I am composing to Silius, whom I expect. Let me know if there is any thing new. I have written to Brutus; and I beg likewise, if you know any thing of his setting out, that you will inform me.

EPISTLE

¹ *Orig. Cytherius hic.* Meaning Antony, who kept a famous courtozan, called *Cytheris*.

EPISTLE XXIV.

THE messenger, whom I sent to Brutus, returned on the 26th. Servilia told him, that he had set out that day about ten in the forenoon. It gives me real pain, that he did not receive my letter. Silius has not been with me. I have written out the treatise, and sent it to you. I should be glad to know on what day I am to expect you.

EPISTLE XXV.

A GREAT many people, who visit me, are divided in their sentiments as to my journey. But as it is a thing of so great consequence to me, I beg that you would take it into your consideration. Do you approve of it, provided I can be in Rome by the first of January? I am quite indifferent in the matter, if I can but keep free of public censure. It is with propriety that you call the profanation of the mysteries, the anniversary of the expiation¹. Whatever be the event,
it

¹ The original here is extremely perplexed. All we can guess at is, that Cicero hints at the celebration of the sacred mysteries in which Clodius was detected, which happening to fall in December, our author was fond of being at Rome the day

it shall regulate me in regard to my journey. Let us therefore suspend our judgment a little; for a winter voyage is extremely disagreeable, and, for that reason, I was glad to know your opinion about returning by the day of the mysteries. I suppose, as you intimate in your letter, that I shall see Brutus. I have fixed my departure from hence to the last of this month.

EPISTLE XXVI.

I PERCEIVE you have done all that lay in your power in my brother's affair. Meanwhile, however, I am in painful suspense, whether to comply with Lepta, or distrust Silius. I am informed, that L. Piso wants to absent himself under the sanction of a forged resolution of the senate¹. The express which I told you I had sent to Brutus at Anagnia, came to me on the last day of the last month, in the night time, with a letter from him; in which he makes one request, which

is

day of their celebration, as he was of every opportunity to put the Romans in mind of his former glory. But the truth is this, all that the commentators have said on this head is mere conjecture.

¹ We have already observed, that it was no unusual thing for a faction, or a leading man in the senate, to obtain those forged resolutions.

is by no means consistent with his great good sense; that I should be a spectator at his shows. My answer was, in the first place, that I was now gone too far to retract my journey; and in the next place, that it would appear excessively absurd, if I, who had kept entirely from Rome ever since it had been filled with soldiers, not so much from the fear of danger, as from a regard to my dignity, should all of a sudden come to it that I might be present at an exhibition of shows. I agreed that it suited his dignity to make such exhibitions, because it was part of his duty; but as it was no part of mine, neither could it be to my credit to be present at them. Believe me, when I tell you, I am extremely desirous that he should exhibit them, and that they should be well received, as I hope they will be; and I recommend it to you, that from the time of their commencement, you will let me know how they are received, and the success they meet with every day during their being exhibited. But enough of shows.

Brutus seems to be very despondent in certain parts of his letter; though occasionally he displays sparks of manly resolution. I send you a copy of it that you may be able to judge for yourself; though my messenger told me, that he had brought a letter to you from Brutus, and that he had sent it to you from Tusculanum. I have arranged my journey, so as to be at Puteoli the

7th

7th of July. For though I am in great haste, yet I will take all the precautions that can possibly be taken, before I go on board.

You may relieve M. Ælius of his fears, that the aquæducts which I proposed to conduct through the extremity of his field¹, would prove prejudicial to his farm. I have long ago laid aside all thoughts of that project, nor was I ever very much in earnest about it. But, as you observe, this must be very gently noticed, and in a manner, calculated rather to make him easy, than to give him any suspicion that I am displeased with him. I likewise beg that you will talk freely with Cascelius about the debt due from Tullius; the thing is of no great importance, but you watched him narrowly²; and he did not act quite openly. For my part, if he had obtained any advantage over me, as he would have done, had you not disappointed him by your sagacity³, I should have patiently put up

¹ The original is so depraved here, that I translate it upon little more than conjecture.

² *Orig. Sed tu bene attendisti.* Which Monsieur Mongault translates, *Comme vous l'avez fort bien remarque.* But I think upon considering the context, that he is mistaken, and that the meaning must be as I have translated it.

³ *Orig. Nisi tua malitia affuisset.* The word *malitia* is a civil law term to denote quickness and sagacity. *Nisi malitia supplet ætatem*, that is, unless the want of years is made up by the forwardness of natural parts.

up with it. Whatever, therefore, may be the event, I choose to put a stop to the affair.

You may remember, that I ordered one eighth of the lights in the house next to Strena's temple¹ to be shut up. You will order those effects to be delivered over to the person for whom Cærellia solicits, at the highest price that was offered in the sale. It was, I think, three hundred thousand sesterces. I beg you to give me an account of every thing as frequently as you can, and also your opinion, and your thoughts, as to what may happen. I entreat, as I have already recommended to you, that you will make my apology to Varro, for my delay in writing to him. I hope Mundus will get the better of that fellow². I beg you will gratify my curiosity, by letting me know in what manner M. Ennius has conceived his will. Dated from Arpinum the 10th.

EPISTLE XXVII.

I REJOICE that you advise me to the very measure, which, of myself, I had executed the day before. For yesterday, on the 12th of this month, I charged the express, by whom I sent a letter

¹ The original here is unintelligible.

² *Mundus istum.* This *Mundus* is taken notice of as being a friend of our author.

letter to you, with another letter in the most affectionate terms to Sestius. With regard to him, his visit to me at Puteoli was civil, but his complaint unjust. It was not so much to be expected, that I should wait for him on his return from his house at Cosa¹, as it was that he should have either seen me before he went, or have been more quick in his return; because he knew that I intended to set out soon, and he had written to me that he was to pay me a visit at Tusculanum.

I am sorry to understand, that you so much regretted my departure. Had you expressed this regret sooner, I might perhaps, have altered the whole scheme of my journey. But you did well in comforting yourself with the hopes of our speedy meeting together again², and the same hopes likewise support me. I shall often write to you. I will let you know every thing concerning Brutus, soon send you my treatise concerning glory³, and write somewhat in the manner of

¹ This was a sea-town of Tuscany.

² Atticus was at this time thinking of going to Greece.

³ It was divided into two books, and a copy of it was in being after the art of printing was discovered. Petrarch received it as a present from *Reymundus Superiantius*, and unfortunately lent it to his school-master, who put it in pawn to relieve his necessities, but died before he could take it out, and thus Petrarch never could hear of it. About two hundred years after, it was in the possession of Bernardus Justinianus, who bequeathed

of Heraclides, which must be concealed in your repository. I have not forgotten Plancus. Attica has a right to complain. It is with great pleasure I received your accounts of Bacchides, and the garlands put upon the statues¹. I beg that henceforward you will not neglect to send me accounts of these and other occurrences, however minute. I shall keep in my mind the affairs of Herodes and Mettius, and of every man whom I can so much as suppose you wish well to. Your nephew is a base youth; he is arrived in the evening, while we are at supper.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

I STILL intend, as I wrote you yesterday, to be at Tusculanum on the 7th, and there I shall; every day, expect your news, especially concerning the shows, of which you are likewise to write to

queathed it to a monastery of nuns, from whence it could never be recovered. The conjecture of learned men is, that Petrus Alcyonius, the physician to that nunnery, had purloined it, and transcribed what he thought proper into his own writings, which the critics observe to be of a very unequal composition, especially his book *de Exsilio*. If this conjecture be true, it is natural to suppose that Alcyonius destroyed the original to prevent the discovery.

¹ These probably were some republican statues, which had been crowned by the people.

to Brutus. I sent you, the day before, a copy of his letter, though I myself am at a loss for its meaning. I beg you will make my apology to Attica, in a manner that shall lay the whole blame upon yourself, and, in the meantime, assure her, that Greece has not engrossed the whole of my affections; for I have left part of them behind.

EPISTLE XXIX.

I HAVE sent you Brutus's letter. What distraction does he betray!—But read it and judge for yourself. I am quite of your opinion, that his shows will be greatly crouded. There is no occasion for your going on purpose to the house of Marcus Ælius, for you may do that business any time you meet him. As to the debt of Tullius, you will apply to Marcus Axianus, as you propose. You have brought the affair with Cosianus to a very happy termination. It gives me pleasure that you expedite, not only my business, but your own. I am very glad that you approve of my legation. May heavens grant you to perform what you promise! For what can give me pleasure equal to the company of my friends, though I am a little apprehensive of facing

facing the lady you except¹? As soon as I have spoken with Brutus, I will write you an account of the conversation. I heartily wish a confirmation of the news concerning Plancus and Decimus². I should be sorry if Sextus Pompeius should leave the field³. Inform me if you know any thing of Mundus. Having thus fully answered yours, you are now to read my epistle.

The younger Quintus accompanied me as far as Puteoli. He is at present as wonderful a patriot as you would have me to believe Favonius and Asinius are. He had two motives for his complaisance to me, first, that it might be known that he was in my company; and secondly, because he wants to be reconciled to Brutus and Cassius. But what is your opinion? For as you are a friend to the Othos, you must know our nephew tells me, that Julia intends to marry him, a divorce being already resolved upon. My brother questioned me about the character she bore. As I was entirely ignorant of the motives of his inquiry, I told him, that I had heard

¹ This probably was a private joke between Cicero and Atticus, whose wife perhaps affected to take it amiss, as we see in the close of the last Epistle, that our author had shown so much indifference at parting with her.

² *Viz.* That they had joined their army in favour of the conspirators.

³ Lepidus, about this time, had offered him very great terms if he would disband his army, and return to Rome.

heard nothing about her, but concerning her person and family. But, resumed I, why do you inquire? Why, says he, she intends to marry my son. Though this shocked me, yet I told him, I did not think every thing the world said of her was true. Now, my brother's view is to be excused from parting with any thing to his son, for he thinks that this will not prevent the match on her part. But I shall not be disappointed if our nephew is duped as usual. I beg you will inquire into this affair, as you may easily do, and let me know farther.

What, I beseech you, is the meaning of this? After this letter was sealed, the Formians, who supped with me, told me, that their friend Plancus¹ whom they had seen yesterday, the 5th, at Buthrotum, was ignominiously dismissed; and that his slaves gave out, that the Buthrotians had forced him and his land-hunters to move out of the country—So much the better. But as you love me, let me know the whole of this affair.

CICERO'S

¹ This Plancus was employed to divide some lands in Buthrotum to the veterans, and our author had applied to him in favour of the Buthrotians.

CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XVI.

EPISTLE I.

YESTERDAY being the 7th, I arrived at my house at Puteoli, and I write this as I am setting out to visit Brutus at Nesis¹. But while I was at supper on the day I arrived at Puteoli, I received your letter from Eros.—What on the nones of July²! I heartily wish that vengeance

¹ This was a small island near Puteoli, where the younger Lucullus had a country-house.

² The anti-republican Party had prevailed so far, that they got the name of the month Quintilis changed into that of July, which it retains to this day, and the advertisement of Brutus's plays which were celebrated in his absence, intimated that they were to be performed the 7th of July instead of the 7th of Quintilis.

geance may overtake them. But if every mortification should trouble us, we must be troubled every moment. And yet—What can be more scandalous than for the title July to be authorized by Brutus? Well, I cannot help saying again, never did I know any thing so shameful. But I beg you would let me know whether there be any truth in the report that the land-jobbers were routed at Buthrotum. Nay, I am told, that Plancus stopt neither night nor day, in his flight. If it is so, I beg earnestly you would inform me.

I rejoice that my journey meets with approbation. It cannot be surprising, that the Dymæans¹ infest the seas, now that they are driven from their possessions. Perhaps, it would be right in me not to embark. If I do, it will be most safe for me to sail along with Brutus. But if I mistake not, his ships are very small. I will, however, inform myself, and let you know tomorrow. I take the report about Ventidius to be the effect of terror. It is confidently affirmed, that Sextus Pompeius has surrendered. If this proves true, I perceive that we must be slaves, without having so much as a struggle for our liberty. How so, you will say? Is nothing to be hoped from Pansa and his colleague on the first of

¹ They formerly were pirates, and they had been settled by Pompey at Dymæ, a town in Achaia, but were now turned out of their possessions by Cæsar.

of January. Their boast is vain as the froth which crowns their cups or the dreams which they indulge asleep¹. That the two hundred and ten thousand sesterces will come very conveniently for defraying the expences of my son. For Ovius is lately come from him, and amongst many other agreeable accounts, he lets me know, that my son has charged him to tell me, that seventy-two thousand sesterces a year will do more than defray his expence. He says that Xeno furnishes him sparingly, and with very little at a time. The money² you lent him above the rent of that estate, must be put to the first year's account, which comprehends the charges of his journey; and after the 1st of April, his allowance must be eighty thousand a year, which is the present rent of my estate in the city. I must see what separate maintenance I can allow him when he comes to Rome, for I do not suppose that I shall be able to bear with his proposed mother-in-law². I have refused Pindarus the farmer of the revenue in positive terms.

Now

¹ Our author, as we have already seen had no very good opinion, and his brother a far worse of Hirtius and Pansa, who were consuls elect for the next year.

² All this is private history, and the particulars are not now to be recovered. Only it is probable, that our author had a wife in his eye for his son.

Now you must understand the reason why I sent this express. Our nephew promises to behave like another Cato, and both he and his father have been soliciting me to answer to you for his good behaviour, but upon condition, that you are not to trust him till you try him. I shall give him a letter to you in conformity to his request, but you are not to mind it, and I have sent you this lest you should think that he has been able to make any impression upon me. May heavens grant him to perform what he promises, which will give joy to us all! But I will say nothing farther to you. He leaves this place on the 9th, that he may, as he says, on the 15th pay some money, which is demanded of him with great earnestness. By what I now write, you will be able to judge how you ought to answer my letter. I will write you farther by Eros when I see Brutus. I am satisfied with the apology of Attica, who is very dear to me, and I offer my compliments to her and your wife.

EPISTLE II.

ON the 10th I received two letters from you, one by my own letter-carrier, and another by that of Brutus. You give us an account of the Buthrotians, very different from what we had in this country. But we must put up with that as well

well as with many other things. I have sent back Eros sooner than I intended, both that I might have somebody to pay Hortensius, and because he says, that he appointed to pay the money to the commissioners of the treasury on the 15th¹. As to Hortensius, his demands are very impudent. For there is nothing due to him but from the third payment, which is to be made on the 1st of August, and most of that payment has been made before it became due. With regard to Publilius, I think, the draft I am to give him will be answered upon sight, as soon as it becomes due². But when you see how much I have given up of my own right, when of three thousand pounds which was due to him, I paid four hundred thousand sesterces in ready money, and am to give him drafts for the rest, you may endeavour, if you think proper, to prevail with him to accept of such a time for the payment of those

¹ *Orig. Equitibus.* We are in the dark, as to this passage. These equites were the monied men of Rome, and possibly Publilius, or some of Cicero's creditors, had given them a draft upon him.

² I have translated this very differently from Monsieur Mongault. It appears to me, as if one half of the money, here mentioned, had been paid in cash, which Cicero was not obliged strictly to have done, and that he was to have given drafts or assignments for the remainder. And all the favour he asked of Publilius was, that he might not be obliged to give them for too short a time.

those drafts, as may suit my conveniency, especially as I have given up so much of what I might have insisted upon by law. But my dear, dear Atticus, you see how I can coax when I have an end to answer. I beg, while you are at Rome, that you will manage, direct and govern all my affairs without my being concerned in them in the least. For though in the main, my other funds answer pretty exactly¹, yet it often happens, that ones debtors are not so punctual. Should any thing of this kind happen, let my credit be your first and only consideration. You are not only to borrow money, but to sell my effects to support it, should there be occasion.

Brutus was greatly delighted with your letter. For soon after I received it, I spent several hours with him at Nesis. He seemed quite pleased with Tereus², and exprest himself to be more obliged to Accius, the author of the piece, than to Antony, the president at the play. Now, my opinion is, that the more public joy that is expressed

¹ I have likewise differed from Monsieur Mongault in the meaning of this passage. The original is, *Quamquam enim reliqua satis apta sunt ad solvendum; tamen fit sæpe, ut ii qui debent non respondeant ad tempus.* Which he translates, *Je laisse assez de fonds; mais comme mes débiteurs pourroient ne pas payer exactement.*

² This was a play composed by Accius Nævius, exhibited at Brutus's shows, in which many strokes against tyranny were greatly applauded by the people.

pressed, the greater ought to be our indignation and grief, that the Roman people should employ their hands in applauding theatrical exhibitions rather than in defending their country. Their applauses, I imagine, will have the effect of provoking our enemies to hasten the execution of their villainous measures. But let them grieve, it matters not from what cause, provided they have cause to grieve.

I am pleased with your telling me, that my resolution is approved of every day more and more; and I am impatient to hear farther from you on that subject, for I have heard various opinions respecting it. This was the reason why I was so long in coming to any final resolution. But as I am now in a manner goaded out of Italy, I think of embarking at Brundisium; for it would be both more easy and more practicable for me to avoid the enemy's troops, than the pirates who are said to infest those coasts. This day I look for Sestius, but I do not yet hear of his arrival. Cassius is here with his little squadron. After I have seen him to-morrow I intend to go to Pompeii, and then to Aculanum. You know the rest of my rout.

I am not disappointed in what you tell me of Tutia. I am as easy as you are about that affair of Æbutius, to which I give no credit. I have (only because you desired me) written to Plancus and Oppius. Perhaps, when you have read my letter

letter to them, you will not think it necessary to deliver it. For as all they have done is done on your account¹, I am afraid, they will think my letter unnecessary; at least, it may appear so to Oppius, whom I know to be your intimate friend. But you are to do in that as you think proper. You give me great pleasure by informing me, that you are to pass the winter in Epirus, provided you are there before the time which you yourself have prescribed for my returning to Italy. Write to me as often as you can; when you have nothing of importance to write, you may trust your letter to any accidental conveyance; but send me every thing that is of importance express by one of my domestics. If I arrive safe at Brundisium², the work projected on the plan of Heracles,

¹ I again differ with Monsieur Mongault in his translation of this passage. The original is, *Cum enim tua causa fecerint omnia*, which he translates, *Comme ils ont fait pour vous tout ce que vous souhaitez*.

² I read the original with Monsieur Mongault, *Sed notentur eclogarii quos (viz. eclogarios;)* but I differ with him in translating, *eclogarii; les plus beaux endroits*. Neither he, nor any of the numerous commentators upon this passage have reflected, that it appears by the end of the 14th epistle of the preceding book, that it was customary with Atticus to mark the exceptionable passages of our author's compositions with a red pencil, and I can see no absurdity in applying that passage to this one, since the works mentioned in both are the same, nor in supposing our author to desire his friend to take the sense of any favourable company, who might be at his house, upon those passages.

clides, I will soon begin. I have sent you my treatise concerning glory. You will therefore, bestow upon it the care which you usually do on my other compositions. But let the exceptionable passages be marked, and when you have got in company suitable auditors, Servius may read them, but only while they are exhilarated with wine. I am greatly delighted with them myself, but I rather wish you were so. Again and again, farewell.

EPISTLE III.

I COME at last to answer your letter; and you must know that I think you have acted wisely in meeting with Antony at Tibur, in seeming to agree with all his measures, and even returning him your thanks; for your observation is just, that we must forfeit our liberty sooner than our property. Your telling me that you are more and more in love with my Treatise upon Old Age, inspires me with additional ardour to write. You say, that you hope Eros will not come without some small present, and I am glad that you have not been disappointed in that respect. Meanwhile, the work I have sent you is the same
you

¹ Orig. *O Tite si quid ego*. These are the first words of that treatise.

you saw before, but more correct, and I send you the original copy corrected and improved in many passages. When you have got it handsomely transcribed, you may read it in private to your guests; but as you love me, put them in good humour, by a liberal entertainment, lest they discharge all their spleen at you in ill nature against me.

I hope the accounts I have of my son are true; I will know all about that affair of Xeno, when I am upon the spot; meanwhile, I cannot think he has acted either indolently or unhandsomely. I will take your advice concerning Herodes; and I shall inform myself of what you mention, by Saufeius and Xeno. I am glad that you received the letter about our nephew, which I sent you by the express, sooner than that which I sent you by himself.—You would not, however, have been imposed upon—but it is as well as it is.—I long to know what he said to you, and you to him.—Both of you, I suppose, went on in your old way. But I am in hopes to receive an account of that in the letter I am to get by Curius, who though he is in himself amiable and dear to me, is become doubly so, through your recommendation.—So much in answer to your letter.

I am now to acquaint you with what I am sensible is unnecessary for me to write, yet write it I must. I am shocked with a great many circumstances in my leaving Italy; and indeed, the chief

chief is, my being separated from you. I dread likewise the fatigues of the voyage, which become neither my age nor dignity, and the unfavourable crisis, in which I am to set out. I leave my country in peace, to return to it in war; and I spend, in rambling abroad, the time I might spend in my retired villas, which are elegantly built, and delightfully situated.—But on the other hand, I comfort myself with the thoughts that I shall either be of service to my son, or be able to judge how far he is capable of improvement; and in the next place, with the hopes of seeing you according to your promise. Should that happen, I shall think that every thing goes well with me.

But above all things I am vexed with the thoughts of the debt I leave behind me; for though I have settled the funds for discharging it, yet the money owing to me by Dolabella, makes part of it, and I feel so uneasy on my being unacquainted with the circumstances of those on whom he has given me assignments, that this, beyond my other concerns, gives me pain. It was I think not amiss in me to write in plain terms to Balbus, desiring him to assist me in case it should happen that those assignments should not answer; and I have likewise begged the favour of you to speak to him, if any such thing should happen; you will therefore, if you please, talk

to

to him, especially as you are to set out for Epirus.

I write this as I am preparing to embark at Pompeii, in three ten-oared galleys. Brutus is still at Nesis and Cassius at Naples. If you are in love with Dejotarus, are you not so with Hieras¹ likewise, who ever since Blæsamius waited upon me, has neither spoken to our friend Sextus, nor to any of us, though he had express orders to do nothing but by his advice.—I feel desirous, though at this distance, to caress² my Attica, so dearly do I value the compliments she sent me in your letter. You will therefore return her many acknowledgments on my part, and the same to Pilia.

EPISTLE

¹ This is ironical, and alludes to a contract which this Hieras and Blæsamius, who were agents for Dejotarus, had made in the name of their master for a large sum of money he was to pay to Antony upon his restoring to him the lesser Armenia, which had been taken from him by Cæsar.

² *Orig. Suaviare*, which being a childish word, I have translated it accordingly; nor is there any absurdity in those two great men, Atticus and our author, adopting the language of fondness upon such an occasion.

EPISTLE IV.

As I told you yesterday, or perhaps not till to-day, (for our nephew said he would be two days upon the road) I was at Nesis on the 8th, where I saw Brutus. What pain did the nones of July give him! It was amazing to see how much he was shocked. He therefore told me he would dispatch an order to Rome, that the advertisement of the hunting diversions, which were to be exhibited the day after the Apolinarian games, should be deferred to the 12th of Quintilis. While I was there Libo arrived, and told us that Philo Pompey, and Hilarius, his own freedman, were arrived with a letter from Sextus Pompeius to the consuls, if indeed they deserve that name¹; and he read to us a copy of it, upon which I gave my opinion. There were some inaccuracies in the style, but in other respects, it was written with much propriety and moderation: I only recommended that as the letter was addressed to the consuls only, the superscription should be added, "To the prætors, tribunes of the commons, and the senate," for fear the consuls should not publish a letter which was directed to them alone.

Now

¹ Because they were not duly chosen, but nominated by Cæsar.

Now, they told us that Sextus Pompeius had been at Carthage with a single legion, and that he received the news of Cæsar's death the very day on which he took Borea; that when the city was taken the news occasioned wonderful rejoicings, a general change in the public sentiments, and a resort to him from all quarters, but that he himself was returned to join the six legions which he had left in the farther Spain. He had however acquainted Libo by a letter that he would hear of no terms unless his own palace was restored to him. The whole of his proposals consisted in his demanding, that all the generals who at present command the armies, in whatever quarters they reside, should resign their commands. This is all I think that I have learnt of Sextus.

I endeavoured, but without effect, to gain some information respecting the Buthrotians. Some say that the land-hunters are routed.—Others that Plancus has run away from them, after receiving a sum of money. I am consequently apprehensive that I must remain ignorant how that matter stands, unless I very soon get a letter. My journey to Brundisium, of which I had some doubts, seems now to be quite stopt, for I am told that Antony's troops are upon their march that way. As to the voyage from hence, it will be dangerous to sail alone, and I will therefore sail in company with others. I perceive Brutus is in more forwardness for his departure

departure than I heard of. For Domitius has with him a good squadron, and the vessels of Sestius Lucilianus, and others are in very good condition. As to Cassius's fleet, which is indeed a fine one, it can be of no service to me beyond the Streights of Sicily. I am vexed that Brutus seems not at all disposed to hasten his voyage. In the first place he will wait, till he hears that his exhibitions at Rome are finished. In the next place, so far as I understand, he will sail very slowly, and stop at a great many places. But I think it is better to sail slowly, than not to sail at all. And yet, after I have set out, I shall be more able to determine how I am to act. We shall have the Etesian winds.

EPISTLE V.

BRUTUS is now looking out for a letter from you, and I gave him the first news of the success of Attius's Tereus. He thought that a play entitled Brutus had been acted. But it was generally expected, that an entertainment, represented in imitation of the Greeks, would not attract a crowded audience. This was no more than I apprehended, for you know what opinion I have of Greek plays.

Now I must inform you of a circumstance more interesting to us than any thing else can be. Our nephew

nephew has been with me for several days, and had I desired it, he would have been longer; but, so long as he staid, you cannot imagine how much I was charmed with him in every respect, especially upon the point of which we were most doubtful. His sentiments are entirely changed by the works which I was then composing; by the repeated conversation, and the rules I laid down to him, so that for the future, his conduct in public matters will be regulated by your wishes. He did not merely assure, but he convinced me, of this, and he was extremely earnest with me to undertake for him to you, that he would yet do credit to us all. Meanwhile, he does not desire to be trusted at first sight, but that, upon proving him, you will give him your affection.

Had I not been thoroughly convinced, had I not been entirely satisfied, that he will persevere, I would not have taken the step I am now to acquaint you of. You must know, I carried the young man to Brutus, who was so convinced of his sincerity, was so persuaded of the truth of what I write, that he declined to take me as a security for his future behaviour. Brutus, amidst the caresses he bestowed upon him, mentioned you most affectionately, and at parting embraced him with tenderness. For this reason, though it would be more proper for me to compliment, than to entreat you, yet entreat you I do, that if hitherto, through his un-

experienced

experienced age, his character has been too much marked by levities and inconsistencies, you will now look upon him as thoroughly reformed, and be assured, that your authority will greatly, if not effectually, contribute towards fixing him in his present honourable sentiments.

I took many opportunities to mention to Brutus my wish to sail along with him, but he did not seem so desirous of it as I imagined he would be. I believe he was somewhat undetermined, and so, indeed, he was, chiefly on account of his plays. But upon returning to my house, Cnæus Lucceius, who is very intimate with Brutus, told me, he was very dilatory, not that he had changed his resolution, but that he was still waiting to see what might happen. For this reason, I am in some doubt whether I shall go to Venusia, and there wait the movements of Antony's troops, and if, as some people think, they are not to march that way, I will go to Hydruntum. But if I am safe neither way, I will return hither. You, perhaps, think I am not serious, but may I perish, if any thing detains me but yourself. Well may you avert your face, for indeed, I blush at what I say. How aptly has Lepidus appointed the days for examining the auspices, and how exactly do they coincide with the time when I propose to return. I am greatly encouraged by your letter to be gone. I wish I could see you there. But let that be as is most convenient for you. I expect

I expect a letter from Nepos. What! is he who thinks that manner of writing, in which I chiefly pride, not fit to be read, become so very fond of my writings? You say, that he is next to the chief of all writers. Permit me to return the compliment, and say, that, as Nircus was second to Achilles in beauty, so you come next to Nepos in the most finished graces of composition¹. There is no collection of my letters. But Tyro has about seventy of them, and you can furnish some more. I must look over, and correct them, and then they may be published.

EPISTLE VI.

I AM now come to Sica's house at Vibo; after a voyage less expeditious than pleasant, for as the season-winds did not blow, we were obliged, for the most part, to ply our oars. It happened luckily enough, that of the two bays, that of Pæstum, and that of Vibo, which we were to pass

¹ The spirit of this passage only can be expressed in tolerable English. The original is as follows: *Cupidus ille meorum, qui ea, quibus maxime gaudeo, legenda non putet? Et ais, μετ' αμυμονα. Tu vero αμυμων: ille quidem αμβροτος.* Our author alludes to the following lines of Homer,

*Nircus, ος καλλιστος εστις υπο Ιλιον ηλθε
των αλλων Δαναων, μετ' αμυμονα Πηλιδωνα.*

The Nepos meant was Cornelius, the historian.

pass, we had the wind full in our backs in both. I therefore came, upon the eighth day of my voyage, from Pompeii to Sica's house, after stopping one day at Velia, where I have been often so agreeably entertained by our friend Thalnia; and indeed, considering that he was from home. I could not have been treated more politely. Upon the 24th, I came to Sica's house, where I live as if I were at my own; I have, therefore, spent another day here. But when I shall arrive at Rhegium, before I venture upon the long seas, I must consider, whether I ought to go to Patres in a transport vessel, or in my light gallies directly to Leucopetra of Tarentum, and from thence to Corcyra; and if I make use of a transport vessel, whether I shall not sail directly to Greece, or first to Syracuse. When I arrive at Rhegium, I will write to you how I proceed.

But, indeed, my dearest Atticus, I often put the question, Of what avail will this voyage prove to me? Why am I not with my Atticus? Why lose the sight of my lovely villas, the most beautiful in all Italy?—But enough and too much of this. —Why, my Atticus, am I not with thee? What do I fly? Danger. If I mistake not the danger is at present over. But I must encounter it, when I return by your advice; because you write me, that the public approves of my voyage, provided I return by the first of January, as I most certainly shall endeavour to do; for I would

prefer danger at Rome, to safety at your beloved Athens. Meanwhile, be you upon the watch till we see what turn affairs will take; and either write to me, or let me see you in person, which would give me much greater joy. But enough upon this subject.

I hope you will not take it amiss, that I recommend once more to you what I know you have more at heart than I have myself. I solemnly conjure you to settle and pay off my debts. I have left you ample resources, but they must be carefully looked after, so as that the coheirs of Cluvius may be paid for that house by the first of Sextilis. You will take care to settle with Publilius. As I have taken no advantage of the law, he ought not to press me too much, but I am very desirous that he should be made quite easy. What shall I say to you in regard to Terentia? Let her, if possible, be paid, even before what I owe her becomes due. If, as I hope you are, you are soon to be in Epirus, I beg that you will make provision for the debt for which I stand engaged, nay, that you will settle and pay it off before you leave Italy. But enough, and I am afraid you will think, too much of these matters.

I am now to give you an instance of my heedlessness. I have sent you my Treatise upon Glory, but I have prefixed to it the introduction to my third Academic; which happened through
my

my having by me a collection of introductions, from which I make choice of one when I set about any work. Therefore, while I was at Tusculanum, forgetting that I had already made use of that introduction, I prefixed it to the book I sent to you; but as I was perusing my Academics, while I was on ship-board, I perceived my mistake. I therefore, instantly scribbled out a new introduction, which I have sent to you, and which you may prefix in the room of the other. My compliments to Pilia, and to my very dear, charming Attica.

EPISTLE VII.

AFTER setting sail from Leucopetra, for I embarked there for Greece the 16th of Sextilis, I sailed about thirty-six miles, and I was then forced back to Leucopetra by a strong south wind. While I remained there, waiting for a fair wind, I was entertained in the house of our friend Valerius, with pleasure and freedom. Some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Rhegium came thither directly from Rome, and amongst them the landlord of our friend Brutus, whom he left at Naples, with the important news of the edict of Brutus and Cassius, and that there would be a very full meeting of the senate the first of Sep-
Z 2 tember;

tember; that Brutus and Cassius had issued letters to all the members of the consular or prætorian rank, requiring their attendance that day; that Antony, it was generally hoped, would submit; that matters would be compromised; that our friends might return to Rome; and that I was wanted and blamed.

Upon this news, I entirely dropt the thoughts of proceeding any farther in my voyage, in which, indeed, I never embarked with pleasure. But upon reading your letter, I own I was astonished at the sudden change in your sentiments; though I supposed, that you had your reasons for what you wrote. For, granting that you did not persuade, that you did not compel me to undertake this voyage, you certainly approved of it, upon condition that I should return to Rome by the first of January; and thus, while I was to be absent from Rome in the time of danger, I returned when danger blazed with the greatest fury. But that measure, though not quite prudent, is not, however, to be charged entirely upon you. In the first place, because it was the result of my own opinion; and in the next, because, granting you had been my sole adviser, a friend is answerable only for his good intention in the advice he gives.

I cannot, however, sufficiently wonder at the following passage of your letter; "Return then, you say, you who are so desirous of a glorious death,

death, return, for why should you abandon your country?" What! did I abandon her? Were you of that opinion when we parted! You, who not only consented to, but approved of, my departure. You go on in a still more reproachful strain, "I wish, you say, that you would draw me up an apology, setting forth the necessity of your conduct." How, my Atticus, can my conduct stand in need of an apology, especially to you who so cordially recommend it? For my own part, I am not against composing such an apology to those who opposed and dissuaded my leaving Italy.—Yet after all, have I not dropt that design; then what occasion have I to apologize? Perhaps you will tell me that my dropping it implies fickleness of character. But let me tell you, that of all the numerous authors who have treated that subject, no man of sense has affirmed a change of resolution to be fickleness.

You then proceed, "Had the case been that of our friend Phœdrus¹, it had been easy to have made an apology for him, but what can we say as the case is your's?" A measure, therefore, that does not come up to all the rigour of Stoicism, must be flagitious and scandalous because it is mine. I wish that had always been your way of thinking. In this case, as in all others,
I would

¹ He was an Epicurean.

I would have appealed to you as to another Cato, for the rectitude of my conduct. But your expression, in the close of your letter, is the most stinging of all. "For, you say, our friend Brutus is silent." Meaning, (for I can find no other meaning in your words) that he does not presume to give advice to one of my age, and I will fairly give you my reasons for thinking so.

Brutus, who with his squadron lay at the mouth of the river Heletes, came immediately on foot to Velia, which is about three miles, as soon as he understood of my landing there. Immortal gods! how overjoyed he was at my return, or rather at my detention. He then gave a full vent to all he had concealed before, which puts me in mind of your expression, "For our friend Brutus is silent." Above all things, he regretted my being absent from the senate the 1st of Sextilis. He extolled Piso to the skies, and expressed great pleasure in my having, on two occasions, escaped reproach. The chief was that, by my departure, I seemed to abandon the public, because I thought the commonwealth desperate; and indeed, many with tears have daily pressed me with a similar charge, whom I could not convince of my returning by the 1st of January. Brutus, and all his company, which was very numerous, expressed themselves to be highly pleased that I had escaped the second subject of reproach, which was a general belief that I was

gone

gone to see the Olympian games. Had this belief been well grounded, no step could, at any time, have been more reproachful, but at this, it would have been quite indefensible. For my part, I cannot sufficiently express my obligations to the wind which saved me from such a load of infamy.

Such are the political reasons which I offer for my return, and they must be owned to be strong and weighty. But no reason had a greater weight than what you hint at in another of your letters. "If you owe any money, you say, take care to have sufficient resources for paying it, for the apprehension of public commotion is so strong, that you cannot imagine how hard it is to borrow money." I read this letter when I was in the midst of the waves, nor could I possibly conceive any other way of taking the care you recommend, but by managing my own affairs in person. But enough of this; the rest when we meet.

Brutus showed me Antony's edict, and their answer to it, which I think is very finely drawn up; but I own myself at a loss to conceive what purpose those edicts can serve, or what is their meaning; nor do I intend, as Brutus supposed, by thus returning, to take any lead in public matters. For what can I, or any man do? Shew me the senator who supported Piso? Did he return to the senate next day? But I am told, that

at

at my years, a man is not at liberty to go far out of the road to his grave.

But what, I pray you, is in the news I had from Brutus, who told me that your wife was afflicted with a paralytic disorder, and he delivered your letter to him for his authority? This gave me sensible concern, though Brutus, at the same time, told me, you expressed in your letter a hope that she was recovering. Pray express to her my sincerest wishes for her recovery, and for the welfare of my dearest Attica. I write this the 19th on ship-board, as I approach near to Pompeii.

EPISTLE VIII¹.

I WILL let you know the day of my proposed arrival in Rome, when I know it myself. I must wait for my heavy baggage which is coming from Anagnia, and my domestics are sea-sick. The first of this month in the evening, I had a letter from Octavianus, who has in contemplation mighty projects. It is not at all surprising that he has gained over to his designs, the veterans
of

¹ The last letter was wrote in August; this in the beginning of November; and in the intermediate time our author, on the 1st of September, pronounced his first Philippic in the senate at Rome.

of² Casilinum and Calatia, for he gives each five hundred denarii; and he intends to visit all the other colonies. There can be no doubt that his views are to act as commander in chief in a war against Antony; and therefore I foresee that hostilities will commence in a few days. But what party am I to follow? Consider what a name Octavianus has assumed; and think of his youth; meanwhile he requires to have a secret conference with me at Capua, or in its vicinity. It is really childish if he imagines that such a conference can be kept a secret, and I wrote to him that it neither was necessary nor practicable. His messenger to me was one Cæcina of Volaterra, who is intimate with him, and told me, that Antony was advancing with the legion of the Alaudæ² towards Rome, that he had laid the municipal cities under contribution, and that his troops were marching in military order. Octavianus wanted to know my opinion, whether he ought to advance to Rome, with his three thousand veterans, or maintain Capua against Antony, or march towards the three Macedonian legions, who are advancing along the shore of the Adriatic, and who, he has good reason to believe, are
in

¹ It lies near to Capua upon the river Volturnus, and Calatia lies about seven miles to the northward of it.

² This celebrated legion was so called from a kind of crest which they wore resembling a lark.

in his interest. For, according to Cæcina, they refused the money offered them by Antony, and after severely upbraiding him, left him while he was haranguing them.

To make short, Octavianus offers to be our leader, and he depends upon my not abandoning him. I have taken upon me to advise him to advance to Rome; for, in my opinion, he will there find the inferior classes, and, if he stands to what he promises, even the men of property and principle in his interest. My Brutus, where are you? What an opportunity are you losing? This is an event, which, if I did not precisely foresee, I partly conjectured. And now I apply for your counsel. Shall I come to Rome, or remain here, or, for security, shall I fly to Arpinum. I prefer Rome, lest upon any emergency, I should be wanted. Relieve me therefore in this; for never was I in greater perplexity.

EPISTLE IX.

I HAVE, in one day, received two letters from Octavianus, who now importunes me to repair instantly to Rome, where he promises to act under the authority of the senate. My answer to him was, that the senate cannot (and I believe so really) be assembled before the first of January. He adds, "I will be directed by you."

In

In short, he insists, and I evade. I cannot trust his youth; I am ignorant of his intentions, nor will I take a step without your friend Pansa. I am afraid of Antony's prevailing. I am unwilling to leave the sea-coast; and I dread lest any glorious measure should be executed in my absence. Varro dislikes the boy's conduct; but I do not. He has a well-appointed army, and he may join with Decimus Brutus. He proceeds openly, musters his troops at Capua, and pays them regularly. Now I see a war is inevitable, and at hand. Write me your opinion of all this. I am surprised that my letter-carrier, who left Rome the first of this month, should return without any letter from you.

EPISTLE X.

ON the 7th, I came to my house at Sinuessa. A report was that day current, that Antony was to remain at Casalinum. I therefore have altered my resolution, and I proceed directly to Rome by the Appian road. He might easily have come up with me; for he is said to be a second Cæsar in activity. Therefore, at Minturnæ I strike off towards Arpinum, intending to-morrow, the 9th, to lie at Aquinum or Arcanum. Now, my Atticus, give your whole attention to this affair; for it is of great importance to me. I have the choice

choice of three things before me ; to remain at Arpinum, to advance farther, or to go quite to Rome. I will do as you direct, but you must send your direction without delay. I am impatient for a letter from you. Dated the 8th, from my house at Sinuessa in the morning.

EPISTLE XI.

ON the 5th, I received from you two letters, the one dated the first of this month, and the other the day before. To begin, therefore, with the oldest. I am glad you like my oration, and perceive you have transplanted its flowers, which, in my eye, flourish more fair, through your approbation ; for I dread those little red dashes of your's. You are in the right as to Sica ; but it was with difficulty that I contained myself. I shall therefore manage so, as to give no offence either to Sica, or Septimia, only that our posterity may know, in a stile no way sarcastic¹, that he

¹ *Orig. Valo Lucilliano Lucilius* was a famous satirist, but there seems to be a corruption in the reading, which, perhaps, ought to be, *Sine stilo Lucilliano* ; the matter alluded to here, relates to a passage in our author's second Philippic, in which he reproaches Antony, for marrying and having children by the daughter of this Fadius, who had been a slave ; so there appears to have been a connection between him, and Sica, and Septimia, who were our author's friends.

he had children by the daughter of Caius Fadius ; and I wish I could see the day, when that oration should become so public as to find its way even into the house of Sica¹. But before we can see that, we must see the times of the last triumvirate restored² ; as I live, your joke is excellent.

Be sure to read my work to Sextus, and let me know his opinion of it ; for I value it more than that of a thousand other judges. Take care, that neither Calenus nor our bald friend³ be present. You say, you are afraid I may think you too loquacious. What ! to me ? How, what do you mean ! so far from it, that as Aristophanes⁴ said of the verses of Archilochus, I always think your longest letter the best. As to giving me your advice, I am so far from taking it amiss, that I should be glad, even if you censured me ; because the censure of a friend is attended both with prudence and affection. I therefore cheerfully agree to your corrections in the passage you mention. I admit the name of Scipio instead of

¹ The second Philippic was never actually pronounced, and was at this time privately handed about, few people daring to disoblige Antony.

² Meaning, no doubt, the triumvirate of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, during which, great liberties were taken both in speaking and writing.

³ *Orig. Calvena*, meaning Matius.

⁴ He was a grammarian.

of that of Rubrius¹. The monument of praise I have erected to Dolabella I will again demolish. Yet, if I mistake not, there is a fine irony in the passage, in which he is mentioned to have fought in three battles against his countrymen. I likewise prefer your alteration of *Quid indignius*, into *Indignissimum est hunc vivere*. I am glad that you are pleased with the portraits of Varro²; his delineation of Heraclides I have not yet copied. You exhort me to write, and in this you act as a friend; but, let me tell you, I do nothing else. Your indisposition gives me pain; I beg, that you will observe your usual regular regimen. It gives me pleasure, that my treatise on old age has been of any service to you. The Anagnians I mentioned to you in my second Philippic³, are Mustella, who is a fencing master, and Laco, who is a noted drunkard. I will revise and send you the book you want of me.

I now come to answer your second letter. My treatise concerning duties, of which Panætius has likewise written, consists of two books; his,
of

¹ These corrections refer to our author's second Philippic, which the reader may consult.

² It was not unusual to draw the figures and achievements of great men, on robes of purple. This was called by the Greeks *πορφύρεα*: and this title Varro appears to have prefixed to a work in which he described the most celebrated men among the Romans.—E.

³ Viz. In the second Philippic, which at its first appearance contained only the names of those persons.

of three. But his first division, relates to the manners of examining a duty which, he says, are three. Our first deliberation, according to him is, whether the thing is virtuous, or vicious; the next whether it is advantageous, or prejudicial; and lastly, when virtue cannot be reconciled to utility, how we are to act. For instance, the case of Regulus. His honour commanded his return to Carthage, his safety bad him stay at Rome. Panætius has given us a noble treatise on the two first heads, and promised to treat of the last, but he never did it. Possidonius continued his work, and I have both sent for his treatise and have written to Athenodorus Calvus¹ to send me its contents, which I am now looking for; and I beg, that you will earnestly exhort him to send it by the first opportunity. It treats of duties which vary according to circumstances. You ask me about the title. At present I am quite satisfied that our word *officium* answers to the Greek *καθηκον*, unless you can suggest somewhat else; but the title will run more full if made *de officiis*. My addressing it to my son, is, I think, by no means unsuitable.

You have quite cleared up to me the affair of Myrtelus.—How you always paint out those fellows!—May they be punished by the gods! And do they lay such traps for Decimus Brutus? I have not, as I mentioned in mine,

as

¹ He as well as Panætius was a stoic philosopher.

as yet shut myself up in Pompeii; in the first place, as nothing can be more uncomfortable than the weather has been, and in the next place, because every day I have letters from Octavianus inviting me to take upon me the direction of his affairs, to come to Capua, and again save the state. He proposes himself to march directly to Rome.—I

Blush to refuse, and to accept it fear¹.

Meanwhile, his solicitations have been, and still are, very urgent. He is to march into Rome with a strong body of troops; but he is no better than a boy; he imagines that the senate will instantly assemble.—But who will attend? And should any attend, who, in this unsettled state of affairs, will venture to attack Antony? By the first of January, Octavianus may perhaps secure the freedom of the senate; or, perhaps in the interval there may be a battle. Our municipal cities are wonderfully in the boy's interest; for in going to Samnium he stopt at Cales, and lay at Theanum². You cannot believe, what a resort there was to him, and what encouragement he met with. Could you have imagined this? This will bring me to Rome sooner than I purposed. I will write to you when
my

¹ This line is from Homer.

² These were two towns of Campania.

my resolution is fixed: Eros is not yet arrived, and therefore I have not seen the agreement you mention; yet I beg that you would finish that affair by the 12th. I could, to better purpose, send letters to Catina, Taurominium, and Syracuse¹, if Valerius, the linguist, would send me the names of the most popular men in those parts; for interest is a very fluctuating matter, and most of my acquaintances there are dead. I have, however, written some general letters, which Valerius may deliver, or he must send me the names I want. Balbus has informed me of the solemn days appointed by Lepidus, and I have leave of absence to the 29th. I look for a letter from you, and I suppose, by this, time you are no stranger to that trifling affair of Torquatus.

I have sent you my brother's letter, that you may be sensible how very fond he is of his son, and what pain it gives him that you are not fond of him likewise. Give your daughter a kiss for me as she is so sprightly, which in youth is so graceful. Adieu.

EPISTLE XII.

I HAVE sent you a copy of Oppius's letter, because it is so very handsome. As you demur concerning

¹ These were the chief cities of Sicily.

cerning the affair of Ocella, without writing me any thing about it, I have even come to a resolution within myself. Therefore I think of being at Rome on the 12th. It is more proper for me to be there, though there should be no occasion for my presence, than to be absent if there should; not to mention, that I am under some apprehension of the roads being beset. There is nothing now to hinder Antony's approach; though various are the reports that circulate, and some of them such as I wish to be true; but we know nothing certain. Be that, however, as it will, it is better for me to be with you, than to be in this undetermined state of mind, while we are separated, and that too upon your account as well as mine. But what shall I say?—Let us take courage. Your remarks upon Varro's imitation of Heraclides are humorous and sarcastic. Never did any thing give me greater pleasure; but we will talk of that, and affairs of more consequence, when we meet.

EPISTLE XIII.

WHAT a surprising accident! On the 8th, having, before it was light, left my house at Sinuessa, and come, by break of day, to the bridge of Minturnæ, where the road divides towards Arpinum, your express met me at the very time when

I wa

I was meditating a long voyage¹.—Have you got any letters from Atticus?—Let me have them,—quick! said I, without reflecting that I could not yet see to read, having ordered the lamps to be put out²; nor was it yet sufficiently light. But when it became broad day, your first letter, was read to me. May I perish if I write not as I think, when I tell you, that nothing can come up to its elegance, nor did I ever read any thing more happily turned. I will therefore come whither you call me, provided you aid me with your counsels. But, at first sight, I thought nothing could be more absurd, than for you to write to me in such a strain, in answer to the letter I sent you, begging your advice; when behold another letter, in a poetic strain, giving me the hint to go to Arpinum, by mount Appenine.—

That

¹ Orig. δολιχὸν πλόν ὁρμαινόντα. *De longa navigatione deliberantem.* This alludes to a passage of Homer's Odyssey, where Nestor tells Telemachus, that Menelaus had joined him, and other princes at Lesbos, just at the time when they were consulting whether they should steer their course, above, or below, the island of Chios. Cicero adopts this passage of Homer to express his being in some doubt, whether he should go to Rome, directly by the Appian road, or go round by Arpinum. The application of Homer's lines, was so very familiar to the learned men of antiquity, that Atticus could be at no loss for the application here. But it is probable, that he himself had first thrown out the hint to our author.

² This is a very natural picture of the absence of mind that is incident to the greatest of men through affection or anxiety.

That night therefore I lay at Arpinum, after a dreary journey through bad roads. Next morning as I was setting out I wrote thus far.

P. S. It is very inconvenient for me¹, that Eros's letters oblige me to send Tiro to Rome. He will himself inform you of the affair; do you consider how he is to proceed. Besides, I hope you will frequently write to me whether I ought to go further from Rome, or come nearer to it; for I should wish rather to be at Tusculanum, or some where in the environs of the city. You will have daily conveyances to me. Now while I am absent from you, it is difficult for me to send you any opinion as to what you want to know, or how I think you ought to proceed. All I can say is, that if the two parties are pretty equally matched, we ought to continue neutral; if they are not, the ruin of our order will succeed, and next that of the whole community. I am impatient to know your resolution. I dread being absent from Rome, if it would do me more credit to be there; yet I dare not venture. I now hear accounts of Antony's marches, very different from what I have written above. I beg therefore you will clear up all those matters, and let me have some certainty.

What can I say as to other matters?—I feel

¹ I have thrown what follows this into the form of a postscript, but it is uncertain, whether it is not a different letter.

feel ardent to begin this history; for you cannot imagine how strongly I am affected by the encouragement you have given me. But I can neither begin, nor complete it, without your assistance; we must therefore reserve this subject till we meet. Meanwhile I beg you will let me know in a letter, under what censors, Caius Fannius, the son of Marcus, was tribune of the commons. I think I have heard he was under Publius Africanus and Lucius Mummius. Pray set me right, if I am mistaken. I beg you will write me certain and true accounts of all public occurrences. Dated the 11th from my house near Arpinum

EPISTLE XIV.

I REALLY have nothing to write to you; for when I was at Puteoli, I daily heard some news concerning Octavianus, and many false reports concerning Antony. In answer to your letters, three of which I received on the 11th, I entirely agree with you, that should Octavianus come into power, the acts of Cæsar will receive a firmer sanction than they did in the temple of Tellus; and this will turn out to the disadvantage of Brutus. But should Octavianus be worsted, you will find Antony an intolerable tyrant; thus, one does not know which to wish for.

What a rascal was that messenger of Sestius, for

for promising to be at Rome the day after he left Puteoli! You advise me to proceed with mildness and caution, and I agree with you, though I had some thoughts of doing otherwise. The examples of Philip and Marcellus¹ make no impression upon me. Their motives either are, or seem to be, different from mine. Young Cæsar has sufficient courage; yet he has no great authority. Meanwhile, you will consider whether it will not be convenient for me to be at Tusculanum, where I can live with more freedom, and be well informed of every thing that passes, or whether I ought not to remain here till Antony's arrival at Rome.

But to pass from one thing to another, I have no manner of doubt that our word *officium* answers to the Greek term *καθήκον*. As to your doubt whether that word can be properly applied to public matters, do we not say *Consulum officium*, *Senatus officium*? I think it is a very proper word, unless you can furnish me with one that is more so. Your melancholy news of the death of Nepos's son, gives me indeed great concern and affliction. I was quite ignorant that he had a son. I have lost Caninius, who, I speak for myself, was by no means an ungrateful person. You have

¹ Both those noblemen were nearly related to young Cæsar, the first being his father-in-law, and the latter his brother-in-law, notwithstanding which, they had not broken off all measures with Antony.

have no need to press Athenodorus; for he hath sent me a memorial which is politely enough drawn up. I beg you would employ every means to remove your indisposition. Our¹ nephew has written to my son, that, upon the 5th of December, (the anniversary of my glory)² he will lay before the people, the whole affair of the temple of Ops. You will learn what he means, and let me know by a letter. I expect to have the opinion of Sextus upon my oration.

EPISTLE XV.

YOU are not to imagine that from indolence I do not indite with my own hand this letter to you, and yet, I avow, I have no other excuse to offer but that I am indolent. Meanwhile, I think I can, in your letters, trace out the hand-writing of Alexis; but to come to business. Had not Dolabella behaved to me very dishonestly, I might have been in some hesitation, whether I should deal with gentleness

¹ Orig. *Quintus avi tui pronepos, scribit ad patris mei Nepotem*. We have already seen instances of this whimsical way of writing, which, more than probable, was owing to some private piece of humour in Atticus, which is not now to be accounted for.

² By his putting to death the accomplices in Catiline's conspiracy.

gentleness or rigour with him. But now I am overjoyed that I have an opportunity of making him, and all the world, sensible, that I have no affection for him, and I will publicly avow that I hate him, both on my own account, and on account of my country; because, after I had persuaded him to espouse her cause, he not only abandoned it, but did all he could to ruin it, from interested motives.

You ask me, what I would have done, when the day of payment comes¹. In the first place, I wish that matters were so ordered, that I could, without any inconvenience, be at Rome in person, but in this, as in all other matters, I will be guided by your judgment. However, in the main, I would have him brought to a strict and rigorous account. I think, we cannot without dishonour, compel his sureties, but I wish you to take this into consideration; for we can compel his sureties to pay by an action brought against his agents, who will not stand a trial. By such an action, I am sensible, the sureties will be liberated from their responsibility; but I think, it will be shameful in him, if his agents should not discharge a debt, for which he himself has engaged sureties; and it is inconsistent with my reputation

¹ All this relates to a debt due to our author by Dolabella, as the arrears of Tullia's portion, which the latter ought to have refunded when he divorced her.

reputation to betray a vindictiveness of temper against him, in reclaiming my property. I beg you will let me know your sentiments on this subject; and I make no doubt, that it will be managed with great moderation. I now return to the affairs of the public.

I have, it is true, seen many proofs of your profound skill in politics, but none beyond your last letter, where you say, "Though at present, the boy makes a gallant opposition to Antony; yet we ought to wait the event;" but what an harangue has he made² to the people! for it was sent to me. He there swears, "so, says he, may I attain the honours of my parent," stretching forth his right hand at the same time, to the statue of Cæsar. I have no wish for such a saviour². But the most indubitable criterion will be the tribuneship of Casca. I delivered the same opinion to Oppius; for when he pressed me to declare without any reserve for the young man and his interests, and for his body of veterans, I told him, I could by no means do that, till I was quite satisfied that, so far from opposing, he would befriend the destroyers of the tyrants. When Oppius told me, that Octavius would do so, "then, where, said I, is the necessity for my hastily

¹ *Vix.* In the temple of Castor and Pollux.

² He gave the first blow, in the murder of Cæsar. Notwithstanding which Octavius did not oppose his being tribune.

hastily declaring myself, since he can have no occasion for my assistance before the first of January? Now, we can be quite convinced of his intentions by the 13th of December, from his behaviour in the affair of Casca. Oppius agreed to all I said. I have therefore little more to write to you on this head; only, that you will every day have opportunity of writing to me; and I believe, every day will present you with something fresh to write. I have sent you a copy of Lepta's letter, by which it appears that our hero is discomfited. But you shall read it, and judge for yourself.

After this letter was sealed up, I received one from you, and another from Sextus, and nothing can be more agreeable or affectionate than his is. As to yours, it was short, though the former a very full one. You advise me like a man of sense, and a friend, to remain where I am till I learn the event of our present public commotions. But, my Atticus, it is not, indeed it is not, any public consideration that determines me at present. For though the public is, and ought to be to me, the dearest object of my regard; yet Hippocrates forbids us to use medicine when the disease is irremediable. I take my leave therefore, of public affairs. What affects me, is the state of my private concerns, and the regard I have for my own credit; for though my resources are so large, I have not yet been able to pay to Terentia what

I owe

I owe her. But why do I talk of that? You know, it is some time since I promised to pay for Montanus twenty-five thousand sesterces. My son, in the most genteel manner, begged that favour of me, and said, he would look upon it as done to himself. Knowing that it would be agreeable to you, I promised it most readily, and ordered Eros to lay by the money; but he was so far from doing it, that Aurelius was obliged to raise it at a most exorbitant interest.

As to Terentia's debt, I understand by a letter from Tyro, that you say, the money owing me from Dolabella will be equal to her demand. He has a mistaken understanding, if I may be allowed the expression of your words, or rather, he does not understand them at all; for you sent me the answer of Cocceius on that head, and I had a letter from Eros, to the same purpose. I must therefore come to Rome, if I should be involved in its flames. For it is more glorious to die with my country, than by myself. Distracted as I feel in myself, I am at present unable to answer with my usual serenity, the other matters, mentioned in your most affectionate letter to me.

I beg you will take care that I may be extricated from my present situation. Several expedients for that purpose occur to myself. But believe me, I can fix positively upon none till I see you.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVI.

I HAVE read your most agreeable letter, and send you a copy of what I have written to Plancus, I shall know from Tyro himself, what passed between you and him. You will be able to shew your sister more attention after having finished the business at Buthrotum.

Cicero to Plancus Prætor, wisheth health.

I AM very sensible, how gladly you would embrace an opportunity of obliging Atticus. Not to mention, that I believe you to be so much my friend, that very few excel you in your regard and affection for me. A strong, an old, and a virtuous friendship, subsisted between your father and me; and this receives additional ardour from the mutual good will which we cherish for each other. You are no stranger to the affair of Buthrotum, it being a subject which I have often treated of, and fully explained to you. Its present situation is as follows:

As soon as it was understood, that the lands of Buthrotum were to be divided among the soldiers, Atticus was so much alarmed, that he drew up a remonstrance

remonstrance which he put into my hands to give Cæsar, with whom I was to sup that evening. I accordingly presented it to Cæsar; who approved of its contents, and signified in a letter to Atticus, that he sought no more than what was just, cautioning him at the same time, that the Buthrotians should pay their arrears as soon as they became due. Atticus, from the zeal he had to preserve their state, laid down the money for them out of his own pocket. This being done, we went to Cæsar, whom we addressed in the name of the Buthrotians, and he gave us a full decree in their favour, which was attested by several persons of the highest rank. As matters stood upon this footing, I own, that I was a good deal surprised, that Cæsar should suffer those who hunted after the Buthrotian lands, to hold their meetings; and even appoint you to have the chief direction of that affair. I therefore talked to him upon it so often, and in such a manner, that he charged me with mistrust in his veracity. At the same time, he assured Marcus Messala, and Atticus himself, that they might be quite easy on that head; and he gave explicit intimations, (for you know how attentive he was to points of popularity) that he was unwilling to do any thing to irritate the soldiery, while they were in Italy; but as soon as they got beyond seas, he would take care that they should be settled in other lands. The affair stood thus

at

at his death. When that happened, as soon as the consuls by a resolution of the senate, assumed a judicial capacity upon the validity of Cæsar's acts, the state of this affair, as I have represented it to you, was laid before them. They, without the least hesitation, approved of all that had been done, and they said, that they would write to you upon that subject.

Now, my dear Plancus, though I am convinced, that you will pay great regard to the resolution of the senate, to the law, to the decree, and to the letter of the consuls; and though I am convinced of your willingness to oblige Atticus himself in this affair, yet I presume so far upon the intimacy and friendship that subsist between us, as to beg, as a favour, the thing which your unrivalled good nature, and politeness of manners, would not suffer you to deny. The favour is this, that you would cheerfully, unreservedly, and immediately do, what I know you would do, were no person to solicit you.

No man is more intimately united in the ties of friendship, society and affection, than is Atticus to me. His private interest was deeply involved in this affair before, but now it concerns his reputation likewise, that he may make good by your assistance, what he had before with great pains and interest obtained, both in Cæsar's time, and after his death. Should he succeed in this by your means, you may depend upon it, my
sense

sense of your generosity will be such, that I shall think myself indispensably bound to acknowledge the greatness of the favour. I shall be ready always with the greatest zeal and readiness, to serve you in all your concerns. Adieu.

Cicero to Plancus Prætor, wisheth Health.

IT is some time since I requested you by a letter, to give your assistance in the affair of the Buthrotians, which was confirmed by the consuls, who had authority both by the law, and a resolution of the senate, to examine, resolve, and judge, upon the acts of Cæsar; and that you would deliver from uneasiness, our friend Atticus, for whom I know, you have a kindness, and myself, who am, as anxious, as he is, about this affair. The whole business, after much labour and difficulty, has been here settled to our satisfaction, it depends upon you to put a final period to all our anxiety. Meanwhile, we are convinced, that a man of your good sense, must see the great and general confusion, that must ensue, if no regard shall be paid to the decrees of the consuls, which passed upon the acts of Cæsar. It is true, many of them were not confirmed, which must have necessarily been the case under so great a pressure of public business,
yet

yet I always was a strenuous advocate for their confirmation from the love of peace and tranquillity. Now, though this letter is not meant to persuade, but to petition you, yet I am of opinion, that you ought to be in the same way of thinking. Therefore, my dear Plancus, I beg, nay, I solemnly entreat you, with all the zeal and ardour of which my mind is susceptible, so to act in this affair, as in every respect to express, not only your acquiescence, but even your joy, at our having gained what we have gained from the consuls, without the least hesitation, through the mere justice and equity of our cause. This will be a fresh proof of those assurances of friendship for Atticus, which you often expressed to him in person, and likewise to me; and it will be a farther inducement for me, who have been always your friend, through my own inclination, and the regard I had for your father, to own that you laid me under the strongest obligations. I therefore, again and again, in the most earnest manner, beg your compliance.

Cicero

Cicero to his Friend Capito, wisheth Health.

NEVER did I think the time would come, that I should apply to you as a suppliant. But I protest, I am glad to have this opportunity of putting to the proof your affection for me. You know, how great my regard is for Atticus. As you love me, do me the favour for my sake to forget, that when one of his friends, but an enemy to you, was engaged in an affair, upon which his reputation depended, Atticus embraced his interest. Your good nature in the first place, is engaged to forgive this, for every man ought to defend his own friends; in the next place, I conjure you, setting all consideration of Atticus aside, to grant this favour without any reserve, to your old Cicero, for whom you used to avow your friendship, that I may have a full proof of that great affection which I always believed you entertained for me.

After Cæsar, by his decree, which was attested by me, and many other noblemen of the first rank, had entirely pardoned the Buthrotians, and intimated to us, that as soon as the soldiers, to whom the lands had been assigned, were gone beyond sea, he would send a letter, marking out the settlements which they were to possess, it happened unexpectedly, that he was dispatched

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out of the world. You were present when the consuls were obliged by a resolution of the senate to sit in judgment on the acts of Cæsar. Therefore, you can be no stranger to what afterwards happened, and that their consideration of this affair, was adjourned to the first of June. The resolution of the senate was strengthened, by a law passed the 12th of the same month, giving to the consuls the cognizance of all matters, that Cæsar had intended, decreed, or executed. The cause of the Buthrotians was brought before them; and many of Cæsar's acts were produced; at the same time, the consuls, according to the meaning of Cæsar's intention, made a rule in favour of the Buthrotians, and Plancus was entrusted with the execution of it.

Now, dear Capito, as I am sensible of your usual influence over all with whom you are concerned, and far more, with a man so very obliging and good-natured as Plancus is, exert all your efforts, or rather all your arts of persuasion, to induce Plancus, whom I believe to be well-disposed to our cause, to patronise it with still greater ardour in consequence of your interposition.

The plain state of the affair, seems to be, that without obliging any man, Plancus has discernment and good sense enough, without hesitation, to support the decree of the consuls, who had the authority both of the law and senate's resolution,

lution, to examine, and determine in this affair; especially as the authority of Cæsar's acts, will become doubtful, should their power of cognizance thus established, be weakened, and as not only they who are interested, but as they who condemn them, are willing to confirm them, for the sake of public tranquillity. Though the matter stands in this clear light, yet still, it will do service to Plancus, to defend our suit with alacrity and readiness. This he certainly will do, if you use your influence, which I have often experienced, and those engaging arts, in which I know you are unrivalled; that you will do this, is my most earnest request.

Cicero to Caius Cupiennius, wisheth Health.

I HAD the greatest esteem for your father, and he had the greatest regard and affection for me; nor did I, most assuredly, ever doubt that you love me, for I have always loved you. I therefore impress it upon you in the strongest manner, to relieve the Buthrotians, and to endeavour that our friend Plancus, may immediately confirm and execute the decree which the consuls made in their favour, when they had a power of regulating that affair both by a law, and a resolution of the senate. My dear Cupiennius, I again, and again, entreat you to do me this favour.

B b 2

Cicero

Cicero to Plancus Prætor, wisheth Health.

I ASK your pardon, for writing to you so often upon the affair of the Buthrotians, after explaining it so fully to you in my former letters. This, my dear friend, does not proceed from any distrust I have either of your generosity, or our friendship. But an affair of very great consequence to our friend Atticus is in agitation; nay, it concerns his reputation, that the world should know he is able to obtain, that which Cæsar granted in my hearing, and was witnessed by my hand, when I was present both when Cæsar made this decree and signified his intentions; especially as it is now absolutely in your power, I will not say barely to execute, but to execute with zeal and cheerfulness, the decrees which the consuls made in confirmation of Cæsar's orders. Nothing can possibly give me greater pleasure, than your compliance with this request.

I am, it is true, in hopes, that before you receive this letter, you have complied with the contents of my former ones, but I will never forbear soliciting you, until I am informed, that you have actually done it; which I wait with the greatest impatience to hear, and then, I hope my letters to you, shall run in a different strain, I mean

mean, that of returning you thanks, for your very great favour. Should that happen, I assure you, that the obligation will not lie so much upon Atticus, whose interest is greatly concerned in this affair, as upon me, who now take an equal concern in its success. Adieu.

Cicero to Capito, wisheth Health.

I MAKE no doubt, that you are surprised, and even piqued, at my soliciting you so often upon the same subject; but the interest of Atticus, the dearest, and in every respect, the most intimate of my friends, is deeply concerned in it. I am sensible of your zeal to serve your friends, and of their zeal to serve you. You can assist us greatly with Plancus. I know your good nature, and I know how well pleased your friends are to oblige you, and nobody can serve us in this affair more effectually than it is in your power to do. Our claim is well-founded, as it rests upon a decree of the consuls, confirming Cæsar's measure, when both by a law and a resolution of the senate, they took his acts under their cognizance. But we are convinced, that the whole matter now depends upon the generosity of your friend Plancus. And we hope, that in consideration

ration of your kind interposition, and of the public good, he will confirm the decree of the consuls, as well as from his readiness to oblige me. Favour us, therefore, my dear Capito, with your interest and assistance. This I solicit again, and again, in the most earnest manner. Farewel.

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